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that changes what erotica  
can and should be."

—M. Christian

**SHOW  
YOURSELF**

# SHOW YOURSELF TO ME

QUEER KINK EROTICA

**XAN WEST**

Introduction by Annabeth Leong

GO DEEPER PRESS  
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS



## Advance Praise for SHOW YOURSELF TO ME

"It would be easy to say that *Show Yourself to Me* is an amazing work and that Xan is an incredible author. The fact is that Xan hasn't just written a great book, but a book that changes what erotica can and should be. Prepare yourself: from this point on, erotica is measured by what Xan has done and will do in the future." —M. Christian, author, editor, publisher

"Xan West's work is fierce and absolutely fearless."  
—Simon Sheppard

"At last! An entire collection of radically queer, deeply transformative erotica by Xan West! No one chronicles queer kinkiness with more passion, skill, courage, and talent." —Barbara Carrellas, author of *Urban Tantra* and *Ecstasy is Necessary*

"In *Show Yourself to Me*, you will read erotica about characters that are queer, trans, POC, fat, some with chronic pain and/or various dis/abilities (and more). Where has that happened before? Reading erotica that reflects so much of who I am and who my partner(s) are is pretty mind-blowing and not something I've ever seen published. Xan West writes stories about desires that are often stigmatized and silenced, and shows how purely erotic they are, which is amazing, beautiful, and, frankly, refreshing." —Wyatt Riot, sex educator

"I love this collection. It's wonderfully intense in the best possible way. I adored the content warnings in the front. What a great idea!"  
—Alisha Rai, author of *Serving Pleasure*, *Bedroom Games*, and *A Gentleman in the Street*

"[Xan West's *Show Yourself to Me* is] insightful and intense, diverse and deliciously hot, and full of the deep rituals and spiritual, sexual yearnings of kink. Xan West writes it the way most kinky folks *dream* of living it." —Carol Queen, PhD, author of *The Leather Daddy and the Femme*

"Xan West's work sends shock waves through the imagination that will send any reader over the edge into total sexual oblivion. A writer to watch, love, and be enticed by." —Shane Allison, editor of *Backdraft: Fireman Erotica*, *In Plain View: Gay Public Sex*, and *Black Fire: Gay African American Erotica*

"Xan West's *Show Yourself to Me* proves that the most important sex organ is the brain. Smart, hot, intense stories that are some of the finest erotic fiction around, [they] are so visceral and reach into you so deep they imprint like a new lover. They'll give you flashbacks to kinks you didn't know you had." —Cecilia Tan, Circlet Press

"Xan West's gorgeous stories breathe new life into the literary milieu of classic BDSM erotica. They are at turns frightening and earnest, but always true to form and completely hot. *Show Yourself to Me* is a veritable sexy switch of a collection, and is sure to become well-loved and worn out by queer leather lovers of every size, gender, and genre." —Lyric Seal

"Stunning stories of power, transformation, and real queers from one of the most talented erotica writers, period." —Sinclair Sexsmith, Sugarburch.net

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This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the authors' imaginations and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

This collection is dedicated to my boyfriend Jen, who supported me throughout this process.

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# Introduction

by Annabeth Leong

IN ONE OF THE DARKEST moments of my life, I came so hard. My top was fucking me, whispering, "I made you everything you are," and I felt completely helpless. That got me incredibly hot, and it made me cry in the moment and then every time I thought about it afterward.

I swore off BDSM for years after that. It was the only thing that worked for me—and not just in bed: pain gives me a form of release that goes beyond orgasm—but I didn't know how to deal with the psychological residue that practicing it left behind. It was like rolling through an oil slick on the way to a dinner party. I never could put myself back together well enough in time to show my face.

There is a familiar story here, about going to religious officials and therapists and trusted friends and talking about my kinky, twisted desires and receiving suggestions about how to get over them. And all the while, masturbating furtively, doing Internet searches for the darkest, cruelest sex stories I could find. I cut myself in two, unable to fit myself into "nice" fantasies, but equally unable to live with the repercussions of my real ones.

There is a familiar ending to this story. It's about reading erotica and finding self-acceptance and hesitantly going to kink events and being set free there. It's about gradually embracing

one's inner freak and living kinkily ever after.

I think now that this familiar story is a myth. Xan West's work looks beyond it, to the real life work and the glory of negotiating actually living a kinky life at all kinds of edges—of desire, of society, of safety, of one's own psyche. It is for and about people who have seen the gilded idol of the myth, but also the scarred wood beneath, where the gold leaf has chipped off. It is about knowing that BDSM really can make you fly, but remembering how sore your muscles may be afterward from the effort of pumping your wings. It is about knowing better than to walk into the dark woods alone, needing a crew at your side, and working to be a person others can rely on.

Because of these things, *Show Yourself to Me* is one of the hottest books I've ever read, and also the wisest.

The thing is, I didn't get my happy, kinky ending. When I accepted myself enough to show up at kink events, a whole lot more of myself arrived than I'd bargained for.

I am a woman who grew up outside of the mainland United States, poor, the daughter of a convicted felon. I am part white, part Chinese, and part Hawaiian, and I was never enough of any of those identities to be comfortable anywhere. I am queer, and was raised with the idea that this was one of the most disgusting possible things to be. I have a body that does not conform to white standards of beauty—my face is round and my legs are thick. In the family I come from, women wait on men hand and foot. I learned to serve very well, as a survival skill for avoiding violence, and I also learned that being a woman meant being weak. I remember the sickness I felt in the pit of my stomach the first time I saw I had grown breasts. They were fascinating, but they were also incontrovertible evidence that I would grow up powerless. There are many things about gender roles and the way people, including myself, talk about and perform gender that make me feel queasy.

I can't help but bring all these things with me when I show up for BDSM play, or when I read or write BDSM erotica. There is some sort of smooth, ideal story out there about playing without tripping over any of these personal landmines, and for quite some

time I lived with a deep and secret shame about all the ways I diverged from that story.

I cannot see Asian women collared at kink conventions without thinking about "comfort women" and the racist suggestions white people have made to me about my supposed natural submissiveness—all the more confusing and loaded to handle when I prefer to bottom.

I cannot listen over and over to women talking about how they came to BDSM because their partners wanted them to without worrying about what that means about our sexual agency. Have I really chosen what I think I've chosen, or was that man years ago right that he had the power to create me?

At a certain point, I started noticing warnings on some people's FetLife profiles. They said they didn't want to play with people with any background of trauma. I can't imagine how a person gets through life without scars. And even if I had grown to adulthood without that sort of wound, I got many more from careless sexual play, or sexual play that lacked awareness of certain vital kinds of care.

I started to notice that I was angry when I bottomed. It started to feel like maybe I could not handle the reality of kink, that I was too sensitive or too messed up somehow.

What Xan West's work has taught me is that this can be a starting point, not an end. I can't think of any other erotic writing I've read that manages the feat of balance Xan's does. It is dark and hot and dirty enough to get me off like nothing else. The stories in this book made me pant and squirm and mutter *please fuck me* out loud, even when I was sitting on a bench in a public park.

At the same time, the stories don't run me through that oil slick. Tops and bottoms alike care for each other. Everyone is human, by which I mean that everyone has their needs and desires, but also their stumbling blocks and fears. Xan's work acknowledges the way play is affected by race, body image, misogyny, orientation, gender identity, and all those other parts of who people are. The characters are able to go to those deep, intense places exactly because they know what they're really playing with. Because of that, I can go there with them.

The book starts with a content note "to assist you in avoiding

what you don't want and/or seeking what you do." For me, those two things are often one and the same. "My Precious Whore" was one of the hottest stories in the book for me, but I had to stop reading for two days after it to process it. The difference for me is that I felt like I was doing this alongside the characters and the author. The story makes it so clear what dangerous material is being played with, but it also acknowledges that some of us need or want to do that anyway, as safely as we are able to.

It is in Xan's work that I see kink experiences I've never quite been able to articulate. What it is to bottom from anger, from strength. What it is for a top to feel alone, abandoned by a bottom who places all the responsibility in the top's hands. What it is to find ways to submit that step outside of traditional gender, that subvert the many pitfalls of those dynamics and create something new and inspiring. The sexiness of bodies in all their many forms. The way kindness can hurt much more than pain.

I have sidled into trying to write erotica with this sort of honesty, but I don't think I've ever quite gotten to where Xan is. The thing is, I still can't quite picture for myself the world in which these characters live. I am still writing too much from pain without trust. Xan can create a caring darkness that is vital, beautiful, and necessary. I feel so privileged to spend time within it, and I want to invite you, brave and bright with longing, into this place that Xan has made.

As one of Xan's characters says: "You are who you are, and hiding from it because too many people can't come to it from respect meant you never fucking got your needs met."

This book meets my needs, sexually and emotionally. It's hard to explain how good that feels, how incredible it is to find it can be done when I wasn't sure it was possible. It does that by never hiding—not from what's hard and uncomfortable, and not from what's hopeful and loving and sexy.

## A Note About Content

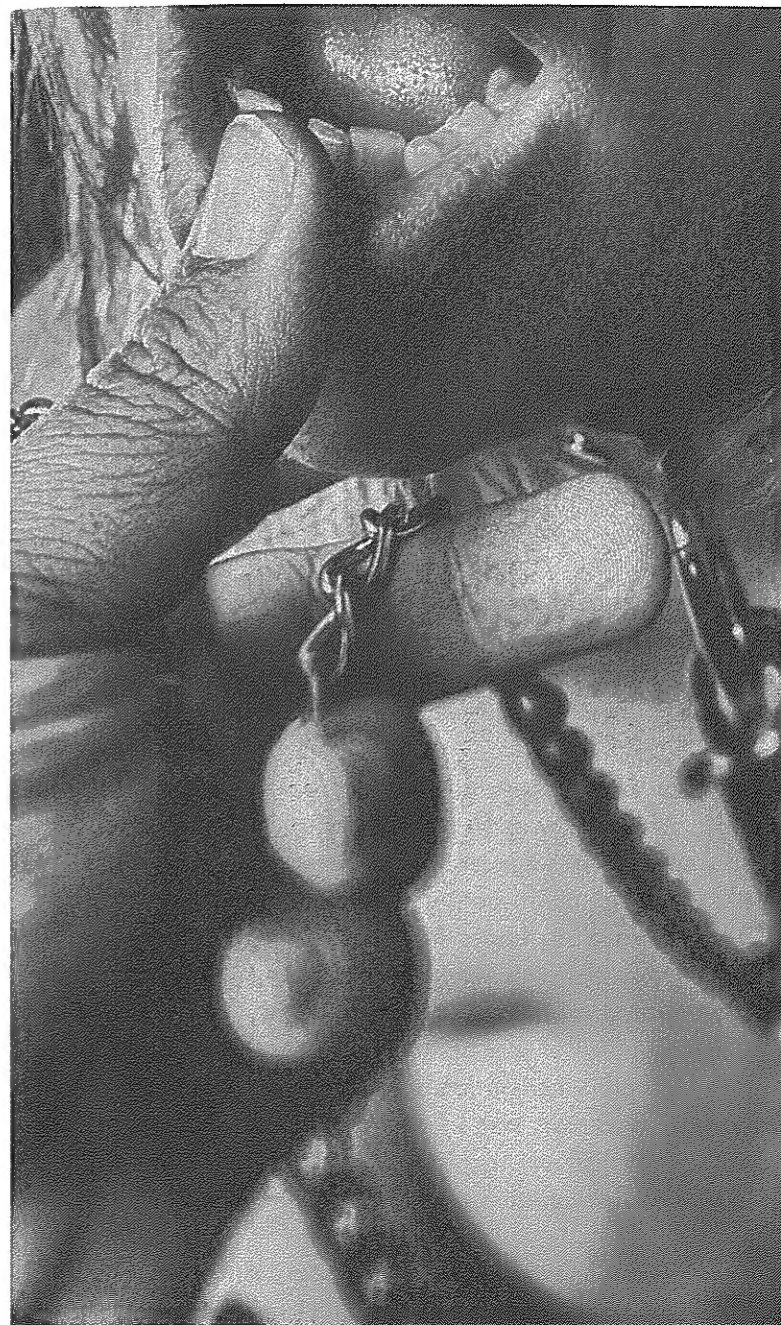
Most of these stories include some kind of pain play and some pretty intense D/s dynamics. Many of them include public sex. Most include orgasm control and rough body play (kicking and punching). Many include characters engaging in edge play of one sort or another.

The following is some specific information about content to assist you in avoiding what you don't want and/or seeking what you do:

- **Descriptions of/references to trauma:** "Ready," "My Precious Whore," "Dancing for Daddy," "My Will," "Strong"
- **Age play and incest play:** "It's My Job," "Dancing for Daddy"
- **Consensual non-consent and rape play:** "Missing Daddy," "Please," "Ready," "It's My Job," "How He Likes It," "Dancing for Daddy," "Compersion," "Facing the Dark," "My Will"
- **Humiliation play:** "My Precious Whore," "The Test," "It's My Job," "How He Likes It," "Alley Obsession," "Dancing for Daddy," "Compersion," "My Will," "Strong"
- **Playing with homophobia (including use of homophobic slurs like "faggot"):** "Missing Daddy," "Nervous Boy," "Falling for Essex," "Ready," "It's My Job," "Alley Obsession"
- **Playing with misogyny (including use of misogynist slurs like "bitch" and "slut"):** "My Precious Whore," "The Test," "How He Likes It," "Dancing for Daddy," "Strong," "My Pretty Boy"



- **Playing with whorephobia (including use of misogynist slurs like "whore"):** "My Precious Whore," "Dancing for Daddy"
- **Daddy play:** "Missing Daddy," "Falling for Essex," "Ready," "It's My Job," "Alley Obsession," "Dancing for Daddy," "Compersion"
- **Gender play:** "My Precious Whore," "How He Likes It," "Dancing for Daddy," "Strong," "My Pretty Boy," "The Tender Sweet Young Thing," "Alley Obsession"
- **Blade and knife play:** "Missing Daddy," "This Boy," "A Large Full Meal," "Willing," "The Tender Sweet Young Thing," "Compersion," "Strong," "My Pretty Boy," "My Precious Whore," "Facing the Dark," "The Tale of Jan and Tam"
- **Blood sports:** "Missing Daddy," "Ready," "Facing the Dark," "My Pretty Boy," "Willing," "What I Need," "Compersion," "It's My Job," "My Will"
- **Breath play:** "Missing Daddy," "This Boy," "Ready," "My Precious Whore," "Kneeling for Him," "It's My Job," "Facing the Dark," "How He Likes It," "First Time Since," "Willing," "What I Need," "Strong," "My Pretty Boy," "The Tale of Jan and Tam"
- **Water sports:** "First Time Since," "Compersion"
- **Fire play:** "Facing the Dark"
- **Playing with rage:** "Falling for Essex," "Ready"



## Missing Daddy

For B., my favorite cubby faggot

I MISS DADDY. It's JUST that simple. Not just him—I miss who I was back then. A chubby cub novice, eager, hungry, open. We're supposed to graduate, you know. Those of us whose path to the top begins at the bottom. We're supposed to grow from boy to Daddy in a way that is so fine, so right, where we pay our dues and never look back with longing.

The secret truth of it is this: many of us that moved to the other side of the whip did it to approximate what we had longed for and rarely received. We did it not because we grew up slowly, nurtured by Daddy, but because we decided to grow up on our own and stop yearning for that kind of Daddy. To instead get our pleasure from being that Daddy to some lucky boy. No one tells those stories. It would not do to talk of the ways we suffered from neglect, betrayal, abandonment, and flat-out abuse as bottoms. It would rip open our mythology and make our boys doubt our desire for them.

Theo was before all that. When I was fresh-faced and barely 24. When I still thought that the hard part was figuring out I was a Daddy's boy. When I was hopeful and certain in my desires. When I still felt whole.

Theo was my first Daddy. If he was still around, things might be different for me. He was 41, an experienced top, a large bear of a man

with knowing eyes. This Daddy could see into me, past my bravado to my scared little heart. He could read me like no one since. He knew how to reach right in and find that kernel of pride he wanted to grow in me. He was the sexiest man I had ever seen.

In my memory, he is seven feet tall, but I know he was really 5'9". He had reddish brown skin, deep brown eyes, and a wicked grin. He had large precise hands, and if I close my eyes, I can still feel his paw resting firmly on the back of my neck.

I worshiped my Daddy, and he soaked in my adoration as his due. Daddy had been on T for four years. Until I saw him naked, I hadn't even imagined a trans man could get so hairy. His beard was thick and wild, and that hair traveled all over his considerable frame. His legs were hulking trunks covered in fur, and his belly had this wiry wandering maze of hair that prickled my cheek when I rested my head on it. He had this gravely growl of a voice that just felt dangerous.

When Daddy talked about who I could become, it seemed very far away. A bare-faced trans guy who had not even started testosterone, I wanted to be a boy forever. I didn't see my future in Daddy. I just saw magic and power that I wanted to worship.

Daddy was a joyous faggot, fully comfortable in his fat body. His unshakeable fat pride steadied my own. He prized me for my size, for my strength, for my pride in myself, and for my ravenous appetite. Daddy was a hedonist, and he taught me the pleasures of indulgence. We could spend hours in the park, lazing in the grass, soaking up the sun, his paw resting possessively on my throat as my head snuggled his furry thigh. We unabashedly cruised together, and he was prone to offering me to his buddies, a loose pack of faggots, some of whom were dykes. They were tough-as-nails pleasure seekers who thoroughly took every orifice he offered and laid their marks across the expanse of my back as if they needed to claim every inch. They fiercely protected their own and generously shared their bounty with each other. This pack of queers was full of gloriously twisted kinky fucks, and I ached to belong.

It seemed like Daddy knew everything and everyone. He talked about the scene I only knew from books and told the best stories,

most of which involved some kind of gang bang. Daddy made me feel proud to be a faggot. That affirmation of self threaded through everything. He knew about my fantasies, the way I ached to cruise for public sex, but was scared that no one would touch me. He made me jack off as I described being forced to my knees in an alley, being bent over the sink in a public bathroom, kneeling to service cock after cock at a glory hole.

I was Daddy's boy for nine glorious months. It's mostly the little things I remember, like flashes, as I unconsciously imitate him, find myself staring at a boy who reminds me of me back then or picking up a tool he loved. I am imprinted in ways I am not even aware. Sometimes I close my eyes and I am there, smelling Daddy, the scent of him grabbing me as my head rests on his thigh. When I fuck up, I can almost see him, the way he'd cock one brow and tilt his head when he thought I was overstepping. After a scene, I reach out and stroke my boy on his forehead above his nose, right where Daddy's thumb would find me and bring me calm. I watch my boy touching the marks my teeth have left on his neck and remember the way I cherished how it would ache when I turned my head after Daddy's teeth had thoroughly used mine. A delicious reminder. And a public claiming. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and I can taste his tongue in my mouth, the raw abraded feel after he ravaged it. In quiet moments, I can hear him growl, "Mine!" in my ear.

There is one night that I remember vividly, from start to finish. The first night I really knew I belonged. The energy was charged that night. The air crackled. Daddy took me to his apartment overlooking Golden Gate Park. He had instructed me to pack my biggest dick and to stuff it into the leather jock he had given me, that pair of old jeans he liked, my best boots, and an A-line shirt. Just getting dressed for Daddy put me into headspace. I hit floor and was on my knees two seconds after we walked in. It was like I couldn't stay up a second longer.

"Good boy," he growled.

He towered over me and slowly put on his gloves. He was stern and gripped my chin, lifting my head to meet his eyes.

"I'm going to make you mine tonight, boy. Are you ready?"

I couldn't breathe. I just melted into his eyes. "Yes, Daddy," I whispered.

He smiled wickedly at me and slapped my face, hard. And I could breathe again. He held my gaze and continued to slap me over and over.

"This is important, boy. This means you belong. You have to earn this. I know you can. You are going to make me proud."

He clamped his hand over my mouth and nose, taking my breath. The buttery leather smell seeped into me, and I dropped deep into headspace, giving myself to Daddy. When he lifted his hand away, I felt like I was floating and yet deeply present. The air was crisper, the colors brighter. Daddy was right. This was important. I needed to pay close attention. Then, Daddy pulled me to my feet by my hair, his hands twisted in it. He kissed me. Ruthlessly. He took my mouth, ravaging every inch of it, leaving nothing unclaimed, and growling as he did, his beard rough against my skin.

"I'm going to reach inside you tonight, boy. Going to take what I want from you. You will feed me tonight, faggot."

Until that night, Daddy and I had not exchanged fluids. Daddy was very particular about who he did that with. When he bit me, he was careful. He would ride the edge, but never draw blood. I had been begging to feed him, wanting him to take my blood, aching for it. And it was going to happen that night. I could not stop trembling, even as a huge grin split my face.

"That's right, boy. Tonight you will get what you have been begging for. I will claim you, thoroughly. Then I will feed on you. You are a very lucky boy."

"Thank you, Daddy," I whispered again, my voice shaky.

Daddy took me to the bathroom and bent me over the sink. I moaned. He stripped off my clothes, leaving me in my boots and jock, my eyes on myself in the mirror over the sink. Daddy's hands slid over my skin, his cock against my ass as he held my eyes in the mirror.

"My little faggot just aching to get fucked in the bathroom. You are going to get it tonight, boy. Can you feel Daddy's cock? Do you want it?"

"Please, Daddy. Please fuck your boy."

"My cub is going to get it tonight," Daddy growled as he put clamps on my nipples.

I watched my eyes widen in the mirror. My breathing got shallow. Daddy was going for the pain I hated. I could see it growing in his eyes. He was going to test me with hateful pain that tore into me. That meant only one thing. My eyes frantically searched the bathroom for its reflection in the mirror. There it was, propped next to the toilet. Daddy's cane case. I could hear rushing in my head and feel sweat beading at my temples. I met Daddy's eyes in the mirror and saw them change. He sensed my fear, and it was like a predator waited behind those eyes, waiting to feed on me. Daddy snarled, holding my gaze, his paws digging into me as I whimpered.

It was fast. His hand clamped on my neck, pushing my head into the sink, and suddenly his cock was inside me. Daddy truly was magic because there was lube and I had no idea how that had happened. But not enough to make it easy. No, this was not about my pleasure at all. It was awful. Cruel. He was growling in my ear, making me tremble on his cock. My mind raced round and round. I was breathing so fast, my heart pounding, and behind my closed eyes, all I could see was that cane case.

Daddy's cock was reaming me, and it hurt, and my nipples hurt, too, as they banged against the sink, and then Daddy leaned over and growled, "Mine!" in my ear. Before I even realized it was happening, tears were streaming down my face. I couldn't stop them. I lifted my eyes to meet his in the mirror.

"Yes, that's my good boy. Cry for Daddy."

Daddy pulled a clamp from my nipple and searing pain ripped into me, creating fresh tears. He groaned and began to thrust harder, his cock driving into my boy hole.

"Daddy!" I whimpered.

"When I take the other clamp off, you are going to come for me, boy. You got that?"

"Yes, Daddy."

His cock felt like it was ripping me open. His eyes were



unforgiving. I knew what was coming next. I felt a new surge of fear washing through me, and Daddy smiled at the smell of it. His beard abraded my skin as he buried his nose in the nape of my neck and drew in the metallic scent of fear.

"Yes, boy. Give me your fear."

His cock gored me, and then the other clamp was twisted off, and before I even decided to, I was coming, growling with Daddy as he rammed home, shuddering as he spurted inside me. Too quickly his cock was gone, and my hole was gaping. I started shivering, my eyes closed as I heard Daddy moving things around, then a zipper, and then that awful sound of rattan ripping through air.

"You are going to give this to me, boy. You are mine. I want your pain, your fear, and your tears, boy. Don't hold back."

"Y-yes, Daddy."

I was going to take it. I worked to breathe slowly, relax my muscles, and wrap my mind around accepting it. Every time I played with Daddy, there was a moment when I said no. And every time, there was a moment when I was sure there was something wrong with me for choosing this. It was then I tasted my safe word in my mouth. I was not going to say no to this. I had already decided. But damn, I sure could taste my safe word, and it was bitter.

I hated canes. They were evil invasive sting, and that kind of sensation just felt wrong. My body rejected it. Canes were an ordeal path to surrender filled with constant doubt. When I made it through to the end, I always felt powerful in some way and deeply proud. But the road there was horrid, and it just felt awful. Canes had nothing to do with my pleasure. They were about accepting Daddy's will and feeding his sadism.

As the cane ripped into me, I kept my mouth clamped shut on my safe word. It was not going to come out of my mouth, damn it. Daddy wasn't giving me even strokes or pacing it. This wasn't a pretty show. This was relentless fire on my ass and thighs, and there was no time between one stroke and the next. They just spiraled into a whirlwind of awful pain and fear that poured out of my eyes and eventually my mouth in rasping growly sobs. Daddy was snarling, his voice harsh

as the pain went on in waves, riding along fear, crashing into me until I could do nothing but surrender.

"Good boy," he growled. "Now for six of the best."

One was a tidal wave of fire. Two was nasty and twisted, carving me open. Three was lemon juice on the longest paper cut of my life. Four was almost too much, and my safe word rose like bile in my throat. Five exploded in fireworks of blood and pain that I could feel begin to drip down my leg. Six was an evil bastard of a hot poker searing me.

Daddy put the cane aside for cleaning later, wrapping a piece of hunter green tape around the handle to remind him it was now dedicated to me. To think I remember that. Little things like that crop up in my habits today. Back then, they just made me feel safe. He pulled out his first aid kit and cleaned me up, placing Tegaderm on the spots where he had opened skin.

He met my eyes and stroked my cheek, saying gruffly, "I am proud to call you mine."

Then he tossed me my clothes and said, "Get dressed, boy. We have places to go."

I floated into my clothes, and Daddy shuffled me out of his apartment and into the park below. It was dark, but I could hear murmuring voices, slurping sounds, low moans. He stuffed a ball gag into my mouth, wrapped his navy blue hanky around my eyes, and bent me over a nearby rock. I focused my hearing, trying to figure out what Daddy was going to do next. There was a loud click, and I jumped, knowing that his knife was out.

"Stay still, boy."

It began cutting my jeans away. Just a chunk out of them, baring my asshole. And then I knew why Daddy ordered me into a jock earlier. His fingers were teasing my hole, sliding lube into me in fingerfuls. One, two, then three fingers in my ass, their squirmy possession riveting me to the spot as I got that almost nauseous feeling in the pit of my stomach that always begins an ass fuck. Daddy's gravelly whisper carried to the men nearby.

"Who wants a piece of my boy's ass? His mouth and cock are for

me alone, but if you play nice, you can fuck his hole."

I could hear the leaves rustle as the men moved in. How many? I heard voices murmuring as I writhed on Daddy's fingers, but I couldn't quite pick out the words. He slid his fingers out and leaned over me, his voice low in my ear.

"Don't you dare come, boy. Not until my dick is in your ass."

Daddy stood up and chose someone, handed him a condom, and stood with his hand on my neck. I heard a zipper, and then a condom wrapper was opened. There was a slight pause. I tensed up. I couldn't help it. Then his dick was spearing me. He worked it in to the base and, oh, was it long. The wormy feeling in my gut pulsed as I tried to take it in. I whimpered.

"That's my good boy," Daddy said, gently stroking my neck.

The man in my ass started to move. Oh fuck, my dick began to throb as his thighs rubbed against the welts from the cane. He was working his hips in wide circles, and it felt like he was deep in my gut, stirring me in long sticky strokes. I ground my hips down into the rock and soon was moaning behind the gag. I worked with him, wanting his come, loving his dick with sharp squeezes of my muscles, clamping down on him, wanting him to spurt.

He did, in three long thrusts, and he was gone too quickly. Daddy chose another, lamenting the need for latex, wanting my ass to be full of other men's come when he would finally fuck it.

The next man was inside me immediately. His dick was shorter, and my ass felt the loss. But he made up for it in rhythm, working me hard, in fast thrusts that smarted as they hit the marks from the cane, until I was breathless, shaking, gripping the rock with all I had. Then I heard Daddy say, "Stop." The man pulled out. Daddy's voice was fierce as he reminded me not to come. He motioned the man back to my ass, but I was scared. I didn't want to be fucked so well. All I wanted was my Daddy inside me. All I wanted was to please Daddy.

The circle of men around me got louder. I could pick out phrases. "Woof!" "Look at that nasty cub." "Want a piece of that hole." "Damn, he can move his hips." "Fuck that sweet ass."

I worked my hips harder, frantically wanting the man's release,

wanting him gone from my ass. I could feel Daddy's hand on my hair, stroking. He leaned down to whisper, "Be a good boy for me. That's it. Take his cock. Milk it for me."

I did. I took it 'til he came, trembling at the feel of him spurting in me, proud to have done it. Then a third dick was at my hole. And I wasn't sure it could get in, it was so thick. I pictured my hole opening, rubbing my cock against the rock to heighten my desire, knowing I would regret it later. The pressure was still there, insistent. And then Daddy gripped my hair in his hand and pulled. It slid in. I could feel myself widen to accommodate it. I couldn't concentrate on anything else.

I became a hole. Just a hole to get fucked. Daddy's hole. He started to move inside me. I screamed, glad for the gag.

"It's too big. I can't do it. It's too big."

I was shaking my head, screaming no, and all the while Daddy stroked my hair, whispering to me. "I know you can do it, boy. Do it for me. Yes, that's it. Take it for Daddy. You are such a good boy. My boy. My hole. That's it. Take it. You are so hot, boy. All these faggots want to be inside you. But I'm next. I can't wait to get inside you, boy. I love watching you get fucked. It makes me so hard to know you are my hole, my hole to give away. My hole to use, however I choose. That's my good boy. I know you love it, boy. You love being Daddy's hole. That's my good boy."

As I concentrated on his words, my body fell away. I was just a hole. I existed solely to please Daddy. This pleased him, to offer his hole to others. And that was who I was. Just Daddy's hole to use. However he chose.

I was working my hips in rhythm as the stranger fucked me, squeezing his cock with my muscles. Because these men were just an extension of Daddy's will, his pleasure, this was my Daddy fucking me. And I wanted to be pleasing. I loved being Daddy's boy. I could feel the man inside me coming, and it was a tribute to my usefulness. I began to float.

And then Daddy was behind me. His dick slid into my hole like I was built for him. I didn't want this moment to end. I could feel

Daddy deep inside me, and that was where he should be. He grabbed my hips, working them, using me in precisely the way he wanted. I was exactly where I belonged. Under Daddy.

"You feel so good around my cock, boy. You were made to be fucked by me. That's it, boy. Grab on to my cock with your ass. All these men are watching me fuck you and wishing they had gotten a turn. But you are mine, mine alone. And I am claiming you as mine. You may come, boy."

There were no more words because Daddy's teeth were driving into my neck, and he was fucking me, and I was bleeding, and Daddy was feeding, and I was coming, and Daddy's cock was ramming me, and his teeth were claiming me, and my cock was spurting, and Daddy's come invaded me, seeping into me as he drank me down.

Daddy slid out of me, and I didn't want him to. He turned me over and slowly removed my gag and my blindfold. His arms enfolded me, and I was gripping him so tight, sobbing. He rocked slowly, just holding me as I sobbed. When my tears subsided, Daddy licked each one from my face. My eyes were still closed as he stroked the space on my forehead above my nose, grounding me. I heard his voice asking me to slowly open my eyes. And then I saw the fags surrounding me. They were grinning, and their faces were warm and familiar, and then I was enveloped by this pack of queers that I knew and cared for, with my Daddy's proud smile joining theirs. I was home. I belonged.

## Nervous Boy

HE IS NERVOUS. HE ALMOST didn't make it out the door. He stands on the corner of 19th and Lexington, eyes darting as he chain-smokes in the cold.

He can't believe he is here. His boots carried him against his will. His hunger outweighing his anxiety—it was pure ache that motivated his post. A nervous, bold naming of his desire, cocky little scared trans boy aching to fuck drunkenly. He needs the alcohol to hide from his own self. And I have forbidden it, which really pisses him off. How can I demand he meet me at a bar and then require him to be sober? It's the anger that motivates him to walk into the bar. He stands at the far wall, staring, heart racing. He can't do this.

He is curiously near to the bar, and his hand jams into his pocket to see how many drinks he could get. His chin sticks out, thinking he could just sit here all night, drinking, watching me as I sit quietly at the table, writing. He could down his tequila and watch my boots as I leave, never approaching me.

He catches a glimpse of my eyes as I glance up in his direction. Unbidden, an image fills his head: my eyes looking down at him as I force his head down onto my cock. He tries to shake it off, but it keeps coming.

It's this image that motivates his boots to cross the floor to me without his full permission. I have paused in my writing to watch the

floor by my feet, checking for a nervous boy's approach. Which is a good thing. Otherwise, I would not have heard the throaty tentative, "Sir?" And who knows if he would have had the guts to repeat it.

I lift my head to look him over, noticing his dusty boots, the bulge in his torn jeans, his pecs bound down, his twitching hands, the pulse in his throat racing. I meet his eyes and nod to the chair across from me.

"I have two questions for you, boy."

His eyes dart from my lips to the floor.

"1. Are you sober?"

"Yes," he says grumpily.

I nod, acknowledging that I believe him. "2. What is your safe word?"

His eyes widen with fear. He swallows, speaking softly, "Red."

"Very good. Carry my bag, boy." I gesture to it, shrugging on my jacket and striding out of the bar, knowing he will follow.

I had described what I was going to do to him, and he racks his brain, trying to remember exactly what I had written. All he can think about is that image of my eyes meeting his, my cock deep in his throat. His heart is racing, and he is struggling to keep up with my long strides, his eyes focused on my boots.

I hear his frantic pace behind me, confirming my trust, and turn the corner, stalking to the spot. I stand against the wall, knowing I need to keep one eye on the street. I watch his nervous eyes, his boots shuffling, the pulse beating in his throat, and a surge of power fills me. I breathe it in deep and feel it lift me, my cock throbbing. In these moments, I am not conscious of the fact that my cock is attached by thin strips of leather. It is fully mine, and the throbbing is very real.

My gloved hand moves steadily toward his face, knowing his eyes are mesmerized by it. It rests briefly against his cheek, and he breathes the scent of leather before he feels it grip him, thumb stroking his throat as the gloved hand presses against the back of his neck.

His heart leaps to his throat, and I can feel it race against my thumb. *It's not fair*, his mind screams. He wordlessly drops to his knees and looks up.

There is nothing like the first sight of a boy on his knees. I rake over him with my eyes, taking my time. My thumb strokes the pulse of his throat, claiming him. He is mine, under my hand, in my care. If only for the duration of this scene, he is mine. The thrill of reading him, watching his responses, carefully deciding how to play with him. I can taste my own fear in my mouth—will I be able to read him? There have been so few words between us. Can I read his body, his energy? The fear only ups the ante. I sink into my self-trust, planting my feet in it. The back of my hand strokes his cheek. My thumb grazes his lips.

I watch him carefully as I free my cock. His eyes widen. Is that fear? Excitement? Both, I decide, stroking my cock as I watch him. He is scared—what if it isn't how he wanted it? Or, worse, what if it is? What if he really is a cocksucking fagboy who gets on his knees for strangers in alleys?

"You want this, don't you?"

His eyes widen further. He licks his lips in silent response.

My cock swells as I speak softly to him, stroking. "You've been dreaming about this, haven't you? This is what you crave, being on your knees in an alley, a cock in front of your lips. You are aching to have my dick in your throat."

His heart hammers in his head. He is so still, afraid that if he moves, he will run. And he doesn't want to run. This is where he wants to be. In an alley. On his knees.

His lips part. He can't stop staring at my cock. My hand cups the back of his head, twisted in his hair. This is the moment. The moment when he needs to own his desire.

My hand gently pulls his head toward my cock. It is centimeters from his lips. But he must close the distance. He must choose this. One movement is enough, and then there will be no more choices.

Time is suspended. His eyes reach up for me, begging me to force him. Fear rushes through his body in waves, and I soak it all in, sourcing power from it through my hand at the back of his head.

My smile softens just a bit. "Put your mouth on it, boy. Wrap your lips around my cock." And I am softly stroking his hair, drawing



off the shame. "My cock is throbbing, aching for your mouth, boy."

The tenderness in my voice and my gestures open up a rawness he can feel in his chest. It scares him. And seduces him. He wants to be this naked, this vulnerable. He wants to be this cared for, this claimed. He wants to please me. This is a good place to be, on his knees in an alley about to suck my cock. This is where he belongs, who he is.

His mouth eagerly moves to engulf my cock, his eyes on mine, offering. I meet his gaze, allowing some cruelty to slide into my smile.

I grip his head, and we start the ride. My cock ravaging every inch. Relentless. Claiming his throat in aching full strokes.

He had that moment of choice, but this is my moment. My moment to wring every ounce of pleasure out of his mouth and throat. Mine. He is mine for this glorious moment. Made for my pleasure. My mouth to fuck. My throat to use. Mine.

I growl, my hand twisting his hair as I thrust into his throat, watching him gag, grinning at the tears filling his eyes. I am fucking him, filling him, huge and powerful and relentless in my possession of him. And then I encircle him with my words.

"Yes, boy. I love fucking your throat, claiming it as mine. Give it to me. Let me take it all. This is what you crave. This is what you ache for. Being on your knees. Sucking off a stranger in an alley. My fagboy. My cocksucker. That's who you are. A cocksucking faggot born to please me. Your mouth was made for my cock."

I thrust deep, watching his eyes. The truth washes into him and over him through his throat and ears, and his eyes spill over as that raw place inside him is opened and filled with my cock and his desire and my cruelty and his tears and my relentless tenderness.

He is sobbing around my cock as I ruthlessly fuck his throat. The sight of his tears draws my cream in long spurts that rack my body as the guttural growl from my throat wraps into the sounds of his sobs. He swallows every drop, taking it down and absorbing it. His eyes lift and ache for mine. I reach down and stroke his cheek, saying gruffly, "Good boy."

I smile down at him, ease out of his mouth, and hug him to me. He reaches up and holds on, soaking in who he is, a boy on his knees,

held by the man standing over him, the man he just pleased. Proud.

We are still. But not for long. I start feeling an itch in my hands and an ache in my belly. I want more. I look down at him, tilting his chin up to meet my eyes.

"Grab my bag, boy."

I pull him into a cab. "Mission and Van Ness," I tell the driver. My hand is resting on the back of his neck, stroking gently, telling him what I want to do to him, gauging his responses to my words. It's not long before I'm pulling him into the club and heading downstairs.

I pull him to the side of the room right by the door. The chain link fence demarcates this space for voyeurs. And I hope there will be voyeurs. I want to feed off the crowd. Pull their energy into me for use. I want this witnessed. There is a bench. And a wall. And a quiet bondage scene nearby.

I slowly push him backward into the wall, crowding him, my hands on either side of his head, my breath moving his hair as I remind him of his safe word. I take in the smell of him. I drop closer and breathe him in. I can feel his pulse speed up against my cheek. His sweat has a metallic scent to it. He is afraid.

I step back and meet his eyes, hardening my gaze. There will be no coaxing here. This is about strength. His. And will. Mine. I am building something very important. I sink into my boots and begin.

I slam him into the wall, glorying in the feel of his body against mine. Again. The breath is thrust out of him. Again. The sound of flesh against concrete. Again.

I turn around, lean my back against him, and grab my sap gloves. I tease his face with them, let him feel the leather against his lips, his jaw, his throat. The lead shot drives into him. I am tapping him lightly, but it does not feel light. Stepping up the intensity, I can feel his energy shift as he realizes I am barely using my strength. The back of my neck prickles, and I can sense people behind me. I focus my hearing and I pick out whispering, feet shuffling, breath quickening. A crowd is starting to build.

I begin to pound into him with my fists. I am getting at the deep muscles now. His chin is lifting higher. I watch his eyes and realize

that I have found his stubborn streak. It's time.

"Show me how strong you are, boy. Show me how much you can take."

I slam into him, taking his breath, scenting him. There is something sweet there now. It's not just fear I smell. I step back and drive my knee into his cock. He gasps and struggles to stay still. Again. I can see the steel in his eyes. Good.

Now, to really get started. I step back further and start pounding my boots into his thighs. He is breathing audibly now. I am gliding around him. Slamming into him with punches. Ramming my weight into him. Thudding kicks into his thighs. The energy builds as the crowd builds. There is a rawness to this that draws them in.

"Come on, boy. You can take it. I know you're strong enough."

I drive my bootheel into the bruises on his thigh. I ram my elbow into the bruises on his pecs. He grunts, clenching his jaw. He's not sure he can do it, but he'll never admit it.

"Yes, Sir, I can take it," he spits out, glaring at me, promising himself as much as me.

I build him up with punches and kicks. Show him I can see his strength by how hard I pound into him. My face is full of ferocity and pride, and I pour all that into him until it streams out in tears running down his face.

I don't stop there. I am relentless because he deserves nothing less than the full force of my will. I can feel the energy building again, and I grab him by the neck and bend him over the bench, yanking his pants to his knees.

I slowly take off my belt, knowing his ears are attuned to the sound of the buckle being released, of leather pulled through denim. I fold the belt in half, twice, and snap it, watching him twitch.

The leather bites into him. The belt brings me to a ravenous place. I want to open him up. I want to rip him apart. I want to be inside him. Now. I never take out my belt unless I'm sure I'm going to fuck because it does this to me every time.

"Take it, boy. Yeah, that's it. Scream for me. Just keep taking it. I know you can do it. Show me how strong you can be."

Each hit ramps it up. Each welt a badge of strength. He rides on it, grounded in pride, sure of himself now. I growl as I concentrate on one spot. I want to ram into him so hard. I claim him with the belt instead, striking out with the bite of it, waiting for the moment when I allow myself to fuck him. We both grunt with the last blow.

I pull out my cock, slide on the condom, and lube it up. I can't wait any longer. I pull down his boxers and ready my cock at his ass. I push in slowly, making room for myself inside him. He is so tight it makes me groan. I keep pushing, and his muscles slowly relax as he lets me in deeper.

"Take it, boy. That's it. Take it all."

And he does. Until I'm buried inside him, throbbing. I set my teeth into his shoulder and bite down. And then I start to move, rotating my hips, grinding invasion into him with teeth and cock. I lift my head and whisper into his ear, "I'm so proud of you, boy."

And then I start to fuck him. Driving into him with my cock, just as relentless as before.

"Take it for me, boy. That's it, faggot. Take my dick in your ass."

He is whimpering as my weight presses into his welts. I rub my face into his sweat as I fuck him, burning him with my stubble. He screams. Razor burn on top of fresh bruises. He smells delicious, and I thrust my teeth into his neck. And then he is coming, and sobbing, and screaming. The sounds he is making reach inside and milk my cock. I growl as I spurt into his ass.

"Good boy. I'm proud of you. You are so strong. You have pleased me very much."

I slip out of him, pull him up, and slowly lick the tears from his cheeks. I capture his eyes and motion him to my boots. He kneels gratefully and looks up at me, eyes pleading. I nod and push his head down to my boot, my heel on the back of his neck.

"You earned it, boy," I say gruffly and groan as I feel his tongue through the leather. I settle in, with my back against the wall and his mouth on my boot. Content.

# The Test

PULLED BY MY COLLAR TO the bathroom at Club Cunt, shoved into a stall. You grab the hair at the back of my neck and push me to my knees. Your hand snakes over to lock the door. It's a tenuous separation between us and the world. The metal swinging doors can lock and unlock from inside or outside the stall. I only recently discovered that they lock at all.

You pull your cock out of your leathers, stroking its purple glory and looking down at me. Now comes the test. My future, my pleasure, the fulfillment of desires long held hangs in the balance. Will I pass the test? Can I suck your cock well enough to convince you to take on a novice?

My senses are heightened by fear and desire. I knew I wanted you the instant I saw you leaning against the wall, burch in black leather from head to toe, a smirk on your brown face under the leather cap that hid your eyes. Even before I saw you, I wanted you. Reading your ad made me hungry and nervous and wet:

*Woman of color seeks same for serious kink. I prefer femmes who appreciate butch chivalry, know what they want, and have been around the block. If you're new, be ready to step up and show me you can play with the big girls.*

You are softly reminding me what is at stake, looking down at me, speaking seriously. It all turns me on: your words, the public nature

of the situation, the test itself and the consequences attached to it, the prospect of being named the slut that I yearn to be. My skin is tingling, my face is flushed, and I'm already dripping wet. I look up at you, agreeing to the conditions you have set forth.

I swallow and put my mouth on your cock. I take you in my fist, tonguing the head as I start stroking the base of your cock in slow steady thrusts. I take the head into the shallow of my mouth, coming down on it in time with my hand's movements. All the while I am hearing voices murmuring in the bathroom.

I move a little faster and start taking you into my throat. I keep this rhythm for a while, slowly taking your cock in deeper with each thrust. My lips press down harder and harder on your cock as I look up at you to find the exact amount of pressure you want.

"Yeah, baby, work your mouth on my cock," you mutter. "You love the feel of my cock in your mouth, don't you? You've been thinking about this for days, you nasty slut. It's consumed you. You've been imagining yourself on your knees, sucking me off. You've been wondering if you can pass this test. It's been distracting you, frightening you, turning you on, imagining my cock down your throat. Come on, dirty slut. Take all of my cock. Suck me harder. Like that. Faster. Take it all in. Show me what a good cocksucker you are."

The world disappears. All that's left is my mouth, your cock, and your words insinuating themselves into my pussy, grabbing my clit, pinching my nipples. My ass contracts as your words thrust themselves into me. I take your cock into my wet hole deeper and harder, in time with the hard thrusts of your words. They urge me on, encourage me to open wider, thrust my mouth on to you, savor the feel of you in my throat.

I start taking you in faster, harder, deeper. My hand is working your cock as I take you into my throat as far as you can go. I'm looking up at you through the tears in my eyes as my wet mouth engulfs your cock harder and faster. Your hips are moving frantically, thrusting your cock into my throat as you come. I take it all, shuddering on the brink of my own orgasm. I tongue your cock from the base to the head before I pull away and look up at you from my place on the floor.

My clit is throbbing. You look at me and stroke my cheek. Then you grab the hair at the back of my neck and pull me to my feet. "On to the next test," you say. You pull me in for a kiss, thrusting your tongue into my mouth and biting my lip. Your mouth moves to my neck, tongues it fiercely, and bites gently. Then harder. "Later..." you murmur against my skin.

We exit the stall, your hand hooked in my belt leading me out. I smile at the long line against the wall and follow you. I am completely unabashed about the time we spent in there, despite the line for the bathroom, and walk out proudly. No shame in this slut.

The next test? What would the next test be?



# The Tender Sweet Young Thing

Dedicated to the members of the Church of the Movie Musical

DAX WAS RAISED BY A second-wave feminist. Ze grew up reading books about girls who did stuff. Ze was pulled out of tap class because they were going to perform "I Love Being a Girl," and hir mom refused to let Dax participate in something so sexist. Hir mother gave hir a gender-neutral name (to help hir get jobs) and had hir hair cut in a Buster Brown. For most of hir childhood, people were constantly asking, "Is that a boy or a girl?" They still asked that, actually. At least now ze chose hir own haircuts.

Dax didn't change hir name when ze went on T. What was the point? Dax would work okay, and it's not like ze wanted to pass as a man anyway. A gender-neutral name suited hir just fine. Guess mom got something right.

When Dax's boyfriend Mikey got a '96 Volvo with a tape deck, Dax gave her some of hir old cassettes. They would drive around listening to tapes Dax had kept from back in the day. Their favorite was a childhood relic, *Free to Be You and Me*. They listened to it for probably the thousandth time on the way to a regular gathering of fat queers that involved two of Dax's favorite things: potluck and watching musicals. That's probably why Mikey was so quick to bring it up, when the pre-movie dinner discussion turned to early kink fantasies. (Which, let's face it, was rather inevitable at this monthly event,

which was now at Xóchi's house because it was more accessible. No stairs meant that Dax and Mikey could be there, and that Jericho and Rusty came more often, too. Lee loved hosting, so even though it was now at Xóchi's house and not her own, she was still in charge. Everything always went smoothly when she was in charge.)

"Want to hear one of Dax's early kink roots?" Mikey asked, teasing.

Of course the group wanted to hear it. Dax was grateful Mikey was going to tell it, because his migraine meds were making him a bit loopy, and he just wanted to watch the room and relax. It was nice to be back. Nobody did potluck like fat activist queers. The briscuit Rebecca brought was the best comfort food ever, especially with Mikey's flan for dessert, and he was looking forward to popcorn and Julie Andrews. His chair was comfy, the sun wasn't in his eyes, and he was surrounded by kinky queers. Hey, who was that cute femme boy in the corner? Oh, was that Téó, the boy Mikey had been telling him about?

"Well, I bet some of you know *Free to Be You and Me*?" Mikey asked.

Lee and Xóchi both nodded. Dax guessed the other folks were a bit too young to know it. Except Jericho, who looked at Rusty and shrugged, clearly having no clue what they were talking about.

Xóchi said, "Oh, wait. I bet it was that football player singing, 'It's Alright to Cry.'"

The whole room chuckled. Dax was well-known for being the kind of sadist that got off on tears. When Xóchi started to sing a bit of it, Lee and Mikey joined in. "It's alright to cry. It might make you feel better!"

Dax was blushing. He reminded himself that he loved them. They were family. Family got to tease you. And, really, hadn't he crooned just that line to Mikey last month in the middle of a particularly brutal caning?

"No, it wasn't that one, actually," Mikey said, grinning at Dax. "You remember the one about the tender sweet young thing?"

Lee and Xóchi both shook their heads.

"Well, it's about this girl who dresses impeccably, and always goes first in line, and gets basically everything she wants, and then she gets caught by a pack of lions."

"Tigers!" Dax inserted.

"Oh, sorry, baby. Tigers. So they tie her up and sniff her a bit." Mikey grinned.

"And she says, 'I am a tender sweet young thing.'" Dax forgot himself and got into it. "I am also a little lady." Dax grinned at Lee, who unconsciously began to adjust her shirt so that her considerable cleavage showed to better advantage.

"And she tells the lions to stop licking her," Mikey inserted, watching Téó. Damn, the boy was so fucking cute. He had perked up, giving the story his full attention, a mixture of recognition and desire on his face. This confirmed it. Téó was the tender sweet young thing she'd had her eye out for.

"Tigers!" Dax insisted.

"That's twice," Lee said, holding up two fingers and looking sternly at Mikey over her turquoise cat eye glasses.

Dax continued, "My favorite part is when she says, 'Untie me this instant. My dress is getting mussed!'"

The whole group cracked up. Except for Téó, who was holding his breath.

"I've had a fashion safe word myself," said Lee, eyes sparkling.

"So what happens to the tender sweet young thing?" asked Téó before he could stop himself.

"The tigers eat her," said Dax, eying Téó again. Téó did something halfway between a preen and a squirm under Dax's gaze. It was adorable. How had he not noticed him before tonight?

"What?" said Xóchi. "How do I not remember this? They eat her?"

"Yep," Mikey confirmed.

"And the whole story is told by the head tiger," Dax added, grinning at Xóchi.

Xóchi grinned back, one predator to another, and then launched into a story of her own that involved her father's knife. Dax hoped that Téó might share one of his own kink roots, but Lee soon ushered them over to the television for the much awaited showing of *Victor/Victoria*.

Téó couldn't stop thinking about the tender sweet young thing.

He could barely concentrate on *Victor/Victoria*, which he hadn't seen before and was totally up his alley. He'd have to get a hold of it and watch it when he could pay attention.

He let himself work it out, as the others watched. It had been a while since he'd bottomed to a white person, and the last time had been a real mistake. That's why he had been so careful with Rebecca. Their switchy thing was working out okay. But this was a different thing altogether because he kept thinking about being tied up and surrounded by Dax and his band of tigers. That was serious bottoming, even from a power femme place.

But he'd been thinking about Dax all night, about that gleam in his eyes as he looked him over and told him that the tigers ate the tender sweet young thing. Anyone who could hang in this group was probably okay. Xóchi and Mikey clearly trusted him. Jericho had made a point of saying that they wanted Dax and Mikey at their party next month, and that was a POC-centered space. I mean, they allowed white folks who acted right, but it was different to be invited special.

It's not like he hadn't known Dax for a few years; they'd been in that genderqueer showcase together, after all. He'd just never noticed him in that way before. He'd been crushed out on Mikey for a while, as their friendship had grown, and been looking for a way to let her know he was interested. And it was clear that the scene he had in mind would mean bottoming to her, too. Yeah, he thought it was worth the risk, especially because he didn't think he'd have to worry much about disability stuff with this group. Damn, this scene hit so many of his buttons in exactly the right way. Oh, was the movie over already?

It turned out that Rebecca was going home with Jericho and Rusty (which no one was surprised by after the kink root she'd shared about being constantly cast as the prince when she ached to be the evil stepmother instead). She had been Téó's ride. So Dax and Mikey offered to drive the boy home. He had the cutest tempting blush on those fat cheeks of his when he accepted.

Dax made Mikey put on *Free to Be You and Me*, and he watched Téó's face as he listened to the one about the tender sweet young thing.

As the girl described herself, Téó couldn't resist running his hands through his shiny curls, blue sparkles on his nails picking up the dim light in the car. Oh, he was delicious. When Dax heard him gasp at the end when the tigers ate her, he met Mikey's eyes with a grin. Then he asked Téó what he thought.

"I love the part where the tiger has 'never seen anything quite like it before,'" he said, awe in his voice.

"Me, too," said Dax.

"And that 'tender sweet young thing' is, like, her gender," Téó continued.

"Told you he was a smart cookie," Mikey murmured to Dax. She'd been eyeing Téó for some time. He was just her type: wicked smart, great politics around race and disability, and let's face it—she had a weakness for sassy femme trans guys. And this one had those curls....

Dax grinned at Mikey. "You called that one." He turned to the blushing boy. "So, Téó...are *you* a tender sweet young thing?"

"Who, me?" he drawled, winking at him.

"I thought you might be." Dax smiled into the boy's eyes. "I can gather up a few tigers for Jericho's party next week."

"I have the perfect dress!" Damn, he was lit up like the Empire State Building.

"I can't wait to see you in it," Dax purred.

Mikey grinned at Téó. "I can't wait to muss it up," she said. She was already imagining it.

"I was hoping you might," Téó gave Mikey a wicked smile and blew her a kiss.

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Dax took his time gathering the tigers. Mikey, of course. It was basically her idea, after all. Jericho surprised Dax by volunteering both himself and their boy Rusty. They might not be there for the whole scene because they were hosting, but they could be there at the beginning. Lee definitely wanted in, and Téó had agreed. Rebecca grinned wickedly and said she'd love to. Xóchi finally stopped chuckling long enough to say she'd do it, and that her girl would help hold space,

fetch water, and have lube and snacks ready.

Negotiations went smoothly, and with this many disabled queers, it was a fucking miracle that there were no opposing access needs. Téó had been the one to bring up race, which meant he felt comfortable enough to raise the issue. Dax knew how important that was. They'd worked out the perfect bondage safe word. It was actually going to happen. Dax couldn't really believe it.

What a band of tigers Dax had found. Lee honored the event in her turquoise tiger-print top, resplendent with matching glasses and cane. She was gleaming with top energy, regally driving her scooter around the party, gray curls streaming. Xóchi kept it simple in black jeans and her favorite boots. She planned to sit for most of the time, so it was actually possible to wear them, and nothing made her feel more powerful than those boots. Jericho's bald head gleamed, and they were a gorgeous genderfuck mix of cues from dark lipstick to white button-down shirt and leather bowtie over a neon orange slip. The look was finished with knee-high lineman boots, a bootlicker's dream, reserved solely for their boy as a reward for his silent service tonight. Their boy Rusty was clean and crisp in an A-line shirt and leather pants that showed off what he was packing. He looked delicious and untouchable all at the same time, a clear indicator of stone butchness if Dax ever saw one. Rebecca had laced a white boa around the handlebars of her scooter and slid her midsize curves into the tightest shortest thing in her closet, complete with fishnets, dramatic purple eyes that matched her glasses, and flats because her fibro had been flaring all week and heels were not fucking possible. Mikey wore a classic shirt and tie, her favorite top gear that she used to draw on a bit of Daddy magic for the scene ahead.

They claimed their space. Jericho wanted to use the scene to get the party started, raise the kind of energy they knew would inspire an electric night for everyone. They wanted to do their part to keep Carter Hall solvent, and a hot group scene can make a party. Having an accessible space was so damn rare even in the Bay, and this was a dream of a space, complete with a full-size sling that was actually rated for supersize folks like Téó. That's exactly where Dax wanted to put

the boy...if he ever showed up.

Xóchi's girl Lina set up the space around the sling, with banquet chairs ready for folks who wanted to get off their scooters and rest or play while sitting; snacks and glucose tablets for the diabetics who needed a food break; and water, gloves, and lube for everyone. Dax took out the tools ze wanted to use and set them on the chair next to the one ze was sitting on. Ze kept it simple: the claws that an ex had made for hir out of metal guitar picks and a wicked pair of scissors to muss up the boy's dress with. Ze was ready.

Mikey had finished laying out the electric blue rope she'd picked out to match the boy's nails. She scanned the party. Where was Téó? He knew that Mikey had limited energy and needed to start early. Why wasn't he here already?

Queers had started to form a circle around the sling, hoping to get a glimpse of some action, which gave Téó a perfect opportunity. He scooted through the crowd, trilling, "Ladies first! Ladies first!" at the top of his lungs. "Hand over a whole mango, please," he quipped to Dax, turning to wink at Mikey, who chuckled, recognizing the line immediately.

He did have the perfect dress on, Dax marveled. Candy pink with a white collar that showed off his tempting neck and big white buttons down the front. He had on white knee socks and patent leather Mary Janes, and his curls were adorned with pink ribbons that matched his dress. The boy twirled on his scooter in front of them, showing off bulging white briefs, and Dax was mesmerized. Hir tender sweet young thing was packing!

Soon, Mikey had Téó bound to the sling. Could he look more fetching than when trussed up prettily in blue rope? Dax stood between his legs, hir midsize frame insistent against the boy's cock. Rusty loomed by Téó's head. Rebecca chose a seat where she could see his face and reach him with her cane. The rest of the tigers started up their scooters, circling slowly. Every few moments, one of them would poke him with their cane. Their grins were menacing, and the whirring of the motors combined into a purring growl that had Téó a bit more nervous than he had expected to be. He tried to watch them



circle, but there were just too many of them. And Rusty seemed so damn huge at his head, standing over him, eyeing his curves. Had he actually signed up for this? What had he been thinking?

Dax waited until the boy was distracted, focused on the circling tigers, before ze pulled on hir claws. The metal gleamed, and ze knew it would make pale scratch marks on the boy's reddish brown skin. Ze breathed into it, pushing into the floor with hir boots, settling deeper into topspace. The claws felt perfect as they traced along the boy's neckline. He shivered, and Dax smiled down at him, feeling hir inner predator wake up. Oh, this was going to be fun. Ze gripped Téó's throat and ground hir cock into his. He went still, trying not to move, all his attention on Dax, as Rusty gripped his hair to hold him steady and whispered in his ear. His eyes were saucers, and his lower lip trembled.

Mikey grinned as she watched Dax get things started. This was one of the best plans she'd had in a long time. She rolled up closer as Dax lifted Téó's dress to run hir claws along the boy's thighs. Rusty had the boy's curls in his fist, and that position gave her a perfect opportunity. She nuzzled Téó's neck, beckoning to Lee and gesturing to his stomach. Lee slid up to the boy and scent-marked his stomach through his dress, purring.

He was surrounded. He didn't think it would be so easy to think of them as tigers, but they sure felt like it. Lee pressed her nose into his stomach as Mikey sniffed his neck, grazing her teeth along his skin. The ropes helped him sink into helplessness. There was no getting away from this, and that was exactly what he needed. Had Mikey just told Lee he smelled nice?

Mikey stood and met his eyes, running her hand along his curves, teasing into the collar of his dress, as her other hand held Dax's both to steady herself and, well, because.

"I've never seen anything quite like it before," she drawled, letting the awe show in her eyes. "I wonder what it is?"

Téó knew his line. He'd been waiting for it, to claim this gender that fit so right, in front of queers who actually got it. He swallowed around the fear rising in his throat. "I am a tender..." he whispered,

then stopped. It turned out it was harder to say than he'd thought.

Mikey met his gaze, gripped his face in her paw, and said, "What was that? Old tigers like me need it a bit louder."

Dax took the opportunity to spread his thighs with hir claws, and Lee bit down on his stomach. Damn. Rebecca came over to hold his hand. That helped. Jericho came over to their boy and laid their hand on his shoulder. Rusty still hadn't let go of his curls, but that felt grounding now.

"Looks tender," said Xóchi, who had pulled up on the other side of his stomach with her knife out, and was tracing it along his collar-bone, up toward his face.

*Fuck, okay,* he said to himself. *You can't talk when you aren't breathing. You can do this. Let it out.* It came out in a whimper, which only made Xóchi grin and press the knife deeper into his skin. Lee was nuzzling his stomach again, and Mikey held him captive in her gaze. Why couldn't he look away? Why was it so damn hard to say?

Mikey's eyes were warm and firm all at the same time. Her gaze said, *Take your time. We are here. We know it's hard. We've got you.*

Dax saw the tears start rolling down those gloriously fat cheeks and knew what ze wanted to do. Hell, ze'd been thinking about it ever since ze saw the boy twirl. Ze pushed up the boy's dress and worked his cock out of his briefs. Lina had a condom ready. (Damn, that girl was good.) Dax loved to suck boys off as they cried. It was such a fabulously twisted move for a top, and nothing tasted better than the power it gave. The boy went very still as ze worked the condom onto his cock. Ze slid hir tongue along the boy's cock, watching his face. He was so damn sexy with his mascara running like that, a knife to his throat. Dax dug the claws into his thighs and feasted on Téó's cock as the boy let go and sunk into fear, and helplessness, and sharp recognition.

It was too much, and he couldn't keep still anymore, couldn't stand to have Mikey look at him anymore. Not like that. His hands clenched, and his eyes scrunched up, and he was so damn frustrated that the words emerged without any censoring. "I wish you'd stop licking me!"

They all stilled. Xóchi put away her knife. Lee sat up, pulling her

face out of his stomach. Dax raised his head to look at him and smiled. Mikey came up next to him and rested her head against Dax's stomach.

"I got this," Jericho said. "Me and my boy."

They all moved to the chairs circling the sling, except for Jericho and Rusty.

Jericho said, "All that surface sensation is just too much, isn't it? You need something deeper to show you how tender you are. I can do that."

How did Jericho know that? It was scary how right they were. Deeper was exactly what he needed. He nodded helplessly.

Jericho handed their boy a condom and some lube. They picked up Dax's scissors, getting a nod from him, and cut off Téó's briefs before he even registered what was happening. By then, Jericho had almost finished unstrapping Téó's cock. They gestured to Rusty and moved around Téó, unbuttoning his dress to bare his chest. Téó loved, and hated, being beaten there. It was about the only kind of touch that felt right in that area, and it was so damn intense because, really, when you're binding so many hours a day, your skin gets fucking sensitive.

Jericho had taken out their braided cat. Téó adored this toy, and was aching to get beaten with it again. Last time, it'd felt like light was bursting out the top of his head.

It was better than he remembered, probably because he needed deep sensation so much. He closed his eyes and let it drive into him. Sublime intensity concentrated where he needed to let go. Jericho was fucking magic. When Rusty slid into his front hole, it felt so easy and solid. Rusty was holding him steady with his cock, anchoring him here in this room so he didn't float too far.

Mikey saw the shift before it happened. Jericho signaled to their boy, and Rusty started moving, holding the sling steady, and doing all the work himself, so that Jericho would have a clear target. They drove into the boy at both ends, watching him arc and writhe, and waited for him to scream. It was beautiful. They rode the boy together, building him up in spirals, and Jericho stopped beating him just in time to catch his scream in their mouth in a sweetly vicious kiss.

"Tender yet?" Jericho asked, poking Téó's chest and grinning when he yelped.

"Yeah," Téó managed to get out between yelps. Jericho motioned to Mikey and Dax.

"I've got host duties. Your turn to muss the boy up a bit." They smiled down at Téó and tousled his curls. "You sure are sweet," they murmured and, squeezing his shoulder, walked off on their boy's arm.

Dax picked up the scissors and teased them against the boy's cheek. Ze was going to enjoy this, and had been fantasizing about it for a long time.

Mikey slid on a glove, lubing it up. She nipped at the boy's thigh, watching him squirm. She wanted him writhing on her arm, and soon.

Rebecca got her hand in Téó's curls, and was doing that twisting-pulling thing that felt like sex. Dax snapped the scissors close to his ear, making him jump. Mikey was doing something slithery and twisty in his front hole. Damn, her paw was big. He wanted it inside him so bad, punching into his cervix with those powerful huge arms. Why was she going so damn slow? He was all-over impatient.

That's when Dax began to cut into his perfect dress. He started to pull at the ropes, glaring at Dax, who seemed to get even bigger and more excited the more he glared. Xóchi and Lee began to pull at the tears Dax was making, and the fabric made a wet, almost breaking sound as they ripped it. Somehow, Téó was sobbing. Rebecca was stroking his hair, gathering him to her breast, and Mikey slid deeper into him and stilled.

Dax met his eyes, and he was held in the demand and witness of someone who got it. Got how helpless he needed to be, and how much he needed to let go, and how tender and new he was inside, and how scary it was to let others know that. Dax placed the scissors on his bare stomach, holding them firmly against him. They were cold and warm at the same time. How was that possible?

Dax reached over and stroked Téó's cheek, lifting his fingers to suck off his tears. Ze repeated Mikey's question. "I've never seen anything quite like it before. I wonder what it is?"

This time, he could say it. "I am a tender sweet young thing."

Mikey pulsed her hand inside him, and he moaned, repeating it, and getting rewarded by more twisting-pulsing yum that made his thighs quiver.

Lee and Xóchi growled, nuzzling his side. Rebecca stroked his curls, emerging with ribbons that she put in her own hair. He was getting stiff, and he wanted to move, so he said it: "Untie me this instant. My dress is getting mussed!"

They all chuckled and began untying him. Mikey stayed where she was, writhing her fingers inside him. "So, you want to be free for this, eh? That sounds perfect," she said.

"Oh yes," he said and used his newly free hands to shift position. He knew if he hit the right spot, oh yes...her hand slurped in, and she grinned at him.

The rest of the tigers began to nuzzle his belly, and neck, and thighs. Mikey went to work in his hole, pulsing, then twisting, still going way too damn slow for him, and he told her so, began to work with her, thrusting on to her fist, telling her to punch him deep inside, he could take it, he wanted it, her fat fist was exactly what he needed. She caught on real fast and began slamming into him just right, and he lost control of his muscles and just let her take over. He was impaled on her huge and perfect fist, and he could feel it build in his chest. Damn...did he really need to cry again?

It seemed that he did, and as he began to sob, five tigers chose their spots and bit. Dax chose his belly, the soft part of him, the place where he was most tender. Rebecca went after his neck, sucking hard on the bite, wanting him to remember her teeth for days to come. Xóchi chose the inside of his arm, and that hurt the fucking worst. Damn, she was evil in the best way. Mikey bit down on the heel of his hand as she came because he felt so damn good spasming around her fist. Lee chose his thigh, and it mixed in with the sex to push him over into a sobbing orgasm that spiraled through him until he was spent. They all bit down and savored the sweetness of him, feeding on his tears, past his pleasure, until they were sated.

They gathered him up and found him a blanket, stroking his curls as he slurped down water, feeding him dried mango and chocolate on

the huge round bed that was close by. Dax and Lee had a more substantial snack, being diabetics after all. Xóchi and Rebecca just shared his chocolate, each clutching their scrap of Téó's dress. Lee admired the ribbons in Rebecca's hair and stroked her neck, showing her teeth. No one was surprised that they wandered off. Xóchi's girl was done cleaning and curled up at her feet, head on her boots. Jericho came by with his boy to claim scraps of the dress, kiss Téó's cheek, and poke his bruises. He could tell he'd made Jericho proud and let that sink in.

After a while, Dax turned to Téó, serious. "You are brave and precious, and a delight to me. Thank you." Ze gathered him close and twined his fingers in his curls. Mikey nudged Dax and wrapped them both in her arms, nuzzling Téó and asking if he might like to come home with them. He had been hoping for that, and smiled sweetly, nodding. He was glad he didn't need to put his armor back on just yet, content to have his tender spots showing for a bit longer.

## My Will

For Del, who helped conceive it

SIR SAYS I WAS IN a trance. That when I came back and was able to speak to him, I looked reverent and beautiful and five years younger. He thinks it was a vision, or a dream. I'm not so sure. It felt real to me. I know that. I still don't know why I didn't panic, why I was able to accept it as real and not question it. It just felt right.

It had been fifteen years for me. Fifteen years since I had submitted to anyone. Fifteen years since I had bottomed in any way; I was exclusively a top. I had made my peace with my yearning to submit, had put it away, I thought, for good. I couldn't go there anymore. I learned that lesson years ago.

Preston awoke that yearning again. This time, it wouldn't go away. He appeared in my dreams, standing over me, his hand touching my cheek with quiet dominion. I had met him soon after his boy decided it was time to transition to the other end of the whip. He took the boy to a panel I was on, where I spoke with a group of others about our experiences transitioning from one side of the whip to the other. Most people told stories of discovery and epiphany. I was the only one who openly talked about the loss I felt for the submissive I once was and the difficulty I had determining my ethics as a Dominant. We shared a meal afterward and talked for a long time about ethics. I discussed my personal code and talked about its roots in medieval

chivalry. He talked about his own ethics and the ways he had drawn from his studies in seminary. There was an intense quality to our connection from the start, both so glad to meet the other, with a palpable undercurrent of attraction that we did not speak aloud.

But I couldn't stop thinking about submitting to him. So when he offered a scene for my birthday, I accepted, holding tight to my safe word, grasping firmly the idea that this was an exception, a time away from the rest of my life. Like a vacation.

When I knelt to do his boots, it was like coming home. I savored every second of it, taking my time brushing on the saddle soap, carefully cleaning every inch of them. I had not even done my own boots in many years, much less anyone else's. It was too dangerous, I had found: I got too trancey and submissive. I could let that happen in this space and time. I could let myself go there with this man I trusted immensely.

Flaming the polish was a delight. Bootblacking is such a sensual experience, and I wanted to take my time with it, relish every aspect. The scent of the polish, the dancing flames, the warmth of it on my fingers. The ritual was sacred, I knew that, each step vital to the whole. I applied two full coats of polish, shining it vigorously with the brush, pulling off my A-line shirt, ripping it in front of him, and using a piece of it to buff his boot. I lifted my gaze to meet his and asked permission. He stroked my cheek gently as he answered, and I closed my eyes so I might feel every millimeter of his hand on my skin.

I lick boots the old fashioned way: belly on the floor, as low as I can be. As I placed myself on the floor at his feet, I shivered. It felt so good to be here, to be worshiping the boots of this man I deeply respected. I was in his care, and he would be careful with me—I knew that. When I touched my lips reverently to his boot, I felt so full I could burst. This was exactly where I wanted to be. Tears fell onto the leather, and his boots soaked in their due. I could taste salt with the polish as I licked, pressing hard with my tongue, wanting him to feel it.

I had made myself forget what this tasted like, felt like. I concentrated hard on all of it, imprinting the memory of this lest it be the

only time I would do it. His other boot came to rest on the back of my neck, and he used it to press my mouth down hard, groaning. He held me there for a good long time, his hand reaching down to stroke my hair, his bootheel digging into my shoulder. I didn't want it to end. Then he lifted his boot from my neck and pulled my head up, telling me not to forget that the other boot needed care, too.

As I cleaned and polished, his hand stayed on my neck, calmly stroking. At some point, his boot snaked between my thighs and dug into my cock. I held my breath, gritted my teeth, and did my damndest to remain focused on polishing his boot, to give it just as much care as I had given its brother. It was hard. The heel digging into my cock felt amazingly delicious, flawlessly excruciating. It took all I had to finish, and I could not be quiet while doing it. Growling moans kept fighting their way past my lips.

I lay on the ground again, pressing my lips into his boot, and felt him resting the sole of the other one on my back, pressing it into my skin, my naked belly on the dirty floor. It was heaven, and I began to tremble. So much, so intense, so exactly what I had been yearning for.

He pulled me up to my knees, suddenly, by the hair, tugged out his cock, and thrust it down my throat. It was amazing. I went from fifteen years of nothing to a glorious cock deep in my throat. I was gagging on it, tears seeping from my eyes, aching for him to use my mouth in exactly the way he needed. His hands gripped the back of my neck, and he rammed his dick as deep as it could go, relentlessly, selfishly, purely focused on his own need, growling, until he came, forcing me to swallow it, holding my mouth on his cock as he thrust repeatedly, until every drop was gone.

He released my neck, and his boot pushed me into the floor until I had my head pressed down onto it, his boot kicking my ass, ramming between my legs, stomping my thighs. It was brutal and intense and completely unexpected. I began to shiver, to scream no, and all he said was that no was not a safe word, and I better take it for him. His boots flattened me, kept me in the place I desperately ached to be, the place I feared with all of my heart.

He showed me exactly how much I wanted to be under his boot,

how much I loved it. He made me say it to him, tell him I loved being under his boot, repeatedly, as he kicked me, dug the heels into me, hurt me with his boots. When I finally said it the way he wanted to hear it, he rewarded me by forcing my mouth onto the filthy floor. He made me lick it, to show him how much I appreciated his attention, his dominion, his boots showing me exactly where I belonged and what I loved.

I sobbed as I licked that dirty cold floor, the taste bitter and perfect, and he groaned, telling me my tears turned him on, that the sight of me under his boots was making him hard again, that if I did a good job he just might fuck me. Soon, I was licking salty wetness along with the grime on the ground, and I knew that I wanted to please him more than anything in the world. He was good enough to see inside me and give me exactly what I desperately ached for, and all I wanted to do was bring him a small portion of ease or pleasure.

He lifted my head and inspected the section I had been cleaning with my tongue, saying gruffly that I had done a good job on the floor, and on his boots, and that he thought I had the makings of a good boy in me. The universe stopped for a moment. All I could hear was those words of praise, and they slithered their way inside a shriveled place in my chest and watered it, just a little.

He lifted me up, stripped me down, and made me kneel on a bench for my beating, saying that if I took it without complaint, he would fuck me. I could not stop shaking, and when I heard him rip his belt from his jeans, I stopped breathing altogether. That sound is like nothing else, vicious in its intimacy, building fear exponentially. I gripped the bench hard, clenching my teeth, digging my knees into the bench.

The beating was ruthless and feral. He growled and snarled as he beat my back and ass, taking no time to warm me up. This was not for my pleasure, but for his, and my job was to endure it without complaint. It pounded me into the bench, driving the breath from me. I held on as best I could and just gutted it out. By the time it was over, my vision was blurry. I barely registered that he had stopped beating me, and was surprised to feel fingerfuls of lube being pushed into my ass.

His cock pushed its way in, and it was so intense I could barely stand it. It had been so long since I had been fucked; I had forgotten the wormy nauseous feeling that begins it, and I shuddered. He felt so huge inside me, and he was not going easy. He wanted in and he wanted in now. When he finally was in me to the hilt, we both groaned. His hand lifted to stroke the back of my neck, and he told me that he was amazed at how brave and strong I was, that it felt so good to be inside me, that I had been such a good boy for him, that he was going to fuck me hard, and he knew that was just what I needed. I just had to hold on and take it.

He kept his word. It was rough and hard, and I couldn't breathe from being so happy. He reached all the way inside me with his cock, and it went on and on, so amazing, so demanding, so holy. I could feel myself opening on the inside, like I had been clenched down and tensed in the center of my chest, and was letting go.

He was pumping me full of light, and it just went on and on, filling me up. It felt torturously good, so good I was going to burst, and I began to beg. A never-ending litany of pleading left my lips, and he ignored it for a good long time, letting it build upon itself until I began to cry. The tears were loud and desperate, and they made him groan and pound me harder. He came to the sound of my tearful pleas, ramming me hard in quick strokes, and only after he had finished—and I was still begging, hopelessly—did he tell me I had his permission to come.

I closed my eyes as I came, letting it wash over me, feeling myself opening even wider. It seemed like I floated in that half-conscious state for a long time. When I came back into myself, I wasn't there anymore. I was kneeling on a cold stone floor instead of a soft bench, wearing clothes I'd never seen before.

A robed man was standing in front of me, and, slowly, his words began to make sense. He called me "squire" and gave me instructions: when the doors of the chamber opened, I was to enter and stand before the altar. I was to maintain honorable silence throughout the ordeal and obey the orders of the priest without question. I was to contemplate the suit of armor I sought to wear and the responsibilities



of knighthood. Knight's service requires strength, valor, honor, and obedience, and I was required to demonstrate these qualities before being allowed to enter into service.

"Is it your will to pursue such service?" His voice was solemn as he asked the question.

I considered the question. Is it my will to pursue service? Do I choose service, even now, after all I have been through? Not service to Preston, but service as who I am, how I see myself? Was I really up for that? That could only be what it would mean in this strange place and time, away from everything I knew. I stopped breathing for a moment. If I said this was who I am, I would walk into that room, not knowing what I would face. It was an opportunity to confirm this within myself, for myself, to surrender to this aspect of me. My heart started racing. Could I do it?

The priest stood there solemnly, waiting for me to answer. Until that moment, I had kept an exit ready in my mind. At any moment I could back out and shove this into a box, pretending it wasn't there. I knew that if I said it, I could not turn back. There was no back door. Is it my will to pursue service? The answer was clear.

"It is my will," I said firmly.

The doors to the chamber opened, and I realized those were the last words I would say until I left. I had committed myself to honorable silence, and I would uphold my honor. The words echoed in my head, resounding over and over.

It is my will. Service is my will, and that meant that I was offering my will over to the priest inside. I walked in, my breathing shallow, a lump in my throat. I spotted the altar, and my breath caught. I moved to stand in front of it. The priest walked up to me. He was hooded, masked, robed. I couldn't see his face, his body. He could be anyone, and I found his anonymity frightening.

The door to the chamber closed, and I was left alone with this stranger. I could not even see his face, just his piercing blue eyes. The sound of the door being barred made me jump. There was no way out. I had chosen it. I could only face it. When he spoke, his voice was familiar somehow.

"You must disrobe and stand naked before the altar."

My hands shook as I took off my clothes. They were unfamiliar, the cloth rough. Then I was naked, holding my breath, waiting for what was next. The priest handed me something. It was made of soft black velvet.

"Place it over your head," he said gravely.

It was a hood, with holes for eyes. I stared at it, my heart racing. I never played with hoods as a top. I had not worn a hood since Jake. There I was, committed to unquestioning obedience and almost immediately faced with a wall.

I tried to talk myself through it. It might be different. It wasn't a paper bag. It had holes for eyes and was soft. But I knew the purpose was the same, the very thing I feared. I was being stripped of self. My heart was pounding so loud I could hear it. The implement of my own self-annihilation was in my own hands. Could I survive it, in this time and place? Could I survive being stripped down? Could I survive remembering that last time with Jake? I was not sure I could. I could taste fear like metal in my mouth. The only way out is through. *This is my will*, I reminded myself.

I almost dropped the hood, my hands were shaking so much. As I placed it over my head, I could feel it like water sliding along my skin, washing me away. I met the priest's eyes—one hooded face to another—as I felt the memory of that last time with Jake wash through me.

*My face was covered, seeing the light through the paper bag, his voice in my ear, telling me I was just a hole, made for his dick, that was my only worth. Bent over the bench, his cock reaming me, feeling my self seep away with every thrust. Realizing that was what he wanted, for me to disappear. This wasn't play for him. It was real. This was the only worth he saw in me. The rest he wanted to diminish and destroy until I was too helpless, felt too worthless, to do anything but serve his will. He didn't want me, didn't see me. Service to him was collaborating in my own self-destruction. I didn't want to collaborate in my annihilation anymore. His come in my ass, his praise in my ear describing my usefulness as a hole, didn't touch me or*

*fill me up. As he wiped his seeping cock on my skin, I began to plan my escape from him.*

I had been afraid that all the self-loathing would come back with the memory. Instead, I stood there, my eyes holding those of the priest, as silent sobs racked my body. I had been looking to Jake to create me, and so he had destroyed me. What would service be, if I came to it whole? If my core was solid, could I choose to give over my control and remain intact?

The hood took away my face, freed me to be fully in my body, to find out what my core was. It focused me. I would not speak or make noise—I would not assert myself in that way. I was there to receive and to contemplate my will, the purpose I wished to fulfill. My hearing and smell was muffled, my peripheral vision gone, leaving me without tools to sense what might be coming next. I had to give myself over to the experience, be open to receiving it. My sense of touch was muffled where the hood was and heightened on my exposed skin. I felt even more naked.

“Contemplate the armor,” he said, turning my head to face it.

My eyes had a focal point. I stared at the armor as he took my wrists and bound them to something above my head. I couldn’t breathe, all of a sudden. Nowhere to run, I was trapped. What was he going to do to me? I began to breathe very quickly, panicking, and started to fight the bondage. I was helpless. It was not safe to be helpless. He could do anything to me. I had no idea who he really was. He could be anyone. There was no reason to trust him.

I couldn’t get away. He had bound me too well. Was he going to suspend me? I couldn’t take that. I didn’t know what I would do. I wasn’t sure I could stay silent. I stood there, fighting the bondage uselessly, caught in my own terror of falling. He hadn’t lifted me, but he could, now. At any moment. He could do anything. I was at the mercy of a stranger. How could I survive?

I clenched my teeth down on the scream that caught in my throat and focused on the armor. It looked impenetrably strong. I could make it if I just focused on the armor. I was naked, hooded, and bound. The armor was such an intense contrast. I had lost all my armor. All I had

was my will. The armor looked heavy, clunky, awkward. I needed to be strong and protected from the inside out. I needed to know I could be naked and helpless and still be strong enough to survive anything. I had to know that my internal strength and protection was enough, to be solid and sure of myself, no matter what. Then I would know it was safe to serve.

I planted my feet firmly on the ground and relaxed against the bonds. My fear would help. I could breathe it through my body and let it fuel my strength. I began to breathe it in, feel it course through me. It was not something to fight.

When I began to breathe deeply, I could pick up the faint scent of rosemary. I soon figured out why, as two oily fingers began to enter my ass, slicking it up before adding a third. I began to tremble again. What was he going to do? I had not been fisted in years. Tonight was the first time I had been fucked in so long. I didn’t think I could take his fist in my ass.

I was tensing up. I could feel it. I knew that would only make it worse, that he would do whatever he was going to do, whether or not my ass was ready. So I had better get ready. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, clenching my ass and then letting it go with each exhale. I imagined it opening, widening, and I could feel him adding a fourth finger. This position was going to make it very difficult to take his hand, but there was nothing I could do about it.

He slowly withdrew it, and I felt something cold and rounded press against my ass. It was metal, and as it burrowed its way in, I could tell it was pear shaped. It was so much to take. I stopped breathing and had to coach myself through opening again. Then it was inside, the widest part holding my ass open. It was so hard, harder than anything I had ever felt in my ass before. I stopped breathing, just concentrated on not making a sound.

It was too much. I couldn’t do it. I began to shake my head, my whole body trembling. It was cold and huge and just too much, too invasive, too intense. My ass began to try to push it out, but of course that did me absolutely no good. It was lodged in good and tight, and was going nowhere. The only thing I could do was accept it. I

breathed into it, felt it press into me, and urged myself to take it. It became easier to take after that, as if my ass let go a bit and allowed it to stay.

An intense biting sting of something that felt like a bundle of very thin canes sliced into the back of my thighs, catching me completely by surprise. I began to tremble as the priest laid layers of fiery sting into my flesh. This was no rhythmic slow build-up, no way for me to assimilate this pain. It just rode over me, roaring flame devouring my skin.

All I had to do was stand there and be quiet. I didn't have to be still. I began to stomp after every blow, until it came so fast I just stopped moving, stopped breathing. It took me over completely, ate me up. I was nothing but blistering pain, and still it went on until I began to pour water from my eyes and nose. Silent, still, the cane lighting my skin on fire, and the water pouring from my face, soaking the hood.

Then it stopped. The flames poured through me and then died down. The priest fiddled with the metal pear thing in my ass, and I felt it open, like a flower, just slightly. My eyes got huge as I realized what he could do to me with that thing. If he kept opening it, it would tear me up inside.

Until that moment, I had not considered what it might be to never get fucked again. Now I was staring that possibility right in the face. I had given it up, had decided that I would only top in every sense of the word—what a loss that was, to freeze that part of me aching to be opened and plundered. I did not want to lose it, desperately wanted him to leave my ass intact. I could not control what he did. I was helpless. There was no way for me to stop him. I simply had to let go.

I could feel it leave me, the last vestiges of that control, all of that burden, that need to be so armored to prevent being harmed again. I felt my muscles relax. It felt so good to stop fighting it and accept that I wasn't in control. I'd forgotten how good it felt.

The pain of the lash felt welcome at first. My back soaked it up, savoring the flavor of the sting, exhilarating in the fullness of the sensation. It was deliciously evil and placed me firmly in my skin. It

built up, never becoming predictable, and yet clearly intensifying, until it took all of my will not to make a sound. It sliced into me, opening my skin. I could feel the blood sliding down my back, and the pain just went on and on. I hit a wall at some point. It felt like the pain was too excruciating to survive, and I poured it out through my eyes into the armor. I let it take the pain, felt it move through me like scalding water.

It was so overwhelming, I thought I couldn't possibly take anymore, but was pushed past that, forced to take as much as the priest had in him for me. I began to fly, and it was glorious. How had I given this up? There was nothing like this kind of surrender, nothing to match it. The lash slowed and then stopped, and I floated closer to earth.

"Know your purpose. Be cleansed," the priest said in a tone that echoed throughout the chamber.

Then he poured saltwater over my back and thighs, the intense pain bringing me into my self, testing my ability to remain silent, knocking me to my knees on the cold stone floor. The salt washed over and through me, until I was aware of every inch of my skin. The blood ran down my body, washing away the last of my doubt. As he slapped my neck and shoulders with a sword, I just kept thinking, *I can do this*. If I survived this in silence, I was strong enough, brave enough, to face anything without armor. It was my will to serve, and I was sure of it.

Preston was there, sitting on a chair in front of the bench, hand lightly resting on my shoulder, waiting for me to come back. He didn't question me, just made sure I was conscious and present, then cleansed and bandaged my back and ass where the skin had broken, and placed me on a blanket on the floor at his feet. He covered me in a soft blanket, and my arms wrapped tightly around his boot. He stroked my hair gently and let me stay close to the ground, silent, just there, comfortably there, letting me soak up his presence and get grounded in this time and space. I didn't know what had happened to me, but it just felt right to sit at his feet on the floor and just be. That was enough.

## First Time Since

MY DRESS BOOTS RESTED IN a neat line on the top of the bookcase. And waited. It had been months since I wore anything but my work boots. Months since they were taken down to be cared for by a loving hand. Months since David asked to be released. They waited.

So did I. Waited for the gnawing feeling of failure to fade. Waited until I had thoroughly licked my wounds. Waited until it seemed possible to emerge from the safety of my cave and go out into the world again.

We build these intense relationships, fill them with ritual and intent and all of our full selves, and even if they end honorably (as this one did), that doesn't stop us from feeling ripped in two. Like a vital piece of self just walked out the door, never to return.

Rebuilding came first. Reclaiming all the tasks I delegated to him. All of the opportunities for service that I created led to this sense that we were one unit—interdependent.

So I began to take them back. From the preparation of food to putting away my clothes precisely as I require. From keeping my glass full to shaving my head every week.

But not my boots. They gathered dust as I tried to imagine feeling powerful enough, strong enough, whole enough to wear them. They were patient. More patient than I was with this grieving.

I slowly took over more and more tasks in my household. I

reconnected with friends, not speaking of my grief, but gaining warmth and strength from their touch and presence. I watched the bitterness of winter fade.

Newness in the air, I dragged myself to a leather conference I had agreed to teach at long before he asked for release. After unpacking, I sat alone in my hotel room and blacked my Frye boots for the first time in years. Slowly. With care. Tears fell on the leather as I sat in silence and brushed on the saddle soap, cleansing away four months of dust.

More than any other piece of gear, my boots are the core of my self as a dominant. They are an integral part of my play, a deep symbol of hierarchy. With my boot on the back of a man's neck, driving his face into the floor, there is complete clarity about who we are in relation to one another. Belly on the floor, abject before me, his mouth on my boots is a symbol of his reverence for my power. The sound of my boots on the floor reminds him of his place in my world. As the object of his worship, they are like bells in church, drawing his attention to the mystery of me.

With a dusky gleam on my feet, I stood in front of a large room, talking about kink I had not practiced in months, aware every second of the sensation of newly-cared-for leather on my feet.

It was at this conference that I felt myself start coming back to life. I ached with new sensations, electric shocks of warmth moving through me. I felt my stride deepen in those boots, the sensation winding up my legs to my cock. I was conscious of it swelling as I moved through crowds, claiming space with the strength of my walk. I sat down in packed rooms, conscious of eyes on my boots, aware of the gaze of other men for the first time since.

I walked into the men's room and, as I was unzipping in front of a urinal, I noticed a man kneeling on the floor, looking up at me, clad only in a chain collar with a large lock and a yellow jock, waiting, a sign around his neck reading, "Urinal." His eyes were calm, as only one who has fully surrendered can be. I pulled out my cock and pissed on that calm face, watching the warmth run down his body as his eyes widened with joy at being used. I zipped up and then went to my

room, where I removed my boots slowly and curled up on the bed, remembering the last time David took my piss. I rocked, my arms wrapped around myself, knowing I had taken my first step back, and that was as much as I could handle right then.

A few months later, I went to the big party at a local leather weekend. Everybody dresses in their best gear. I went wearing no gear, but my boots and a pair of denim shorts. I worked the volunteer shift I had committed to, the only thing that made me crawl out of my cave that night.

And then I was free. I settled myself at a nest of couches and watched. I was greeted from time to time, but it was clear that I did not want to be approached. A man sat near me, in a chest harness, leather shorts, and lineman boots, with gorgeous large nipples. "Touch me," they called out to passersby as they stood at attention. And many did. He was rarely alone for long. He sat, an expression of serenity on his face. Within seconds, another man would approach him, greet him, and start working his nipples, sometimes grinding into his thighs or cock with boots, sometimes thrusting into his mouth with tongue or fingers, but always, always working those nipples, starting with fingers, stroking, then pinching, and soon moving on to teeth. He was floating in a sea of skin and hands, teeth and leather, and his expression did not change. He was rapt in prayer.

I watched him for a long time, my dick hardening. Then I walked over to the bootblack station. There was a boy working there I had been drawn to for a while. Max was clearly too young for me, cocky (masking his uncertainty), self-centered, and rude to other submissives. Barely twenty-four, he was obviously not yet a man, perhaps not even interested in becoming one. Clearly in need of guidance and seeking intently. Someone I was utterly wrong for, and I knew it. I was not in a place where it even made sense to think of such a project.

Ever since my David left, Max kept appearing, whenever I emerged from my cave, offering himself. I was always sitting when he approached, sliding to his knees to speak to me, completely focused on me, sweetly recounting his escapades of late. I found it hard to keep my hands from rubbing his head as he spoke to me on those

occasions. Touching him felt good, just right. Something would click into place as I put my hands on him. I knew he was not ready for me, and I definitely was not ready for him, but the draw was there. The last time I had seen him, just the night before, he had excitedly told me that he was bootblackening all weekend, a hopeful look on his face. As timing would have it, his chair was the only one free in the moment I arrived at the bootblack station. And so I sat, choosing to release some of this energy building between us in a controlled context.

His face lit up.

He was thoroughly pleased with himself, making conversation and fiddling with his tools. Then he started brushing on the saddle soap, the familiar smell drifting up to me. The sensation was so similar, and yet the energy was palpably different. This boy was intent on the job, focused and precise, and would pause, looking up at me, a sweet wide smile on his face. He always looked as if he had been caught in a moment of stillness between motions, just a pause before he would whirlwind around again. There was no serenity here, no contentment. Frenetic gladness, barely captured joy. That's what he embodied. His hands on my boots were electric, and I could feel myself jolted back to life, my dick throbbing as I pictured capturing this Puck-like being, holding him still and forcing him onto my cock, his body trembling with joy, filling us both with this electricity.

His head hovered near my thigh as he started to apply the polish, and my hand reached out to stroke it and bring it to rest there, watching him closely to see if my touch was unwelcome. He sunk into it, murmuring, "Thank you, Sir. Thank you for this attention. I would be honored by any attention you have to offer, Sir."

I closed my eyes, feeling his hands on my boot and his breath against my cock. I could feel my boots springing to life as I casually stroked his face, my hand sliding against his lips. I breathed in slowly, feeling my dominance rising, a bittersweet sensation, and gripped my hand over his mouth, my eyes on his. His hands stilled on my boot as I covered his airways, taking his breath. I watched that life surge, felt it against my palm, and held him, bringing him stillness. I released his breath and watched his eyes go starry as he found that lovely serene

place. Then his hands resumed blacking my boot. I savored it, feeling myself surge, as I saw reverence fill him.

He began to brush the boot, fumbling a bit, and dropped the brush a few times, apologizing softly. I pulled his chin up, meeting his eyes, my hand slowly stroking his cheek. "Breathe, boy. I know you can do this."

He swallowed, trembling under my hand. He obeyed, taking a deep breath, letting it out slowly. His frame stilled, and his eyes darkened. He nodded once, firmly, and pulled his focus in. He began brushing my boots vigorously, heating and sealing the polish, a seriousness in his gaze as he brushed one and then the other. His hand steady, he used the rag to buff each of them.

He paused and put his belly on the floor, looking up at me. And then he put his mouth on my boot. This was not in his regular blacking regimen—I knew that. We had discussed how he only licked the boots of those he would offer his submission to. I knew exactly what he was offering. I took it, for the first time since. I reached out and held a man's submission in my hand, savoring the feel of it.

I ground the sole of my boot into his back, using the heel to drive his mouth deeper into the leather, savoring the feel of a man on the floor under my boot. I could feel myself surging as his tongue stroked me, and I picked up and slammed his back with my heel. I growled, driving the heel in where I knew it was the sharpest, grabbing a yelp from him. I could see his hips thrusting into the floor, and I laid my bootheel on his lower back, just above his ass, sliding the side of the boot into his crack as I wrapped his hair around my hand, pushing his mouth into my boot until I had his breath again. His ass shuddered and I watched him come, waiting to release his breath until it was over. His arms wrapped around my boot as he sobbed, and I stroked his hair lightly.

He stayed there for a few moments and then lifted his head to look up at me. "May I please lick the other boot, Sir?" he asked.

"After you do something else for me. Am I your last client for the night?"

"Yes. My shift is over right now, Sir."



"Pack up your belongings and come with me."

"Yes, Sir."

He packed up his boot kit with trembling hands. He followed me to the dungeon, leaving the kit against the wall.

"Hands and knees."

"Yes, Sir."

He dropped instantly, and I immediately slammed my boot into him. I drove into him with rapid blows, ramming my boot into his thighs and ass.

"Move."

I kicked him over to the horse. I paused and ground my heel into his inner thigh, watching his face contort with pain. I looked down at him, holding his eyes, and took in the sight of him under my boot, submission open on his face.

"Please, Sir. Please use me as you see fit."

And so I did, for the first time since. I unleashed my sadism into him, grinding my boot into his dick until tears filled his eyes, slamming my boot into his thighs, raining blows into his chest, a whirlwind of pain to hold him still. I bent him over the horse, ripping his clothes open to my fists and teeth, and did not pause until my cock was poised at his asshole, opening him. He was whimpering around the head, trying to take it in, straining for me. It was clear he had never taken someone of my girth, for all his slutting around, and he was struggling with it.

"Take it, boy."

"I don't know if I can, Sir." He was crying, his head shaking back and forth in frustration.

"Take it, boy. I know you can take it for me."

"Yes, Sir," he whimpered.

I thrust home, forcing him open, making my way inside him. It was a joy to see his body trembling on my cock, feel his ass work to hold me. I went still inside him, watching him push himself to take it.

"That's it, boy. Take my cock in your ass. Give yourself up to me."

I used him thoroughly that night, jamming my dick into him, mindless of anything but my own pleasure. As he sobbed, I fucked his

tight ass and reveled in my own control. I took his breath again as I came inside him, my cock bursting in what seemed like endless spurts.

I pulled out of his ass and forced him to kneel on the floor and jack off onto my neglected boot, promising that he would have the opportunity to clean off his own spunk with his tongue. Tears streamed down his face, and after he came, I ordered him to rub them into my boot, mix them in with the come.

"This is how you feed my boot, boy. With your come and your tears. Fill it up, and then lick it clean. That's it, boy."

I kept my bootheel on the back of his neck as he licked the leather clean, feeling life surge through my body in delicious waves. I stroked him as he lay at my feet, softly praising his work. We stayed like that for a long time. Then I tucked a generous tip into his boots, parted him softly on the head, and walked out.

That night I slept well.

For the first time since.

## Falling for Essex

THEY BOTH FELL FOR ESSEX Hemphill. That's how it started.

It was the spring of 2002 at UC Santa Cruz. The grad student teaching the Queer Black Film seminar had this fancy idea that, each Tuesday, two students would present the week's films, and he would just lead discussion on Thursdays. Leroy and Samuel signed up to present *Looking for Langston* and *Tongues Untied*.

Leroy had noticed Samuel, of course. There were only five black students in the class. How could he miss the only other black faggot? He had cruised him the very first day of class, but Samuel seemed focused on the white guy sitting next to him. *Just another black queen in love with snow*, he'd thought, and tried not to let it burn. But it did. Samuel avoided him after that, looking down when Leroy talked, squirming when he met his eyes across the table. Now he had to have the guy over to plan the presentation. Samuel barely talked in seminar, writing furiously as he listened and tried to fade into the wall. Leroy hoped he wouldn't have to do all the damn work.

Samuel was nervous. He couldn't stop thinking about Leroy. And now he was going to his house! Samuel's housemate Cleo was sick of hearing him recount the latest brilliant thing Leroy had said in seminar and told him to just go for it already.

"After all," she said, "it's not like UCSC is teeming with hot black queers. Lord knows I'm not finding any dykes worth a

second look. Why are you hesitating?"

It wasn't just that he'd never been with a cis guy outside of anonymous blowjobs in the library bathroom. Leroy was brilliant, and he was pretty sure he couldn't keep up. He'd never been with anyone he was certain was smarter than him. What the hell was he going to wear tonight?

Samuel picked up Greek food on the way over. The restaurant was right around the corner anyway, and he always felt better knowing there was food. Besides, the pita had smelled so fucking good. Sometimes he dreamed about bread that smelled like that. Since he got mesmerized by the smell walking by, he figured: blood sugar drop. Yeah, food would help everything.

"I brought food," he said when Leroy opened the door. "I guessed what you'd like."

"Smells like Vasilis's," Leroy smiled at him and turned his chair around to lead him to his room.

"Yeah, I've got diabetes, so..." He trailed off, distracted by Leroy's shoulders as he wheeled into the back of the house.

"So?"

"So I gotta eat," he said, trying to stay with the conversation.

"So..." Leroy said teasingly, "I thought we'd watch the films in my room. I've got a decent set-up in here, and my housemates are watching porn in the living room tonight."

Samuel blinked. "Okay. Um. I need to do my shot."

Leroy transferred from his chair to the couch as Samuel sat down and took out his insulin, concentrating hard on drawing it slowly so he wouldn't look at Leroy's arms again. He lifted his shirt, clenching his teeth as he steadied the needle. His hands were trembling, damn it. Was that Leroy's gaze he could feel on his stomach? He had to relax. He closed his eyes and breathed.

Leroy was mesmerized by Samuel's stomach, round and sweaty, with a bit of fur. Damn, he loved men with meat on their bones. Especially ones with fat cheeks he itched to slap. He needed to do something with his hands. So he used his cane to draw the TV tray closer and started setting out the food, pulling a soda out of the cooler

next to him. Okay, good. Samuel was done.

"I thought we'd watch *Langston* as we eat, if that works," Leroy said, his voice a little rough.

It was going okay, Samuel thought, though he'd want to watch the film again and take notes. The pita mixed with the garlic in the tzatziki to make this taste that woke up his skin. It made him very aware of how close Leroy was.

Samuel shifted in his seat when the scene changed. Langston was in bed, naked, the camera caressing him. Then he was in a field in his tux, and the sexiest voice alive started to speak, lyrical and perfect. Langston met a beautiful naked man, the voice describing the naked man's body in languid tones that seemed to stroke Samuel's thigh. Was he actually trembling again?

Leroy was distracted by the film, but not so much that he missed Samuel's reaction. The room was hot, and Leroy found his tongue tracing his own lips as he watched Samuel watch the film. He could always watch it again anyway. Samuel wouldn't notice him watching, not in the dark, not when he was so focused. His lips were parted, and Leroy let himself look at them, imagine tasting them, picture them wrapped around his cock. He saw Samuel's lips move as he began to breathe faster, imagined Samuel's breath brushing his skin as he looked down at him like Langston was gazing at the sleeping Beauty in his bed on screen. Being able to look his fill at this pretty faggot in his bed.

Samuel was glad the scene had changed. The long tracking shot was gorgeous, sensual, but at least it wasn't so painfully erotic. But then there was that voice again. Was it the same one? It was reading a poem about public sex. Oh, fuck. He was not going to make it without blushing.

"Do you know who this is?" he said hoarsely. "Who's reading?"

"No, but damn. I could listen to him all night."

"It's not just me then?"

"No, honey. It's not just you," Leroy said, grinning wickedly at him. Then he got serious. "He gets it. The poet. The heat and the danger of it. That's why. It's hot in this whole other way, from that

thing about Beauty with those light-skinned queens in bed." He nodded, meeting Samuel's eyes. "'We are the hunger of shadows.' Yeah, he gets it."

Samuel looked right at him and said, "It's real. That's what makes it hot. It's now, and his voice all angry and sorrowful, with those words, and the contemporary images, those boots...it all feels more like reality, not a fantasy meditation with those long tracking shots." He murmured, "It is like that. We do 'sigh when we rise from our knees.'"

"And how would you know, eh?" Leroy asked, eyes hot and intent, a lilt in his voice.

"Oh, I've been on my knees. That's one of my favorite places to be." Had he actually said that? It just slipped out. Well, he was in it now.

Leroy's eyes sharpened as he leisurely licked his lips. He reached toward Samuel's face, watching for consent. It was there, melting in his eyes, a yearning "yes" as clear as can be. He stroked Samuel's lower lip with his thumb. Samuel sighed, his breath caressing Leroy's skin. *Oh, yes*, Leroy thought, his hand closing on Samuel's chin to hold him in place. He does want this. Is it possible he's an experienced bottom?

Samuel began to chuckle. What? Leroy's face must have shown his defenses going up because Samuel was quick to explain, "Just listen. It's like the soundtrack to a romantic movie or something."

He listened to the evocative voice sing a ballad about the beautiful black man not knowing he was beautiful and began to laugh, too, at the timing of it. They laughed together, holding each other, not stopping until the song ended. Samuel felt something loosen in his chest at the combination of laughter and music and open mutual desire. He wanted to savor this feeling.

He looked up at Leroy and said, "I want you. But what I'd really like right now is to lay my head in your lap and watch the rest of this with you."

"I'd like that," Leroy said, impressed. He rested his hand on Samuel's stomach and relaxed, Samuel's head on his lap. Leroy began paying attention to the film again just in time to suck his teeth in disgust.

"Yeah," Samuel said. "I'm done with white boys."

Leroy smiled as he murmured, "Me, too."

Samuel couldn't resist nuzzling Leroy's thigh as that gorgeous voice described getting his cock sucked at the movies. Damn, he wanted Leroy's cock in his mouth. Not like that, all anonymous and passing. He didn't want to pass, didn't want the fear curling in his stomach, wanted to do something else with this brilliant sexy man.

*Damn*, he thought, *how can a poem about AIDS be so fucking sexy?* Leroy's hand stroked his stomach, and Samuel let the sensation wash over him, his head resting against Leroy's fat belly. He felt safe, and with sex on the horizon, that was a welcome surprise. Were those period queens actually voguing?

"I like that," Leroy said softly. "Your body a green light."

Samuel smiled up at him. *Oh, yes*, he thought, *this is the Daddy for me*. They both laughed as the white men busted into the empty club.

"Damn," Samuel said.

"You said it."

They watched the credits, and as a particular name rolled on screen, Leroy said, "Essex Hemphill?"

"Maybe. Isn't he in the other one, too?"

"Should we watch it?"

Samuel smiled up at him. "Maybe we can watch it later?" He nuzzled Leroy's thigh.

Leroy gripped his chin and traced his lips again. "Ah. You have something else in mind, eh?"

Samuel nodded, looking away, shy all of a sudden.

"And what would that be?"

Samuel gulped. He was going to make him say it?

"I want to suck your cock," he said softly.

"What was that? I couldn't hear you."

"I want to suck your cock," Samuel said, more firmly.

Leroy rewarded him with a smile. "I think that can be arranged. Anything else you want, hm?"

Samuel blinked. "Um, well..." He took a deep breath and exhaled fast. His heart was racing. He blurted, "I want to please you."

"Oh?"

"Yes," he continued in a rush. "To take pain for you. To take your cock in all my holes. To be...yours."

A slow satisfied smile crept across Leroy's face. "Good," he said.

Samuel looked up at him, aching with need now that he had said it.

Leroy looked at him seriously. "How would you feel about calling me Daddy?"

Samuel felt gladness fill him. "To be honest, I've fantasized about that."

"Oh, have you? That's good to know." Leroy paused and pushed himself to say it. "I won't call you 'boy.' That cool by you?"

Samuel's face fell, and he held his breath for a minute before he spoke. "Can you tell me more about that?" he asked, worried.

"I just...it's too damn loaded, you know?"

Samuel let out a breath. "Yeah, I get that." He paused, then said tentatively, "I thought maybe it was cuz I'm trans."

Leroy blinked.

"You knew that, right?" Samuel asked. "I thought you knew. Cuz of what I said last week in seminar."

Leroy smiled ruefully, remembering how distracted he'd been by Samuel's arms in that muscle shirt. "I missed that, actually."

"Oh," Samuel said softly.

Leroy read worry in his eyes. He didn't want to fuck this up. "No, it's not cuz you're trans that I won't use that word. I was thinking maybe I could call you Daddy's little faggot."

Samuel grinned. "I'd like that."

Leroy could feel Samuel's body relaxing. He stroked his cheek, then cleared his throat, wording the question carefully. "So, when you said all your holes, you meant..."

"Yeah," Samuel said. "Front hole, too."

Leroy grinned wickedly. "Good to know," he murmured. Damn, Samuel was cute lying there in his lap. It felt right to have him there.

"About pain. I prefer my belt, my canes, and my hands. How's that sound?"

"Oh, Daddy," Samuel said, tasting the word in his mouth for

the first time. "Yes, please."

Leroy shuddered a bit when he heard him say Daddy. Fuck. There was still more to talk about before.... He clenched his fists, reminding himself to take his time.

"Have you taken pain before?"

"Some. White folks always wanted to tie me up or use whips." He sucked his teeth. "That wasn't going to happen." Leroy nodded, so he continued. "They were all surprised. Like they thought it was no big deal. What the fuck?"

Leroy reached for his hand and just held it, meeting his eyes.

"Fuck them." Samuel rolled his eyes and then slowed down, remembering. "This Chicana top I used to play with liked clothespins. And her belt. That was hot."

"You liked the belt?"

"Oh, yeah." Samuel was glad the "her" was no big deal. He wriggled, thinking about belts. He looked around the room, trying to focus and not just think with his cock. His eye caught the belt hanging on the wall by Leroy's bed, which actually looked big enough for two fat queers to fit comfortably.

"Is that your belt, Daddy?" he heard himself ask before even deciding to, heart in his throat.

Leroy followed his gaze. "Why yes it is. Would my little faggot like a taste of it tonight?"

"Please, Daddy," Samuel breathed. "I want to take it for you."

They wrapped up negotiation quickly after that. They talked about limits, aftercare needs, and physical limitations, deciding not to use a safe word, just direct communication. Leroy was surprisingly comfortable naming the things he needed. He trusted Samuel. And it was easier being home, to not have to worry as much about access. Easier to be with someone who got the ways this shit was hardcore, and dangerous, and wanted to work with him to avoid the racial landmines.

"Are you ready?" Leroy asked.

"Yes, Daddy."

Leroy pulled his dreads back in a black handkerchief and used the

remote to put on some Nina Simone. That would muffle any noises they might make and just felt right after that film. Then he said, "Get on your knees."

It felt so damn good to kneel in front of him. Samuel breathed it in, looking up to meet Leroy's eyes, letting himself sink. Leroy's hand stroked his cheek. He told Samuel to hold still, securing his chin.

Then he slapped Samuel across the face. Samuel worked hard to stay still, but he couldn't stop from trembling just a bit. He kept his eyes on Daddy as he got slapped over and over, fear twisting up through his chest to pool in his throat.

"Oh, Daddy," he breathed.

"I've been wanting to slap those fat cheeks of yours since the first day of class."

Samuel actually felt his eyes widen.

"Oh, yes. You tempted me right from the start," Leroy said conversationally as he continued to slap his face. This was a good way to begin. Samuel looked all startled and reverent, and just a little bit helpless. *Oh, yes*, Leroy thought. *I need this*. He stuffed two fingers into that delicious mouth, feeling a soft tongue reach for them.

"Lick your Daddy like a good little faggot," he said. Samuel moaned around his fingers, making his cock jump. He yanked the faggot's head down to his thigh, holding him as he fucked his mouth, stuffing another finger into him, watching his eyes pop even wider. Leroy was moaning, too. Samuel's mouth was hot and soft and exactly where he needed it to be. Samuel was shuddering, his hands clenching his own thighs.

"Such a good cocksucking faggot," Leroy murmured affectionately as he forced his fingers deeper, savoring the sensation of Samuel's throat convulsing around him. Damn. He needed to have his cock in that throat right now. He slid his fingers out and freed his cock, gripping his faggot's head with both hands, moving that tease of a mouth onto his cock in one long thrust.

"Yes," he hissed. "Daddy's cocksucking faggot. That's who you are. Take Daddy's cock."

He rammed into Samuel's throat, watching him choke, his eyes

reaching up for Leroy to let him know he wanted this—it was okay to take him. He wanted to choke on Daddy's cock, wanted Daddy to take his throat and his breath and his everything.

Leroy groaned, and Samuel opened to him, wanting to please him, aching to do what Daddy wanted, to be what Daddy needed tonight. He let go and just gave, his eyes screaming his desire as Daddy fucked his face good and hard for what seemed like forever. Leroy eased off every minute or so to let him breathe, never leaving his mouth, seeming to enjoy the feel of Samuel gasping around his cock as much as he enjoyed the feel of his throat convulsing around him. When tears began to stream down Samuel's cheeks, he just fucked him harder, saying, "Yes!"

The next time Leroy let him breathe, Samuel begged.

"Please, Daddy. Please, please, Daddy. Oh, please, Daddy, please," and Leroy just knew what he was begging for, pulling out and slapping him across the face repeatedly, first with his hand and then his cock, until his cock was covered in his faggot's tears, and he rammed into Samuel's throat again, groaning as he spurted. Samuel struggled to take it all down, beaming up at Leroy with his eyes.

"Daddy's good little faggot," Leroy murmured as he slid out of Samuel's mouth.

"Thank you, Daddy," Samuel said raggedly. "Thank you."

"You have spent time on your knees, haven't you?" Leroy said, chuckling down at him. "You are a good hole for Daddy."

He handed Samuel a bottle of water from the cooler next to him. It was deliciously cold on his throat, which felt used and perfectly sore. *Daddy marked my throat*, he thought, smiling.

"You took that well, faggot. Now let's see how you do with pain."

Samuel wriggled, gladness filling him.

"Go fetch Daddy's belt and bring it to the bed."

Leroy grabbed his cane and made his way to the bed, for once not at all worried about letting a bottom see him walk. The trust was quick and almost sharp, settling in his belly, but he knew it was right. He felt this deep certainty. Daddy arrogance? Maybe, but he would sink into it. It felt so fucking good to trust him.



Leroy settled himself at the head of the bed and told his faggot how he wanted him, thighs spread, on his back, propped on pillows so Leroy could see his face. Naked.

He watched Samuel's face as he thought about being naked with his thighs spread for Daddy. Fuck, had he pushed for too much? He wanted Samuel to know he wanted him, his body, that he wasn't pretending he was with a cis guy. That he took him seriously as a faggot and was planning to take him in all the ways Samuel had asked.

He sat watching Samuel, not pushing, just waiting. If he said no, he would get to show him that was okay. If he said yes, he would know the trust was deep on Samuel's side, too. *It's okay*, he tried to tell him with his eyes. *You choose, and Daddy will listen and still want you, whatever you decide.*

Samuel stood holding the belt, watching Leroy's face. Was he up for that? He took his time thinking about it, knowing that he could. Hey, how did he know that? But he did. He was sure Leroy wouldn't push or give him shit if he said no. He could say no, and it would be okay. He had no doubts about that. He breathed that certainty in, and the tightness in his chest released. Daddy had asked for this, and he was careful and deliberate and knew what he was doing. If he let Daddy see him, he would know if this was real. Risking it was the only way to know. And he wanted to know, wanted to be sure Daddy really wanted him for who he was.

He quietly removed his clothes, keeping his eyes on the floor as he did so. He clambered onto the bed and sat across from Leroy, belt in his hands. He willed himself to lean back, to spread his thighs, even to look at him, but he couldn't get himself to do it. Leroy reached for him and raised his chin, meeting his eyes.

"You want to take pain for Daddy, don't you, faggot?" he asked, knowing the words would help.

"Oh, yes, Daddy," Samuel said. His heart was going a mile a minute.

"I want to watch you take it on your thighs. Watch you writhe and push yourself. I want it all, no hiding. Can you do that for me?" Damn, it was hard to put it out there, to show his need. But sometimes a top has to beg, too.

Samuel gulped, trembling so hard it shook the bed a bit. Leroy watched him clench his fists around the belt, determination shifting to steel and...was that rage? Oh, yes, this was the faggot for him.

"Yes," Leroy breathed, desire plain in his voice. "Let Daddy see how angry you are. I want to see it."

Samuel glared at him. Damn it, Leroy was not fucking kidding when he said he wanted it all. If it was anger Daddy wanted, Samuel sure had enough of that. He met Daddy's gaze and bit out the words. "Here it is. Show me what you've got. I can fucking take it."

He handed Leroy the belt and breathed in all the rage he'd been storing for years, careful to let it seep in slow and stay in control as he lay back, holding Daddy's gaze. He spread his thighs.

Leroy let his smile happen, soaking in the sight of his faggot, so angry he could spit, so fucking brave to let himself feel it. He began to slap and prod Samuel's thighs, getting to know the places he was hurting, slow and steady. He savored the sound of Samuel growling at him, impatient. The man was a treat, his thick thighs like fucking velvet, cool and soft, practically begging for pain. He slapped harder, putting more strength into it. Samuel's breathing got more rapid as he grunted with the blows. He was ready.

The belt was smooth and supple and filled with him. It sang under his hands as he readied it. He loved this belt so damn much. He licked his lips, watching Samuel's eyes flare as he snapped it.

"Ready for Daddy's belt?"

"I can take it," Samuel said.

Leroy let the sternness fill his face. "Do you *want* it? Do you want to take this belt for me?"

Samuel took a breath, letting the rage soar. Fuck, it almost felt like sex, this wave building in him. "Give it to me, Daddy," he shot back, steel in his voice. "I want it. I want to take it. I want to show you what I'm made of."

Leroy grinned. He fucking grinned at him. Samuel felt the growl rumble from his belly as he glared into Daddy's eyes. The music was building, Nina singing "Sinnerman." The rage was cresting right with it, and he wanted the pain already.

Fuck. Fire shooting through him, relentless and growing, and he roared, music pounding in his head, as Daddy beat his thighs with that damn belt, steady and unending just like he'd fucked his face. The blistering insistent pain became a path for the rage to pour out of him in screams and growls until he was breathing all ragged and hot, and realized that Daddy had stopped. He felt calm now, looking down at the welts on his thighs. Calm and wondrous as Daddy smiled at him, pride clear on his face.

"Daddy's little faggot," he said, sounding awed. "You had all that in you."

"And it didn't scare you," he blurted, not quite sure how that was possible.

"Oh, no, it sure didn't," Daddy said. "I've got my own, you see. It helps to let it out, hm?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Leroy gathered Samuel closer, kissing him for the first time, tender and sweet, and Samuel found himself sobbing as he lay next to Daddy, wrapped in his arms.

"Daddy's here," Leroy murmured as he stroked Samuel's hair, kissing the top of his head. "Daddy's here. Let go. You can let it go."

So, Samuel did, trusting him to hold that, too, raw and shuddering, sobs racking his body. Daddy's arms held him close and safe. When the sobbing had run its course, he twisted around to look at Daddy, who was smiling down at him.

"You are beautiful when you cry," Leroy said. Damn, he had come all undone somehow, right with Samuel, and his cock was painfully hard, throbbing so intensely that he had to close his eyes and focus for a minute.

"You like it when I cry, Daddy?" Samuel said, his voice small and tentative.

Leroy took a ragged breath. If he asked Samuel to show himself, he needed to meet him there. No hiding.

"Oh, yes," he said, raw and open. "I love it. I love making you cry."

Samuel took that in, shivering at the rightness of those words. They reached inside him somehow and were a balm for a hurt he'd

been holding for a long time. He smiled up at Daddy, letting him see his joy at pleasing him, giving him what he needed.

"I love crying for you, Daddy."

"Good," said Leroy. "Because it makes me want to fuck you. See how hard you made Daddy?"

Leroy took Samuel's hand and pressed it into his cock, groaning as his faggot gripped Daddy hard and began to stroke him, his thumb caressing the tip. He handed Samuel a condom and the lube and told him to get Daddy ready. He lay on his back and closed his eyes, just letting himself feel it. Samuel leaned over him, stroking, and then he pressed his face into Leroy's neck, rubbing his tears on Daddy's skin. Leroy groaned and pulled his faggot to him, murmuring that Daddy needed his faggot to give him his hole, to ride him hard.

Samuel lubed up his hole and grinned at his Daddy, whispering, "Yes, Daddy. I'm your faggot. Use my hole," and thrust himself down onto Leroy's cock, wanting it deep from the start. It had been a long time, so fucking long since he had been fucked there, and it felt almost like Leroy's cock was scraping as it slid into him, marking his hole. It hurt and felt right, and he was so fucking full. Daddy's cock was so damn hard and it pierced him through. He wanted it so bad. It ripped him open, all raw and shaking, until he started to sob again.

Leroy gripped Samuel's thighs hard, digging into them, and rammed his faggot onto his cock, wanting nothing more than to fuck him as he sobbed. He dug his nails into Samuel's thighs, right on the welts, knowing it would make him cry harder. The sound of his sobs reached into Leroy's chest and fisted there, jerking him hard and fast like the best handballing he'd ever had. His faggot's hole was gripping him so hard he couldn't speak, couldn't do anything as he kept using all the strength he had to jam his faggot's hole harder onto Daddy's cock, roaring as he came.

Samuel felt Daddy come, and the knowledge that Daddy had fucked him purely to sate his own need, for his own pleasure, made Samuel burst, sobbing as he came, shuddering on Daddy's cock. Daddy eased him off of his cock and drew him close, kissing him hard and rough.

"Thank you, Daddy," Samuel said softly.

"Oh, it was my pleasure. Believe me. You are the best faggot a Daddy could have."

Samuel wriggled happily and snuggled closer. They lay together, just breathing for a while. Then Leroy licked the tears off of Samuel's cheeks and led him to the kitchen. He was going to cook him something delicious. After all, diabetics need food after exertion. And Samuel had definitely exerted himself. Besides, what kind of Daddy doesn't want to cook for his faggot?

When Leroy invited him to stay the night, saying that they had a lot more to do on the project, Samuel kissed him on the cheek, promising to pay better attention next time they watched the film. But he didn't. They had to watch it four more times before they felt ready to present on it. *Tongues Untied* took six viewings. On top of his sexy voice, you could see Essex Hemphill on screen, watch him hold your gaze as he read poetry about sex and danger.

After the presentation, they celebrated by spending the weekend in bed, listening to Deep Dickcollective, eating delicious things. Samuel read Hemphill's poetry to his Daddy until Leroy was so hard he decided to do something else with that pretty mouth. *Falling for Essex* was what brought them together, after all. It made sense to bring him to bed with them.

## My Precious Whore

WE DANCE ON A RAZOR-SHARP blade. That's how humiliation play works. Twisting fear and humiliation around desire, until the source of her shame is the very thing that makes her valuable. Until I become exactly who I feared. We dance between her destruction and my uncontrolled viciousness, holding each other close, knowing the danger, the sharpness of the edge feeding our desire for blood. Adrenaline courses through us as we play, its metallic scent intoxicating. We know what we are doing, but that does not minimize the risks.

We each have known violence, and that history is part of the fault line that runs under this shaky space where we play. Sex work is not without its dangers, from cops and johns alike. We both know that, deal with that on a daily basis, have had each other's backs in the face of that. Both of us learned fear and violation from more intimate sources, very early. We were taught again and again that sex is shame and were force-fed that shame without our consent. But now we revel in a celebration of the darkness and the joy within sex, and it heals. We choose this, and so it can feed us and build us up. And we are stronger for the risk in it. We are stronger for our desires.

There is something very raw and very queer about playing with this kind of power. The queerness of it is what makes it work for us. I know that she could never do this with someone who wasn't also a survivor, who didn't know firsthand the nauseous grinding pain of

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There is something very raw and very queer about playing with this kind of power. The queerness of it is what makes it work for us. I know that she could never do this with someone who wasn't also a survivor, who didn't know firsthand the nauseous grinding pain of

misogyny twisted into sexual violation. There's something so perverse about using misogyny as a sex toy—the same misogyny that nearly destroyed me as a girl.

But it is not my self-hate that I pour onto her. It is love. We are in this together, and there is a tremendous love we have built, through tiny rituals and daily glances, through practical support and open celebration. We are a team, dancing together on this edge, knowing we both must use care. We both must watch the terrain. We have spent a long time building the trust needed for this, and it is worth it. For now we can ride that fine edge, lick the blood off our skin, and revel in the joy that is possible.

She is dressed like the whore she is. But, tonight, it is to my specifications. From her come-fuck-me heels, up the seam in her stockings, to her bare back, she is every inch a fierce proud being. She is the object I desire, the whore I have marked as mine, and she is dressed this time to please only me. I can see pride in the slight arch to her back as she kneels in the center of the room. And it should be there. I am proud to claim my precious whore. She is proud to be mine, to keep choosing that in every moment.

The edges of her stockings are peeking out from under her skirt, tantalizing me. Her beautifully large body is offered up for my pleasure, and I bask in the sight of it, sinking into my desire. I want her fear tonight. And her breath. I want her tears. I want to split her open, fluids dripping. I want to unleash my cruelty upon her. I want to reach deep inside and wrap her around my fingers.

I stalk over to her and yank her up by the hair, dragging her stumbling to the wall. I tilt her head back, my body ramming her into the wall, my mouth at her ear, my cock digging into her ass.

The first time the weapons are about to leave my lips, I tremble with it, feel slightly nauseous from the fear and adrenaline. I need her to hold me up, to get me through the push to go there. Every time I approach this edge, I need her close, need her body, her warmth. Need to feel her cheek against mine. Need to know we are in this together. I look at her hands, wait for the signal, the confirmation, holding my breath. She crosses her fingers, and I know that she wants this. Okay.

I take a jagged breath and force the words out of my mouth, savoring their bitter metal as they emerge.

"Spread for me, bitch. Yes, that's it. You love this, don't you? Fucking whore."

At first, I float a bit above myself, watching as if it's not me that's doing this, watching my hands as if they belong to someone else. My baton slides between her thighs, teasing. I ready for the blow. The baton slams into her, hard relentless thud against her ass. It's pounding her into the wall, thrusting her onto the edge of orgasm. That's exactly where I want her. I stop.

I yank her up by the hair and turn her to face me. I ask silently, and she helps, her eyes yanking me back, holding me there with her, full of reassurance and love and desire, helping me to ground in the moment. To stay with her. I need to know she wants this, need to remind myself we chose this. She silently mouths the word "please," and my name, once, twice, three times, and gives me a small smile, letting me know it's okay if I can't do it, if I'm not up for it. I breathe that in, dig my boots into the ground, and close my eyes. I can do this. I can ride this. It's mine. I know what I'm doing. I'm in control. I meet her gaze and nod. She mouths the words "thank you," and something loosens in my chest.

I grip her face, and she knows what's coming.

"Dirty whore."

Then I am slapping her cheek. The bite of invasion where she is the most vulnerable. And the violation will not stop. My eyes are locked on hers as I continue to slap her face, watching her as I growl.

"Whore. You were going to come, weren't you? You know better than that. You get to come when I say. Fucking whore. Who do you think you are, bitch? You think this is about you? You think I give a damn about your pleasure? Selfish bitch, this isn't about you."

I don't stop until the tears start flowing. My desire spikes. I can't resist the sight of her crying. Then I'm gripping her throat.

"Greedy whore. You think you get to choose? You are mine to control. Mine to use. That is your purpose in life. That is your only worth."

I spit in her face as I watch her eyes widen and her struggle for breath.

"Needy bitch."

I spit again. Then release her throat.

I need to slow down, sink into my control. So I pull my knife out and place it by her eye, and she goes still. It teases her mouth open, grazing her tongue, her gums, and rests against the inside of her lip. I thrust the tip in, not enough to bleed her, just to let her know I will be anywhere I choose. All of her had better take me in. I slide the knife down, shredding off her halter top, watching her breasts slide free. Tearing her cheap skirt to tatters, leaving her breathless, in just her collar, garters, seamed stockings, and come-fuck-me heels.

"That's right, whore. You are mine for the taking."

I watch her eyes as I slip a condom on the baton and lube it up, deepening our connection. I want to feel this with her, ride it, too.

"Hands and knees, bitch."

And then she feels it teasing her ass. It is hard and cold. It will make its way, and she will just have to accommodate it. As it worms its way into her ass, the twisted nasty feeling grips her stomach and tweaks her clit. It is deep inside her, and she is squirming around it. Turned on and ashamed of being turned on, all at once. I leave her there and go sit in my favorite chair.

"Crawl to me, whore."

She does. The baton in her ass makes her movements smaller, slower. She does not want to lose that deep penetration. She is struggling so hard not to come as she crawls toward my boots, fixated on them.

"That's where you belong, on the floor."

She is whimpering now, and the tears are flowing again. Little begging sounds emerge from her throat as she struggles not to come. The sight of her crawling toward me, impaled on my baton, gets me rock hard. She finally reaches me. I place my boot on the back of her neck, smashing her face into the ground at my feet.

"Come," I order.

And she does. Writhing under my boot, whimpering as she spurts

her cunt juices onto the floor.

"Make yourself available."

She gets into the position, offering me her beautiful wide back. I take out my quirt and start laying into her. It bites deep red welts into her back. I can feel the blood searching for the surface as I continue to strike, watching her squirm as it hits her, her ass contracting around the baton, a yelp escaping her with each blow, quickly transforming into a moan. Twining designs onto her gorgeous full back with my quirt, I am mesmerized by the sight of her movements, her responses. She is so beautiful. She is mine, to use exactly as I choose. This fierce, whip-smart, incredibly sexy woman is mine. I can fully be myself with her, even the darkest parts of myself, the ones that scare me. I breathe in the metallic scent of her back turned meat and drive my bootheel into the welts, reveling in her shrieks.

"You made a mess on the floor, you filthy bitch. Lick it up."

She scrambles to turn and get to the spot where she made a mess, and begins to lick. I stand up and drive her mouth into the floor with my boot. Her orgasm is spread cold on the floor under her mouth. That was my intent. It is not supposed to taste good. She begins to cry.

"That's what you get, greedy bitch. You wanted to come, and now you get to eat it off the floor. Filthy whore. This is who you are. This is where you belong, licking your grime off the ground."

The shame washes over her and fills up her throat. She is gagging on the taste of it. She is licking her tears along with the come now, and the salt burns. My boot drives her mouth into the ground, and there is nothing to do but keep drinking down the shame. She is shuddering, her body moving silently as she licks, her cunt throbbing. I twist the baton in her ass, and she whimpers. I thrust it in gently, watching her spasm.

"You want to come again, don't you? Greedy whore. Don't stop yet. Get it all. That's it, whore. Clean up after yourself. Now, get up on to your hands and knees, dirty bitch."

I drag her head up by the hair and inspect the floor. It is spotless. I reach back, remove the baton in one quick stroke, and put it aside.

"Move, bitch."



I kick her across the room to the bed, my boot driving into her ass. I lie down on the bed and pull her mouth down to my crotch.

"Free my cock, whore."

She fumbles, using teeth and lips to work my fly, and then frees my cock. I place a condom between her lips.

"You know what to do."

She slides it on with her mouth.

"That's my whore."

I pull her to sit on top of me, my cock poised at her cunt. I grip her face in my hand and slap it, glaring into her eyes.

"You better please me, whore."

I yank her by the hair and force her down onto my cock. I reach up and grab her by the nipple, yanking her down to my level. I want to watch her eyes. Now is when we get down to business, when I hold her release in the palm of my hand, pump fear through her, and force the shame out, one orgasm at a time, transform it. She came in strong and she will leave stronger, more sure of who she is. Here is where the magic builds.

I take her breath as I thrust into her, watching as her eyes get bigger as fear grows. My hand is clamped over her mouth and nose, my eyes locked on hers, my fingers pulsing pain through her nipple in time with my cock. I watch her spike as fear grabs her throat. She is afraid because this turns her on so much. She is turned on because she is afraid. How can she want so badly to be fucked by someone who scares her so much? Who makes her feel so ashamed?

I release her nipple and grind my nails into her chest, driving through her, my cock relentless, her breath gone. She is thrashing now. I order her to come and don't let her breathe until she does. I force her back into a sitting position, knowing it shoves my cock in deeper. I grip the center of her chest, pulsing my energy into her heart chakra, my cock into her cunt. Watching her scream. My nails drive into her thighs as she rides my cock. I know I am hitting her cervix as I thrust up, ramming into her, claiming her.

I sit up, grabbing the hair at the nape of her neck, twisting it around my fingers as I fuck her harder. I grip her hair and pull her

ear toward my mouth.

"Mine," I growl. "You are mine. My hole to fuck. Mine to use. My private whore. My bitch to command. Come for me. That's it, whore. Come around my cock. Don't stop coming. That's it. Don't stop."

I take her breath again as she comes, watching her eyes bulge as I grip her throat.

"Yes. Keep coming, whore. That's it. You feel so good coming on my cock. Don't stop."

I release her throat. She is screaming and then begging. It is too much. She can't do it anymore. Her hips can't stop moving as she begs, her voice desperate.

"Not yet. Don't stop yet. Yes. Your cunt is mine. Yes. Don't stop coming for me."

She is whimpering. Desperate keening emerges from her lips and it is enough to make me spurt.

"You. Are. Mine." I growl as I slam into her, my cream filling her.

"Stop."

She is sobbing. I stroke her hair gently and pull her down to me.

"That's my good whore," I whisper as I slip my cock out of her and rock her gently in my arms. I hold her as she cries, stroking her hair softly and feeling my cock throb at the sound of her tears.

"Mm," I say as I lick the tears from her cheeks. "Good whore. Open your mouth for me. That's it. Now I need you to clean my cock. That's my good whore. No leaving your mess all over me. Clean it good."

Her mouth is so gentle, so delicate on my cock. I can feel her tears falling as she cleans me off, and it makes me even harder. I grip her by the hair and force her down onto me.

"That's it, whore. I'm not done with you yet. I need your mouth on me. Yes, right there."

I watch her eyes as I fuck her mouth. I thrust deep into her throat, and she can't breathe, and I hold it there, relishing the sight of her eyes bulging again.

"Yes, you are mine. My precious whore. My hole to fuck. I know, sweet bitch, I know. I know you can't breathe. I love watching you

choke on my cock. Yes, my feisty bitch, choke it all down."

I slam into her throat, and she gags. It's relentless, and I'm not stopping, and she is scared. I can see the panic start just as I ease off. Her eyes soften a bit, and she gently suckles me as she calms herself, breathing, sucking, breathing, my hand gently stroking her cheek.

"That's my precious whore. Yes. Your mouth feels so good. Open for me. That's it."

I drive into her throat again, and it is good. She becomes a mouth made to serve me, a hole to open for me, and she takes me all the way in. I can feel her throat moving around me, and she's moaning around my cock, and I am at home in her throat. I have her by the base of her neck and I am rotating slowly. Her throat is the sweetest hole in the world and it's all mine to use. I thrust into her rapidly as I shoot, and she takes it all.

"My good whore. My sweet bitch. Yes. Take it all. Very good."

I slide out of her mouth and hold her for a long time. I need her solidness next to me, need to reassure myself that she's still there, that I haven't driven her away or harmed her. She shows me with her eyes, with her cheek nuzzling mine, with the firm touch of her hand in my hair. She thanks me fiercely, saying how much she needed my cruelty, wanted to see that part of me. She thanks me for trusting her, for being brave. She nestles into my arms as I feed her, give her water, and insists on sharing it with me, reminding me that I need nourishment, too.

When I feel more like myself again, I raise her up to meet my eyes.

"You have pleased me very much. You may sleep at my feet tonight."

She curls up at the foot of the bed and sighs contentedly. This is where she belongs. This is who she is. My precious whore.

## This Boy

THIS BOY PULLS MY FOCUS. I look at him and see his need. The predator in me can see his eagerness for my attention. His aching to be touched. His yearning for something he hopes I might have for him. Some safety enmeshed in cruelty. Some darkness wrapped in pleasure. This boy sits at my feet, his hands in mine, and his hungry eyes holding me as he babbles earnestly about life after college and trying to figure out what to do next. He is basking in the intensity of my full focus, preening, rolling onto his back, and showing me his belly, unaware of what he is asking for or what it would mean.

This boy is teasing me with his eagerness. This boy does not know what he is offering. I sit and watch, my muscles tensing as I stop myself from reaching for him. I breathe in, slowly, feeling my hunger grow as my sadism rears its head, a beast on the prowl.

I want to stalk this boy around the room until I've cornered my prey against a wall. I want to watch the pulse in his throat speed up. I want to savor the scent of his fear, build it up as I menace him with my size and ferocity. I want to speak to him softly, about sadism, about the beast that roams in my skin. Detail all of the ways he has been teasing it. Describe exactly the promises he has made and how he has been asking for it. I want this boy to realize what he's been doing, and be afraid. And then I want to take his breath and watch

him struggle, with a smile on my face. I want him to know what it is to be at my mercy and to see exactly how merciless the beast inside me can be.

I want to sink my teeth into this boy. I want to ravage him with claws and fear and relentless pain. I want to strip him down to his boots and jock with my knife, watch his eyes as he hears his clothes shred, and pull him down to the floor by his hair. I want to ram my boot into his cock, watch him writhe on the ground on his back as I grind the heel into him. I want to kick him, rain blows into his flesh, stomp him to bits on the floor.

And then I want to pull this boy onto his hands and knees and claim him for mine. Ram my cock into his ass in one hard thrust, grip him by the hair, and jack him back onto my cock as I drive my teeth into his neck. I want to mark every inch of this boy as my territory, scratching furrows into his skin with my nails, thrusting into him so deep he can taste it. I want to be thorough and ruthless and fuck him into oblivion, growling my triumph in his ear as he trembles on my cock. I want him raw and scared and mine.

And then I want to pull out of his ass and make this boy clean himself off my cock with his mouth, telling him exactly what he is, my hole to fuck. I want to slam so deep into his throat and his mind that he is full of me. Until all he breathes is me. Until he is relentlessly focused on me. Until his breath is gone, and he is gasping and choking and pouring tribute out his eyes, just for me.

I want to teach this boy exactly what he is asking for.

## It's My Job

It's MY JOB TO STAND still and take it for Daddy. I don't have to like it. I just have to stay standing, relatively still, and take whatever he wants to dish out. That's what boys do, he says, that's how you build a boy up. His job is to teach me how to be a man. Just like my job is to stand still and take it for Daddy.

Tonight he told me to lay out his leather. It's my job to take care of Daddy's gear. I know every piece intimately. He's wearing the chaps I just cleaned yesterday. His large furry belly hangs over them, and my cheek aches to rub against it. The buttery leather is comfort to me, as much Daddy as his breath on my skin.

The belt he's wearing was passed from one man in his family to the next down to him. It is old and strong, and it has drawn my blood. When I hold it in my hands, it radiates his strength. He has told me that when I am ready he will pass it to me.

The leather jock he wears was a gift from his Daddy. It has taken on his scent. Even after I clean it, it still smells of him, of musk and fur. His cock is held to his hips by thin strips of leather that smell so intensely of Daddy they make me swoon when I clean them. I'm honored that he lets me handle his cock and the harness that holds it to his body. It shows how very much he trusts me, how much he knows I see him as the man he is.

The gloves he is wearing know my skin well. They are molded to his hands, a gift from his first boy, who made them specifically for him. My body is attuned to them. They graze my cheek, and my lips part automatically, already tasting a mix of leather and Daddy so precious I just want to open myself up to worship.

And his boots. Oh, his boots. Corcs, a gift from his leather brother. Every boy that Daddy has taken in, from stray to slave, has fed these boots with tears, fear, saliva, and come. Daddy's boots are magic. Home is Daddy's boots: cleaning them. Conditioning them. Polishing them until they gleam. Walking behind them, my attention focused on being exactly at his heel. Sitting on the floor before them. Resting my cheek on them. Writhing on the floor under them. Being kicked by them. Feeding them. When I am attending to Daddy's boots, I know who I am.

He radiates purpose as he walks toward me in those boots, and suddenly I can't breathe. One hand grasps my throat and the other holds my chin. My lips part, my eyes widen.

"You going to be good for me, boy?"

His hand leaves my throat. I can think again.

"Yes, Daddy."

His hand is so fast that I am caught off guard by the slap to my face.

"You going to stay still for Daddy?"

*Slap.*

"Yes, Daddy."

He slaps me repeatedly, his eyes holding mine as he talks.

"Make me proud, cub. Show me how strong you can be."

I have stopped breathing. I am mesmerized by him.

"It's your job to stand still and take it for Daddy."

He slaps me once more and pauses.

"Yes, Daddy," I say, my voice trembling.

He kicks my feet apart and slams me into the wall. His weight feels so good. He slams me again, harder, thrusting my breath out. It feels so safe here, pressed up against the wall by Daddy.

The pain is not important. It is just a way to illuminate the path.

It's important that my pain brings him joy. I sense it filling him as he begins to punch my pecs. He is radiating gladness, and I soak it in with every thrust of pain. There is something about the intensity of getting punched so near my heart, right by my throat and face, that makes me cry every time.

"That's it, boy," he says. "Cry for me."

He is relentless, driving into me, pushing me. The tears are flowing down my face. He pauses to lick them from my cheeks, wrapping his hand over my nose and mouth, taking my breath and filling my senses with leather.

"Good boy. Feed Daddy your tears," he growls.

Then he lets me breathe. He pulls on his sap gloves, and the lead shot drives into me, challenging me to remain still for him. He smells different when he's hurting me, cold steel wrapped in Daddy-soaked leather. I breathe in, filling my nose with him, knowing it will make my heart race. I am surrounded by the pain. It is holding me close and warm.

Daddy turns me around and begins to kick. My ass and thighs are on fire. I breathe in pain, exhale fear, and push my boots into the ground. It's my job to stand still and take it. I narrow my focus, concentrating on linking the soles of my boots to the floor with every blow. I can do this. I want him to be proud of me. As his boots connect with my thighs, I focus on riding the energy through my boots into the ground. I will please him.

He pulls out his leather sap and begins to pound it into my thighs like a sledgehammer, ramming lead into me. It pounds me hard, and my dick begins to throb. He's hitting that spot where it starts to translate to sex. I am not a masochist, and there are very few intense sensations that feel like anything but pain. But this is pure sex. My lips part, and I start groaning. It is all I can do not to bend over and beg him to fuck me now. I take each blow into my cock, feeling it swell until it seems like it's going to burst.

"You like that, don't you, boy? You like getting your ass pounded like a good little faggot. You wish my dick was in your ass right now, don't you, boy? This isn't about you. This is about getting me off, so

don't expect I'm going to pay any attention to that hardening cock of yours, boy. The only dick you should be concerned with is this one."

He rams his dick against my ass, pushing my face into the wall, his hand on the back of my neck, holding it still.

"This dick is the one you should be focused on, boy."

He pulls back and picks up his favorite cat. It slams into my back, and I am utterly still: no breath, no movement. He begins to lay into me. The rhythm is hypnotic; fire dances along my skin as the cat drives into me. The cowhide is thin and braided, and the knotted tips feel like they are slicing me open. Waves of reddish-orange pain wash over my vision. My feet are planted. I will not move. I am helpless against the pain, lightning so strong it almost knocks me over. I am so small in the face of it. Nothing I can do will stop it. I stand still and take it, and it transforms me. I am taking it for Daddy.

I register a shift and know he has taken up his quirt. It is dedicated to me. It has drawn my blood and it will tonight. I gladly give myself to Daddy, tears, come, fear, blood, and all. The first wound opens, and I hear his growl as he continues to slice me with two thin strips of leather.

"Everything you have is mine. I made you and I will hurt you, bleed you, eat you, and fuck you as I please. That's it, boy. Bleed for Daddy."

We share blood, Daddy and I. In that way, we make real the relationship we have created. The intensity of that sharing is what wraps around my neck and connects me to him. It is the deepest sense of belonging I know, to be Daddy's boy, to feed him in all of his hungers. It takes everything within me to stay still for Daddy as he lays down his quirt and starts licking along my skin, drinking me in with his delicious mouth. I hold my breath with the effort, almost trembling with gladness. I can hear his boots on the floor as he walks away.

"Belly on the floor. Get your mouth over here, boy."

It's my job to use my mouth to please Daddy. I crawl on my belly toward him. He is sitting in his favorite chair.

"Mouth on my boot, boy. Show me some appreciation for all the attention you are getting tonight."

I breathe in the scent of his boot and begin to lick. Nothing tastes

like Daddy's boots. Electric power fills them, and it surges through me as I worship. I can't help writhing at the feel of it. This is my place. I belong on the floor at Daddy's feet, my mouth on his boot. I know exactly what my job is, and that keeps me grounded.

All of me is centered around his boot: the texture of the leather; the taste of the polish and saddle soap, with undertones of piss and spunk and tears worked in over the years. I savor it all with every stroke of my tongue.

"That's it, boy. It's your job to use your mouth to please Daddy. Show me how much you want to please me. Make me feel your mouth, boy."

His other boot comes to rest on the back of my neck, driving my mouth into his boot, making me writhe, my cock pulsing as it rubs against the floor. Daddy groans as I press my mouth onto the toe, taking it in like a cock, sucking on it. His other boot forces me onto it in a rhythm of his choosing, as I strain to take him in.

"Your mouth feels so good, boy. Now pay some attention to the other one."

I lunge for the other boot, taking the toe into my mouth immediately, my cock thrusting into the floor as I work my mouth onto it. The first boot slides between my legs and drives into my balls.

"The only dick that matters here is mine, boy. Daddy's dick is the one to focus on."

He grinds his boot deeper into my balls until the pain is too much and I begin to cry. He chuckles as he rams his boot between my legs harder. Tears drip onto the boot in my mouth.

"Good boy. Feed my boot with your tears. Now I need to feel your mouth on my leathers."

I lift my head to meet his eyes, surprised. He has never let me do that before, though I have dreamed about it.

"Yes, that's right, boy. You are going to lick your way up to the only cock that matters. Daddy's cock. Start with my chaps. It's your job to please Daddy with your mouth, boy. If you do, you just might get to taste Daddy's dick tonight."

I begin to lick, savoring the feel of the buttery leather on my lips.

My eyes close, and I breathe in the scent of it. Daddy begins to speak in a slow deep soothing voice.

"You did very well tonight, boy. You stood still for Daddy. You took everything I had. You fed Daddy right. You have earned the honor of worshiping my leathers."

My sole purpose in life is to please Daddy with my mouth. I open my mouth wider, licking intently along the leather of his chaps. My head between his calves, I writhe on the floor, intent on savoring every inch. I lick up to the knee on one and then switch legs, worshiping with luxurious strokes of my tongue. I can feel myself flying, airy. It is trancelike, and yet I'm completely focused. He groans when my mouth reaches the back of his knee, and his other leg clamps down onto my head, holding my mouth there as I continue to stroke him with my tongue.

"That's Daddy's good boy. Use that tongue. Make Daddy happy. Your mouth feels so damn good, boy."

His leg releases me, and I continue my journey up his thighs. Muscle shifts in response to my tongue. His hand snakes down and grips my hair before stroking my head. My cheek is against his leather jock. I can smell him. I am in heaven.

"Such a good boy for Daddy. Such a sweet mouth, so eager, so open for me. That's my good boy. Get your mouth over here."

He pulls my mouth onto his jock. I almost come, right there. His boot slides between my thighs and the heel grinds into my cock. Tears well up in my eyes. His hand again grips my hair tightly, pulling it as he drives his bootheel into my cock, harder. I whimper and tears fall onto his jock. He grips my head, rubbing my eyes into the jock to soak up the tears.

"That's right, boy. Cry for me. Cry on my cock. That's my good boy. That's what Daddy needs. Your tears. Be a good boy for Daddy and cry onto his dick. Daddy's dick is the only one that matters, isn't that right, boy? The only dick in the world is the one you are crying on, boy. Daddy's dick. Do you want to taste it, boy? You better lick that jock real good if you want to feel Daddy's dick in your mouth."

I move my mouth eagerly. I breathe in, savoring the scent and

taste of Daddy. My whole being becomes centered on this small piece of cowhide separating me from Daddy's dick.

It's my job to please Daddy with my mouth. I will succeed. I ignore my dick. The only thing that matters is pleasing Daddy with my mouth. I am in the zone now. Nothing will distract me. Daddy's hand strokes my hair. I hear his growling groans faintly as I work my mouth on his jock. My focus is so intent that I start to whimper when his hand grips my hair, pulling my head back. I blink open my eyes and, as my vision clears, I see it: Daddy's dick.

"Do you want it, cub?"

"Yes, Daddy. Please, Daddy. Please let me suck your cock."

"You have earned it, boy. You may suck my dick."

I eagerly move my mouth to him and take my time, licking around the head, taking it into my mouth to suckle. I lick along the leather straps holding it onto his body, breathing in the musky scent of Daddy.

"You do a good job pleasing Daddy, and you just might get a reward, boy."

I lick my way along the shaft, coating it with my spit, and then I start taking Daddy into me. I moan as I thrust my lips onto him. My eyes lift to his, and I begin to take him down my throat. All I care about is sucking him, for as long as he will let me, with as much skill as I can muster. He is hitting the back of my throat, and I struggle to take him down, gagging a bit, my eyes tearing, and then he's there—deep inside my throat, my nose buried in the silver fur on his stomach. I swallow around him, rippling my throat on his cock. I could stay like this forever, my mouth locked on Daddy's dick.

It's my job to please Daddy with my mouth, and I can tell he is pleased as I look up at him. His eyes are locked on mine, and he reaches down to grip my head. Now I'm free, free to give myself over to his will as he rams into my throat, holding me still for his dick. He fucks my face so hard I am gagging, tears are streaming, and he does not stop or even acknowledge my struggle to take him in, just jams himself deeper. His eyes are feral. I am not breathing. I am not thinking. I am just a hole for Daddy to fuck. I am pliant in his hands

as he moves my head, ramming me onto his dick.

"That's my boy. Daddy needs to use your mouth now. Take it for Daddy. Take my dick in your hole. Such a good hole for Daddy. That's all you are. A hole for Daddy's dick. Daddy made you and now he gets to use you. Use you up and eat you. That's what you are. Food for Daddy. Yes, boy. Those tears are feeding Daddy's leather. Let them fall. Such a good hole for Daddy. That's your only purpose right now."

He lifts my head to let me breathe just as I begin to gray out. He yanks me up and bends me over the arm of his chair.

It's my job to bend over quietly and take Daddy's dick. His hand on the back of my neck centers me as he spreads my legs, puts on a condom, and lubes up his cock. My head is right where Daddy sits, and the leather chair smells just like him. I am surrounded by Daddy and leather, but I am scared. I always struggle to take Daddy's dick in my ass. It's terrifying every time.

He impales me with his cock, deep in my hole. It hurts. I whimper.

"That's my good boy. I know you're scared. Just remember, it's your job to bend over quietly and take Daddy's dick."

It's too big. I can't do it. It's bigger with every second. I stop breathing. Daddy's cock always feels like this: too big, like I really am eleven and getting raped by my father for the first time. I tremble and shake my head. I know I'm supposed to be quiet, but I can't. I'm scared. It's too big. I can't. I can't. I can't.

"No, Daddy. It hurts. It's too big, Daddy. I can't do it. Don't, Daddy. Please."

Daddy knows better than to listen. He fucks me harder, his hand pressing my mouth into the leather.

"Shut up and take it, boy. It's your job to bend over quietly and take Daddy's dick, no matter how scared you are. No matter how much it hurts. You think this hurts, boy? I'm going to show you what hurting's really about."

There is no sound like a belt being ripped from its loops. It hits my back, on top of the marks from the quirt, breaking them open on the first blow. Fire races through me as he fucks me while his belt slams into my back. I am sobbing full out now, but I can't shut up.

"No, Daddy! Please, no. Please stop. Daddy, please! I'll be good. I promise."

"You will be quiet for me, boy. Until you figure out how to be quiet and take my dick, I will keep beating you bloody."

Daddy's dick slams into my hole. I can't breathe, it's so big. My eyes bulge, but my teeth clamp shut as he beats me. My screams are muffled by my closed mouth. He's tearing me open. I am shuddering. My entire body shakes as he pounds his belt into my back. Finally I find my quiet, and the beating stops. His dick is still invasive, but I take it for Daddy. He knows it is going to scare me each time. Daddy likes that. He leans into me, ramming me, and growls in my ear. "I can smell your fear, boy. You belong to me. Let Daddy devour your fear. Feed off your tears, your fear, and your blood. That's my boy. Your job is to bend over quietly and take Daddy's dick. Just be Daddy's good quiet little hole. Let Daddy in."

I start drifting, and his words drop into me like rain.

"Just focus on Daddy raping your ass. That's my good boy. Take Daddy's dick. Daddy's dick is the only one that matters, boy. Just stay quiet and take Daddy into your hole. That's my good, good boy. You are being so good for me, boy. I'm going to let you come. You hear me? Daddy's going to fuck you and lick the blood off your back, and when he's ready, you're going to hold your breath until Daddy comes. You hold it for as long as you can without breathing, boy, and when you are ready to burst, you come for Daddy. That's my good boy."

Daddy leans down and starts licking the blood off my back as he fucks me. He is growling, and his dick just keeps ramming into me. While I am focused on staying good and quiet for him and feeling his tongue soaking up my blood, something shifts in me. I let go. I stop fighting him. I can just focus on doing my job without struggling inside anymore. Right now my job is to take him into me, to be a good quiet hole for Daddy's cock. And there's grace in that. I have a place. I belong to Daddy. I have a job. I know how to please him. All I have to do is let go and do my job, and everything will follow from that.

"Mine," Daddy growls as he licks the blood from my skin. "My



boy to fuck. My hole to use. Mine. You are mine to do with as I see fit. You belong to Daddy. This is your place, impaled on my cock. This is who you are. I made you and I get to say who you are, faggot. You will learn to love this, as any good cub would. I will teach you. That's what Daddies do for their boys. Teach them how to be men. You will be a good man when Daddy's through with you. For as long as it takes, Daddy will teach you. You will learn."

He resumes ramming into me, brutal and relentless. He thrusts in deep with each word. I spent much of my adult life searching for a Daddy like this. I am so grateful to this man for pushing me, for trusting me with his cruelty.

"You. Are. My. Boy. My. Hole. To. Use. Made. By. Me. For. My. Pleasure."

He grabs my head and wraps his hand around my mouth and nose as he fucks me. All I can smell is leather. I can't breathe. Daddy keeps slamming his dick into me, and I start to tremble. No breath. My head is pounding. My dick throbs as I begin to think about it again, getting ready to obey Daddy's order. And then his cock starts to feel good. I moan against his hand and have less breath. My eyes bulge, and I start to struggle against his hand. I can't breathe. Oh, god, his dick feels so good. I am screaming in my head. My cock is ready to burst.

Daddy's teeth sink into my neck. Searing pain roars through me, and I can't breathe or think or do anything except take it. Take his dick in my ass. Take his teeth in my neck. Take his orgasm as he rams it into me in hard thrusts. It all explodes inside me, rushing through me and out my cock in intense painful spurts of come. And then Daddy's hand leaves my mouth and we breathe together.

"That's my good boy. I am very proud of you," Daddy murmurs as he pulls me to him.

His arms surround me, hands stroking. I look up at him and smile, letting him know how grateful I am to him for pushing me, for using me. I can hear his heartbeat and I let my eyes flutter shut. I am safe in his arms. I breathe in, smelling leather and Daddy and sweat and come. I am home.

## My Pretty Boy

An excerpt from the novel *Shocking Violet*

TRUTH WAS, RICKIE WAS AS armored as Jax, a stone femme in so many senses of the word. Rickie didn't want anyone to get too close. Didn't want to talk about feelings. That suited Jax just fine. The play was hot, respectful, intense, and boundaried in exactly the way Jax needed it to be. Jax was safe with him. It was good to be with someone who didn't poke, didn't pressure, was just deeply present when they were together, and didn't want more than that.

Tenderness, softness, was edgy for Rickie, which made it a lovely tool for a stone butch sadist like Jax. As long as it was contained within the scene, it was in bounds. His reactions to it were so intense, so glorious. Damn, Jax was looking forward to this date.

Rickie greeted him at the door with a smile. He was wearing the tightest black jeans Jax had ever seen and a teal hoodie, unzipped so Jax could see the thin white V-neck underneath. His head was tilted, his eyes accented with slate eyeliner, his lips a deep blue, his nails a sparkly fuchsia.

"Damn, you look pretty, boy."

"I thought you might appreciate these jeans, Sir." He winked. "And the T-shirt is yours for the cutting, if you want it."

"I see. That is tempting. I'm going to enjoy you tonight, boy. I've got a pretty powerful hunger, and I just got here."

"Oh, good, Sir. I'm damn hungry myself. Dinner before or after?"

"Oh, I need food first."

"All right. I called in our usual order. I will just pop over and get it. You make yourself at home. Feel free to let Gilberto out of the kitchen if you want. He's had his walk already."

Jax ran his hand along Rickie's cheek, brushing his hair out of his eyes. "Thank you, boy."

Jax did his insulin shot and then wandered into the kitchen to see Gilberto, who ran up and leaped on his chest, trying to get to his face so he could lick it, his whole body quivering with excitement. He opened the kitchen door to let him out and got to spend a good 20 minutes snuggling with him on the couch. It was really good to see him.

Rickie grinned when he came in the door. He liked seeing Jax with Gilberto. Watching him be sweet to his dog felt like he was being sweet to him by proxy, almost. A good reminder that this sadist was tender-hearted and cruel only when he chose to be, when his partner wanted it. Rickie could definitely use that tonight. He needed to cry, and he couldn't bring himself to let tears out any other way most of the time. But first, he needed to prove to himself that he was tough, that he could take whatever Jax wanted to dish out.

He hadn't felt strong the last couple days. Oliver had been sick, and Rickie had been pulled, yet again, into taking care of him. It had stirred up all this shit inside him, all these memories from before they'd broken up, the final time. Of the shit Oliver would say to him. He'd tried so fucking hard to be butch for that man, and he was never fucking butch enough.

He adored being Jax's pretty boy. In so many ways, the femme felt even more central than the submissive part of that. He needed to be honored in the complexity of his gender, the ways it was classic NYC Puerto Rican femme. Jax had consistently done that over the last year and a half. Inside play and out of it. That shit was rare.

He hoped Jax brought the scissors tonight. They were wicked, frighteningly long, and skinny, so damn sharp. He'd dedicated them to Rickie, used them in almost every scene over the last six months.

The first night, he'd shredded Rickie's jeans with them, slowly and precisely, creating the most gorgeous design in the denim. Later, he'd made Rickie kneel and beg to suck them off. It remained one of the hottest scenes in Rickie's memory: Jax stroking the sharp edges along his cock through his jeans, the taste of metal in his mouth, Jax's face as he came while Rickie sucked on those very sharp edges. He still wore those jeans in the summer. They were his favorites, really. That was saying something because Rickie had about 25 pairs of jeans. A lot more if you counted cut-offs.

He'd cleared the wall across from the couch and a section of floor. He knew how much Jax loved getting him against a wall. Just sitting on the couch, eating dinner with Jax, looking at that space, was getting him hard. He ached to have Jax's hands on him, boots on him, his weight pressing him into the wall, the floor. He wanted to go down so fucking hard. By the time dinner was over, he was almost trembling with it.

"Where are you at tonight?" Jax asked.

"I've had a hard week. I saw Oliver."

Jax nodded. Rickie was glad to not have to explain much. There was something so good in playing with folks who knew you, folks you had been building with over a long time.

"I need to go down, hard. Need to prove I can take a lot. I need to bleed for you."

"You can take a lot. You're tough. The prettiest boys usually are, hm? It takes a lot of strength to be a pretty boy."

Rickie drew in a ragged breath as he nodded. He said, "Sir, I need...please make my mascara run."

Jax grinned. It took up his whole fucking face, that grin. Delighted and frightening, it was. Oh, yes.

"Gladly. I love doing that. It makes me want to fuck you. Do you want my cock inside you tonight?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. I need you inside me."

"Good. Then we are on the same page. I'm feeling pretty damn feral, boy. In a claiming mood, like where we went a couple months ago. Remember that?"

Did he ever. That was exactly right for tonight, so much what he needed that he hadn't even let himself think it.

"I'd like that," he said gruffly.

"All right, then. Are you ready for me, pretty one?"

Rickie gathered the plates and brought them to the kitchen, whistling to Gilberto to follow him. After putting the dog in his crate, he brought in two bottles of water, closing the kitchen door to muffle the noise and help Gilberto stay calm. Then he walked over to the space he'd cleared for them to play, took off his hoodie, tossed it on the couch, and stood, meeting Jax's eyes. "Ready, Sir."

"Stay right there in exactly that spot. I will be there in a bit."

Jax got up slowly, headed to the bathroom with his bag. He hadn't wanted to be packing on the train over, not today. But now that they were going to play, he wanted to be. The familiar press of it in his tight jeans was a pleasure, a reminder to seek his own pleasure tonight. He had bad habits in that area, and he'd been working on breaking them. He was no service top. At heart, he had deep needs of his own, and balancing them as he played was part of his conscious practice over the past year.

With Rickie in the place he was, he knew he would be tempted to focus on his boy's needs and let his own drop into the background. That would be no good to anyone in the long run, he knew. So, a reminder was a very good thing. Besides, he played harder when he was packing. And they both wanted to play hard tonight.

He took his time moving toward his boy. He was wearing his favorite boots tonight, harness boots that he'd had for seventeen years. He had polished them to a dull gleam this afternoon after his nap, and he hoped to have that pretty tongue on them before the night was through. He knew Rickie would be focused on the sound of them on the hardwood floor. Good.

He looked him over, slowly. He reached in his bag and pulled out the only three tools he needed: his favorite quirt, his rubber flail, and the scissors that were dedicated to this boy. He picked up the scissors, pressed the sharp tips against his boy's jugular, and spoke for the first time since he'd put the boy against the wall and told him to stay there.

"If you want to keep those jeans intact, they need to come off now."

Rickie took a jagged breath. Jax moved the scissors.

"You can move now, if you need to."

His boy's hands were fumbling, struggling to get the jeans off. He was so full of need, fucking teeming with it. The jeans were off, and Rickie was back in his boots, back in position against the wall.

Jax said, "Good." He ran the scissors along the boy's thigh and slowly slid them up to his cock. "You want to keep these pretty red briefs?"

"Please, Sir. They're one of my favorite pairs. My shirt is yours."

"All right, boy. Keep this bit of pretty, for now. They do make your legs look damn good."

Rickie preened. That was the point of this, the repetition of praise, to create a space where Rickie felt like it was good to be pretty, good to be his femme trans boy self. This kind of gender play was so fucking intense for Jax, felt like he was walking a very dangerous edge. His own edge, right along with Rickie's. His heart was in his throat the whole fucking time.

"All this, mine for the taking." He ran the scissors up his boy's body toward his neck.

"Yes, Sir."

He opened the scissors and snapped them closed next to the boy's ear. Rickie jumped, his pulse speeding up in his throat. Jax let himself grip his boy's throat, digging his nails into the sides of it, pressing down, as he ran the scissors along that lovely cheek. He savored it, taking three long breaths himself, before letting go. He opened the scissors, dragging the sharp tips along the area his hand had covered just a moment ago, then dipping lower.

"I'm going to cover this pretty flesh in bruises, boy. You will look so gorgeous, all marked and mine."

Rickie stood up straighter, putting his shoulders back. Ready.

Jax cut a slit in the V-neck, dragging the shirt down the boy's shoulders, baring his chest. He dragged the scissors along Rickie's chest, enjoying the gleam of them. He liked the look of this, the shirt trapping his boy's arms at his sides, the bareness of his chest waiting for pain.

Time to get to work. He picked up his favorite quirt, a wide one made of heavy supple leather. It had a thud to the sting of it, and this sweet intensity set this kind of scene up right. He went after his boy's thighs first, enjoying the sound of leather slapping skin. He built to deeper strokes, watching Rickie struggle to stay still for it. His thighs were so much more sensitive than the rest of his body. That's why they were the perfect place to start. He rested his forearm on the boy's chest as he moved in close to go after his thighs more intensely. He could feel his boy clenching his jaw against his shoulder. Oh, good, it was becoming a challenge. That's what Rickie had asked for, what he needed.

Jax stroked his boy's thighs with the leather, bringing out a shudder. Yum. He turned and rested his weight against Rickie, pressing him into the wall, grinding his thigh into the boy's cock. He pulled out the scissors and pressed them to Rickie's lips. "Open up those pretty lips, boy. I wouldn't want to smear your lipstick. Yet."

They shined in the shallow of his mouth, and Jax groaned as he saw the boy's tongue caress them, his cock pulsing. Those blue sparkled lips closed on the sharpness, and his pretty boy sucked the scissors off with a glorious enthusiasm, pausing to pant around them before suckling again, drawing himself off and then sliding back down, his eyes on Jax's face the entire time.

"I don't think I've seen anything more beautiful," Jax murmured.

He gripped Rickie's hair to signal stillness and slowly withdrew the blades, taking a good portion of the boy's lipstick with them. Jax wiped them on the boy's shirt at the belly, enjoying the blue sparkles against the crisp white, and smiled up at Rickie. "Now, isn't that a sight?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let's decorate that chest of yours with bruises, boy."

Rickie took a breath and nodded. Jax stepped back, bringing the quirt down on his boy's chest, laying lines of thuddy sting, then layering on top of them, barely pausing between strokes.

"Fuck!" Rickie shouted.

"Not yet, not yet. We need more pain first. You are going to take everything I've got for you tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir!"

Jax went after the boy's arms next. The welts grew, and it made him growl. He came at his boy, slamming him into the wall with his bulk, and then quickly flipped him over to face the wall. He cut a triangle out of the back of the shirt and stuffed it in Rickie's mouth, telling him to tap out on the wall if he needed to save word. He could feel his sadism growing, forced himself to go slow, to build up to it with his hands first. Then he slammed his boy's back with his quirt. Again. Rapid strokes now. Encouraged by the muffled groans, he put some leverage into his swings and could see the blossoming on the boy's back. Yes.

Rickie jolted when he felt Jax's hands stroking his sore back. So fucking gentle now. He couldn't stand the gentleness and growled at Jax, who stepped closer, bringing his whole body against Rickie's, grinding into his ass. He pressed a gentle kiss on the back of Rickie's neck, making him want to yowl. No, he did not want gentle. No.

Jax smoothed his hair and leaned in to whisper. "I know you hate it when I'm gentle. You just need to take it right now. For me."

Rickie stomped his boot into the floor, growling, as Jax continued to stroke his hair, his cock insistent against Rickie's ass.

"You are so fucking tough, my pretty boy. You can take this. You can let it in."

Rickie shuddered under his hand. Fuck. No. He began to shake his head no. He wouldn't tap out—he wouldn't—but damn it, he needed to say no to this, needed to refuse it.

Jax wrapped his arms around him, holding Rickie tight against his bulk.

"Mine," he growled into Rickie's ear and bit down hard on his neck.

Yes, finally, some kind of pain to wrap himself into. Something to manage the feel of Jax's arms around him, holding him. *Oh, fuck*, he screamed inside. *Please hurt me, please. I need the pain, need to be strong against it, need that so fucking much. Please.*

Jax's teeth felt so right, and his growl against his skin...damn. Rickie moaned helplessly, not even sure why he was moaning when he felt so desperate for pain, but something about those teeth insistent

on his neck just did something inside him. He was shuddering in Jax's arms, and his chest felt so fucking full. He didn't know how much longer he could take this.

Jax pulled off his neck and stepped back, grabbing something. Then he gave Rickie the best gift in the fucking world. Lines of fire along his back, thick and bursting. It roared along his skin, insistently grabbing at him. He screamed and stomped his boots into the ground.

It was so perfect and exactly what he needed, but that wave in his chest was growing, the fire driving it along. It was going to crush him, he knew it, but he would stand for as long as he could. The fire was perfect and right, and it took over, covering his back, flames exploding from the sting of it. Then the wetness dripping, matched by a deep growl from Jax, and he knew there was blood, blood to feed the conflagration, blood to make this moment holy and his.

"You are bleeding on that pretty white shirt, boy, decorating it. It's gorgeous to see."

He felt ragged, the wave stuck in his chest. He could feel Jax moving toward him, then the shirt was out of his mouth, and Jax had his hand covering his face, taking his breath. Cool sting on his back, with a wave of fire behind it. Rubbing alcohol, to make the blood run. He shuddered, aching to breathe. Then Jax released him.

"Breathe, boy."

He did, working not to choke on it.

"I'm going to cover these now because I need you on the floor, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

Oh, thank the fucking universe for that.

Jax needed him on the floor, under his boots. On his back, so he could look into his boy's eyes as he claimed him. He felt so fucking raw in his need to claim tonight, to mark his boy inside and out. Rickie was flat on his back, and Jax braced himself on the wall as he put his weight on one thigh, finding a stable place to stand, and then the other. His boy was groaning, his eyes full of swirling sparkles. He loved looking down at him from this position, loved how tall he felt, how huge and all-encompassing and powerful with his boy under his boots. He was standing on the bruises from his quirt, so he began

to move, digging his boots in, watching the pain move through his boy and escape in yelps. He growled, crouching over him, his hands bracing on his chest to dig into those bruises, too.

He could see Rickie's face more clearly like this, could feel the heat coming off of his skin. It was delicious and made his hunger soar. He loved that he could do this, trust his boy to be still and make a place for him to stand, to take his weight, and be a stable place to brace himself. They were in this together.

He growled and got an answering snarl from his boy as he pulled himself up to stand, and, for a small moment, all his weight was on one tender thigh. Then he began to kick and stomp, driving his boots into those thighs, into the boy's arms, moving around him, growling, his ferocity growing as Rickie yelped and snarled. He snarled back, biting out the word, that delicious perfect word, the only verbalization he could reach: "Mine."

His boy shuddered, and he ground his boot into Rickie's cock.

"Yours, Sir."

He ground in deeper, grabbing his gaze. Something was building in Rickie and he wanted to let it loose. He rained down on him in kicks, fast and relentless, watching it grow. Then he paused, placing his boot on the boy's neck, holding it there, watching his eyes pulse. He lifted off and put the sole of his boot on Rickie's face.

"Mine," he said quietly and stayed there for what felt like a succulent forever.

He needed to sit for this next part, needed the grounding of it, needed to rest, and to eat something.

"Stay there, boy. You can move, but stay in this spot for me."

Rickie's eyes were frantic. Jax savored that, his cock throbbing, as he stalked over to a chair, watching his boy writhe on the floor. He pulled out an energy bar and began to eat.

"I just want to look at you, on the floor for me, covered in my marks."

Rickie groaned, still writhing.

"So pretty. Such a pretty boy. All mine for the claiming."

Rickie's eyes yearned toward him. "Please," he whispered. His lips

"Good boy," he heard Sir say, and that made the wave move faster. It crashed out of him as he held on, so fucking grateful to have Sir there with him as the tears took over, the sound of his own sobs drawing more out in a long skein that wrapped around his throat and belly and dick all at once.

Sir's hand was moving him now, turning him so he could hold on to one boot while he faced the other.

"Get your tears on my boot, boy."

He rested his head against that boot and felt the tears fall into the leather. Sir groaned, and his hand tightened in Rickie's hair. Rickie's cock was throbbing now.

"Put that pretty mouth on my boot, boy. Get me good and hard."

Yes—oh, yes—that was what Rickie needed. The smell of the leather, the taste of it on his tongue, salty with his tears. He let go to turn onto his belly and moaned at the first taste of Sir's boot, savoring it. Sir brought his other boot to Rickie's back, pressing him into the ground.

It hurt so fucking much and was exactly perfect. Another wave was moving through his chest, and then he was sobbing into the boot as he licked, the sound of Sir growling wrapping around his dick. He was sobbing and thrusting into the floor and moaning into that amazing boot, and Sir's hand was pressing his mouth down, hard, taking his breath, and it was exactly perfect. He wanted to stay in this moment forever.

Then Sir was pulling him up by the hair and dragging him to the bed, yanking off his briefs and the remnants of his shirt until he was just wearing his cock. There was something so incredibly hot about being naked when Sir had not removed a fucking stitch, was laying in Rickie's bed fully clothed, including those glorious boots, taking his cock out of his jeans so Rickie could ride it.

"Get on my cock. Now, boy."

He felt so good sinking onto Jax's cock, his legs gripping hard. Jax grabbed his hips to ram him down harder and groaned, using his boots on the wall to drive his cock deep into Rickie's front hole.

This was Jax's favorite position to fuck in. He had his hands free

looked so perfect pursed around that word.

Jax let the silence grow, let the room fill with that word, his eyes locked on his boy's.

"Please," Rickie said roughly, but louder this time.

Jax felt desire rip through his body at the sound of it. "Crawl over to me, boy. Lay your head on the floor near my boots." He loved watching the boy crawl. His movements were so sinuous, need showing throughout his body. He was trembling.

Rickie was barely breathing around the wave in his chest. It had been so fucking hard to just lie there on the floor as Sir walked away from him. He ached to be closer, needed it so much. Couldn't take in the words alone, couldn't be alone with all this clawing up through him. It was such a fucking relief to be closer.

A torment to not be touching, but at least he could sense the warmth from Jax's body, knew he was close enough that Sir could reach him if he chose to. His hands kept clasping air and floor, needing to hold on to something. He felt so fucking desperate, needing so much. This was too hard. He wasn't sure he could do this, just lie here, not touching, feeling Jax's gaze heat his skin, so fucking close to where he needed to be, but not fucking close enough.

He curled in on himself, wrapping his own arms around his body, desperate to hold on to something, to be held and touched. He was shuddering on the floor at Sir's feet, cold from the distance of just a few inches, so cold.

Then he felt it. Sir's hand stroking his hair, his neck, as gentle as can be, just stroking. His whole body attuned to that small part of him under Jax's hand. It felt too fucking good, too much after nothing, nothing, nothing. The wave rammed through his throat and out his eyes, and he was sobbing as Sir just kept stroking him gently.

He wanted to curl into the strokes, could feel his body yearning to wrap around Jax somehow, hold on to him, keep his hand just there.

"It's okay, boy. Curl around my boot."

And then there was a boot right there by his belly, and he wrapped himself around it, holding on so fucking tight, wailing as Sir just kept stroking his hair, his neck, his back.

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to grab and pinch and hurt, could use the strength in his legs for leverage, could watch his boy's face as he fucked him. He could rest his back, which could definitely use it at this point. Crouching over the boy even for just that short time had tweaked it because it was aching. This position was right for so many reasons. Not to mention the biggest one: the weight of his boy on his cock felt so fucking good.

He reached up to grab the boy by the hair, knowing this often made him cry, and said, "You look so fucking hot with your mascara running down your face like that, boy. I want to fuck you 'til you cry again for me. I want your tears to make me come."

Rickie shuddered, thrusting down onto Jax's cock.

"Having you cry into my boots was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen, boy. It made me want to fuck you so hard, the sounds of your sobs wrapping around my dick. So damn pretty for me."

He reached up to pinch the bruises on the boy's chest, loving the way it made him writhe.

"That's it, boy. Mine. Tell me you're mine."

Rickie rammed himself down onto Jax's cock, matching the rhythm of the pulsing pinches. He grabbed his own thighs, digging his nails in. "I'm yours, Sir. Your boy."

"My pretty boy. That's what you are. Say it for me." Jax ground his nails in with the pinches, holding his gaze, jacking his cock up into his boy.

Rickie's hands convulsed on his own thighs. He clenched his jaw, his head shaking. Jax grabbed his hips, stilling the movements, holding them both there.

"Stay still for me, boy."

Rickie nodded, trembling.

He moved his hands along the boy's skin, stroking gently, moving up his chest to cup his cheek.

"My pretty boy," he said, gently stroking his face. "You feel so perfect on my cock, boy. We could just stay like this for hours, couldn't we?"

Jax felt the cruelty of it surge through him. It felt so fucking good. Rickie's head was shaking no, no, no, and it was the hottest fucking

thing in the world. He groaned, and kept up the gentle caresses, feeling his boy struggle to take them.

"It makes me so fucking hot to watch you like this, to make you take it for me. You can do it. I know you can. You are so fucking strong, boy. Pretty boys need to be strong, don't they?"

Rickie nodded convulsively, his jaw clenched, his eyes desperate.

"Tell me, boy. Say that you're my pretty boy. Say it for me." Jax moved his hands away so that the only way Rickie could feel him was through his cock buried deep inside. "I need to hear that you're mine, boy. I need it." He was begging now, and it was true. He did need to hear it, needed that confirmation of something solid and true in his life. He took a jagged breath and let his need show in his eyes.

"I'm yours, Sir. All yours." Rickie's hands went around himself, gripping his arms so fucking tight, digging his nails in deep. He was shaking. "I'm your pretty boy," he said as the first tears fell.

Jax snarled and gripped him tight, grinding his hands into Rickie's back as he grabbed him close, biting down on his neck, ramming his cock in so deep. Rickie was sobbing, and it made him feel so fucking feral and ravenous. He was using all his strength to thrust into his boy, digging his fingers into his boy's bloody back, growling against his neck as Rickie sobbed, and came, and sobbed, and came. The sounds of it drove Jax higher. He had to lift his teeth before he drew blood and focused on the feeling of his boy's tears against his neck, soaking into his skin.

"Mine. My pretty boy. Mine," Jax snarled into his boy's neck, drawing out new sobs that wrapped around his cock, pushing him to come in long ferocious spurts, shuddering with it. He held on for a long time after that, just held on to his boy, tight. They were both shaking. It felt like the boy had curled up inside his chest, taken root there. He finally lifted his head and licked the remaining tears from Rickie's face.

"Damn, I needed that. Boy, you are a treasure to a sadist like me."

Rickie gave him a watery grin. "I'm glad, Sir. Glad to be claimed by a sadist like you."

Rickie went to grab them some water and fixed Jax a plate. Not

their leftovers, but his own cooking that he'd prepared the night before. He lay in Jax's lap, eating slow small bites, looking up at him. Nothing had ever tasted as good to Jax as this arroz con pollo. He had to close his eyes as he ate, it was so damn good. Exactly what his body needed.

Jax held his boy close all night, with Gilberto resting at their feet.

## Please

I MET HIM ON A Wednesday night at this bar on the Lower East Side in 2005. My best friend Kaden was organizing a weekly trans guy hook-up night there, and had been begging me to go for months. He swore that not all the guys were fags, that some were into femmes, too. It did seem to be true. There were quite a few femmes there, and a few of them were already hooking up on the couches on the right side of the room. I was glad to see that I wasn't the only fat girl. But I didn't care about hooking up that night. I just wanted to shoot some nine-ball and get out some of this nervous aggressive energy that had been riding me all day.

I spotted Kaden and kissed him on the cheek. He was distracted by the cute chubby guy with the horn-rimmed glasses sitting next to him, who he introduced as Ayden Epstein (not to be confused with Addon Hale, Adin James, or Aiden Cameron, who were all there, too, of course). I put my name up in chalk, and this guy caught my eye.

I especially enjoyed watching him bend over the table. There was something bad about him. It wasn't the ink or the chain on his wallet—almost everyone in the bar had those. It was his eyes. The same eyes as that leopard in the Bronx Zoo. I can sit on a bench and just watch that leopard for hours, mesmerized by its feral grace. His eyes captured me just like that.

I admit, I bent over a bit more than I usually would when it was my turn to play him. I know it's an obvious thing to do. But I couldn't help it. There's something luscious about bending over in just the right way in these pants. The cotton is worn and soft, and it caresses my thighs like a lover. I can never wear anything between my body and these pants. I found myself wondering if he could tell that just from looking. Because he definitely was looking.

We played silently. He stalked me around the table. I could feel the fear grow, and I'm generally a very confident player. I could not stop staring at him. Everything fascinated. From the taut muscles of his thick thighs, to the thick leather band around his left wrist, to his tall black boots. I got lost looking at him.

My eyes lifted from the bulge in his jeans, and I found myself stuck in a fantasy. I was bent over the table. His friends helped to hold me down as he smacked my ass with the pool cue. He slowly cut off my pants with his blade, teasing me with it. His boots kicked my feet apart and spread me wide. He fucked me right there, my wrists clamped down by his friends, a pool ball stuck in my mouth to muffle my screams, as he pounded his cock into me.

I was lost at the feel of him fucking me, my cunt throbbing. He had to clear his throat a few times.

"It's your turn," he said.

My nipples were so fucking hard that I was sure he could see them because I haven't worn a bra since my first year of college. Unlike most fat girls, my tits are too small to need one. Was he looking at my nipples? Damn, I could cut glass with them. I tried for a carem off the five, and the nine-ball missed the pocket. I handed him the cue, and our hands brushed. I met his eyes and just stopped breathing. He held my gaze, smiling.

"I'm Christian," he said.

"I'm Jewish," I mumbled.

He chuckled, and it was a low delicious sound. "No," he said. "My name is Christian." He reached out, and his thumb stroked my hand, waiting.

My mouth was dry. I couldn't speak. I cleared my throat. "I'm Jamie."

"Hello there, Jamie," he said, his hand still gripping mine.

I swallowed, trying to figure out what to say. Then he released me. He chalked up his cue, his eyes looking me up and down. He made that shot. Just rammed that nine-ball home with the five, and the game was over. He walked over to me, getting a bit too close, his eyes on the rapid pulse in my throat. He rubbed his thumb over that spot and then lifted his hand to show me the smudge of blue chalk he had removed.

"Want to play?" His voice was raspy with teasing invitation.

"Play? We just did," I said.

"How 'bout a different sort of game?" He raised one eyebrow and smiled.

I didn't know what to say. Could he mean what I was thinking?

He said, "Want me to show you?"

"Please," I said, hoping.

He took my hand and led me around the corner, tossing his cue on the table as we left. He took me into a large single-stall bathroom and locked the door. He stepped away from the door, freeing my path to run, if I wanted to.

"Here are the rules. I do what I want to you. You don't touch me without permission. If you want me to stop, you say, 'Stop.' That is the only word that will stop me, but if I hear it, I will stop immediately. I won't do anything that could harm you, but I may want to hurt you a little, and I definitely want to fuck you. Are you game?"

My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my head. I just stood there, looking at him. I had played this kind of game before, but never with a stranger. That reckless feeling that was riding me all day filled my throat, pushing me. I was damn tempted. I had never wanted anything as much as I wanted to be in his power in that moment.

"Please," I said softly.

And then his hands were on me. He gripped my wrists, holding them tight behind my back, and started licking my exposed skin. I tilted my head back, offering him my neck. His cock was pressing into my thigh, and I could feel my cunt contract in response to its closeness. His hand stroked my throat, and his thigh thrust between mine,

backing me up against the sink, pulling my shirt off and stopping to take a long look. His gaze lingered on my tits, my belly, my neck. My heart started to pound. I was really doing this.

He turned me over, yanked down my pants, and just stopped, staring at my naked ass. He chuckled, a smooth gravelly sound.

"Oh, you are my kind of girl," he said.

I started trembling. I wanted him inside me. He bent me over the sink, unzipped his fly, slid on a condom, and then he was there, deep inside, in one quick thrust. The porcelain was cold against my nipples, and I was shakily gripping the sink, trying to stay balanced, but all I could feel was his cock. It was the hardest thickest cock I had ever been fucked with. I was biting my lip, trying to keep quiet, and it was a losing battle.

I felt so full, and he just kept driving into me. The invasion was intense. Every time my cunt contracted, it felt like it was too much, like I couldn't take it. I was stuffed too full of him. I started holding my breath to keep from screaming. The pounding in my cunt matched the pounding in my head until I felt like I was going to pass out.

His hand was in my hair, pulling my head back, and I could feel his breath on my neck as he spoke to me. "Breathe, damn it."

I did. I breathed in, put my forearms on the sink for better balance, and felt my pelvis tilt, and then he was slamming into my cervix. His hand was still gripping my hair as he kept hitting it just right, and I knew I was going to come. I took my own fist into my mouth and bit down to keep from screaming as I spasmed around his massive girth. He was still there, still so hard inside me. I gripped the cold sink again, my tits smooshed against my broad belly as I leaned into it, trembling. His hand was still twisted in my hair, pulling it in these rhythmic pulses that felt just like sex. It was too much. I couldn't take it. I started to beg.

"Please. Please. Please."

"Please, what, girl. What do you want?"

I went silent. Then I was whimpering as he continued to fuck me, and it felt so good and was too much all at once. He was so hard, and I wanted him to stop and I wanted him never to stop.

"Please," I whispered.

"You know what to say if you want me to stop. Is that what you want?"

He went still, just stayed exactly there, like nothing was urgent at all. I was throbbing around him and I started grinding into the sink. My clit was pulsing, and I had no idea what I wanted before, but I knew what I wanted right then.

"Please don't stop fucking me," I begged before I could lose the words.

He didn't stop. The words opened a dam inside me, and, as he was fucking me, I couldn't stop begging. He started ramming me harder, pulling my hips toward him, spreading my legs. His cock was running over that delicious spot inside me and it was amazing. The words spilled from my lips. "Oh, god, yes. Please. Please. Please. Yes. Please don't stop. Please fuck me."

He started teasing my nipples with his fingertips. They were so hard and cold that even that light silky touch hurt. Then he was twisting them, and the pain was electric and sharp. It felt so good, mixing up with the relentless fucking that led to this long glorious spasm. He started pinching them harder, and I couldn't help it. I had to slam my hips back to meet him.

"Please don't stop. Please don't stop hurting me. Please don't stop fucking me. Please. Please. Please."

I started whimpering and I could feel the tears start. I was afraid he wouldn't understand, but I couldn't stop them. It felt so good, and I was crying and coming, in sharp painful bursts. It was too much—I was all-over raw—and there he was, still so insistently hard and deep inside me.

"Please. No more. Please."

"You know what to say. Do you want me to stop? You know the word. All you have to say is 'stop,' and I will."

"Yes. No. Oh, god."

He was just there. Just deep inside my raw throbbing cunt. His hands dropped to my hips, and he was holding on to me. Just horribly, relentlessly there. I started shuddering. My head lifted, and I met his

eyes in the mirror, tears still rolling down my face.

"I could stay inside you for hours," he said.

I came at those words. At that thought. At the promise of that, and the look in those leopard eyes, cruel and exacting. He held me there, on his cock, not letting me go. Spearing me. Claiming me. Invading me. Taking all of me. He would not let go unless I asked him to.

I felt so safe. His cock didn't just fill up my cunt—it seemed to reach inside me and fill up empty spaces I didn't even know were there. I felt deliriously full of him, and it was enough to make me cry even more, my eyes spilling over. I was all wrapped up in him, and I knew this was exactly where I wanted to be.

"Your tears are so beautiful. You are incredibly sexy when you cry." His eyes held mine in the mirror.

I couldn't take that in. I just stared at him, awed, my cunt throbbing around his cock.

"Would you like it if I made you cry some more? Would you like it if I licked the tears from your cheeks? Would you like to show me how beautiful your pain can be?"

I swallowed, feeling my pupils dilating. He was suddenly scary, this man who was inside my cunt. I wasn't sure I was ready to be seen like that. His hand reached around my body, slid between the sink and my cunt, and I moved back a bit to accommodate him. And then he was stroking my clit, and I couldn't feel anything else. I couldn't think. It was amazing. It was shattering. I could not hold back the sounds.

"I want to hurt you. Will you like it? You know what to say if you don't want me to. You know how to stop me. Can you let yourself enjoy it? Will it make you come?"

His voice was low and soft and just as insistent as his thumb on my clit. Then I felt it. His teeth. Driving into my shoulder. Grinding into my flesh. Searing pain washed into me and I screamed. He just kept biting down harder. Sharp excruciating pain gripped my shoulder. It did not relent. It kept slamming into me, twisting around the piercing pleasure of his thumb stroking my clit. I came so hard.

Afterward, I couldn't stop trembling. He held me as I trembled on his cock. His hand cupped my cunt, just holding me. His teeth eased off, and he rested his mouth softly on my shoulder and held me as I stayed there shaking. I gazed into the mirror, certain my shoulder would be bleeding. It wasn't.

He slid out of me and tucked himself back in his pants. I turned to look at him, the tears streaming down my face. He pulled me close, stroking the nape of my neck, murmuring in my ear, "Your pain is gorgeous. Thank you for trusting me."

He gently licked the tears from my cheeks, smiling into my eyes. His hand stroked my cheek softly, his eyes tender.

"Please," I said.

He raised his brow. "Yes?"

I knelt on the cold tile, my eyes focused on the bulge in his jeans.

"Please?" I put everything I wanted into that one word.

He paused, caressing my hair. I looked up at him, my eyes naked. All I wanted to do was please him.

"You may," he said.

I unzipped his fly and slid out his cock. I rocked back to my feet, staring at it still covered in a condom. A grin slid across my face. I took it into my mouth, my eyes on his. I licked up his cock, in long exaggerated strokes. I took the head into my mouth, sucking slowly. The girth was quite intense, and I needed to build up to it. I started to take him in, in firm strokes, building up to it. I wanted him to feel my mouth. My eyes were focused on his face, watching. I thrust my mouth onto his cock, taking him in, choking, but keeping it down. I knew he would enjoy my teary eyes. He started to groan, and his hand snaked down to tangle into my hair.

I put everything in me into sucking him. I wanted him to see how much he opened in me, how much I wanted to please him. I loved the feel of his hand guiding my head onto him. I started moving my throat in slow swallowing motions. I was aching with the size of him, but he felt so good down my throat. And then he gripped my hair and thrust into me, grunting, and I could feel his hips start to shake. I was struggling to breathe, but I knew he was

coming. When he did, I came right along with him, just from the knowledge I had pleased him.

He slipped out of my mouth and pulled me up to face him, smiling. "Mm, mm, mm, you are a pleasure," he said. "How'd you like to come home with me?"

"Please," I replied.

## How He Likes It

A sequel to "Please"

I LEARNED QUICKLY THAT HE likes it when I beg. During our first encounter in that bar bathroom on the Lower East Side, my Sir showed me that. He doesn't need me to be on my knees (though he doesn't object, particularly when I'm focused on taking his cock down my throat). It's not about my shame or my abject posturing. For Christian, it is about the frequent acknowledgment of both my desire and his control. He is particularly fond of the word "please," and truth be told, I love hearing it escape my lips. Just saying it gets me wet. Me begging is not just how he likes it, it's how I need it. I ache to bring my raw dripping need to him, to offer it up, spill it into his lap.

That's exactly where he wanted me that night. In his lap, aching. He wanted to watch me writhe with it, wanted to savor the sight of me begging. He wanted to hold me down and watch me have my desire held against me, until I was burning, sobbing with need. He wanted to grasp his control firmly and decide whether he would let me get what I begged for. He had described it for me in detail, watched my eyes widen at the thought of it, my breath quicken with the knowledge that he wanted to offer me to another, while he held me and felt me writhe.

I was his to offer and glad of it. Glad to be valued so much that I was worth offering to others. Glad to be seen for who I was, my

exhibitionistic desires celebrated. Glad to be his, to have the opportunity to give myself to him exactly how he likes it.

Sir knew me from the start, knew things about me that I had not even fully seen. He was a mirror to my power and grace, showing me how beautiful I was in his eyes, how gorgeous my pain was, how delicious my tears, how very much my desire moved him. That is the best a lover can offer us, to really see us and celebrate what they see. It is a rare and precious thing to be seen and valued for who we are. So often I had been told I was too much, too loud, too smart for my own good, took up too much space, was too needy, too sexual. Sir had other things to say about my hunger, my desire, my size, my power. My reflection in his eyes told me I did not need to hide my need or my self. I could bring it all to him. That I could not possibly be too much for him. It scared me every time, felt risky every time, and was exactly what I wanted.

I had not met Dexter before that night. Christian had told me about him, of course. The mentor who had taught my Sir everything he knew about leather, the first top he'd known who was also a trans man like him. They had topped together, of course. It was part of learning. But this was different. I was the first girl that my Sir was going to offer to Dexter after seven years of estrangement.

We traveled out to D.C. for the kink conference that Dexter was on staff for, came out a day early just to do this. We had a room in the conference hotel, and, as I unpacked for us, Sir made final arrangements. I ate before Dexter came, ordered the room service, set up the cigars on the balcony, and dressed to Sir's specifications, my hands fumbling and nervous as I attached my garters, my eyes wide as I saw my reflection. I looked like an offering, my hair curling around my shoulders, my small tits raised and bursting out of the tiny shirt, boots drawing attention to the fishnet stockings, skirt short enough to reveal the very tops of the garters. I had been preparing for this all afternoon, luxuriating in a bath, rubbing lotion on my skin, trimming and primping and readying myself, down to the small plug I slid into my ass. By the time he arrived, I felt grounded in myself and who I was, and my body was preparing his welcome in anticipation.

He stalked in with quiet power, greeting Sir with warmth, taking his time to look me up and down. His eyes were feline, too, and I could feel my back arch a bit under his gaze. I was ready for him that minute, ached to drop to my knees before him, could not take my eyes off him. But first there was dinner and my job to serve it, to allow these men to touch me as I served, my skin quivering.

After dinner, there were cigars on the balcony, and me holding the ashtray on my now bare chest, my back to the world, their voices winding with the smoke around me, wrapping around my bare skin, sliding between my thighs. I could tell that Sir was pleased with me, by the way he absently rested his boot on my thigh, knew that he was happy to sit here with Dexter, catching up and showing me off. Every time Dexter chuckled, my clit would pulse, my ass would clench around the plug, and my lips would part with a sigh.

I was aching already and they had barely acknowledged me. How would I survive the full attention of them both?

Sir turned to Dexter with a sly smile and said, "Shall I prepare Jamie for you?"

Dexter nodded and took the ashtray from my chest.

My heart started racing. Sir walked ahead of me, giving the hand signal to crawl, and so I did, Dexter's eyes on my ass as I left the balcony.

I approached Sir slowly, with that catlike crawl he loved so much. He was seated on the bed, and as my eyes met his, a shock jumped between us. He reached down, pulling me by my hair and bending me over his lap. It felt so good to be there, his hands all over my skin, my head hanging over the side of the bed.

Then I felt it. That squirmy twisting as he pulled the plug out. I am never prepared for it, but when it comes as a surprise, it grabs on to the center of my chest and squeezes, bringing a tinge of nausea with it. My hands grabbed for the bed as he slowly slid a new plug into my ass, cold with lube. (I knew it instantly: it was the Tristan anniversary edition plug, the one I drooled over in the store, the one he got me for my birthday.) It was so intense when it first went in, I literally couldn't breathe for a moment. My eyes were closed, my head



ringing, and then I let my breath out. Sir tapped on it, and I shuddered, whimpering.

It was a shift to go from the expectation of silence to the expectation that I would show him my need. I was often tentative at first, finding my voice and movement. He pressed me down onto him so I could feel his cock against my belly, and my ass clenched in response. It was so full, and my hand kept fisting the blanket. Then the baton hit my ass, driving sound from me, garnering me praise.

I held on tight, knowing it would last a long time, each stroke reverberating into the plug, slamming sounds out of me. It felt like a pounding relentless fuck, getting hit with that baton, hard and ramming, and it made me grind my cunt onto him and moan. I forgot everything but that I was on Sir's lap, my ass stuffed full, getting pummeled by his baton. The room disappeared, contracted to my need, which had been building all day. I began to beg, pleading with him to let me come for him, describing how much I needed it.

He told me I had to wait.

I began to whimper, words escaping as I throbbed, and thought about his cock swelling under me, picturing my ass with the black-and-blue plug, knowing he wanted my thighs and cheeks to match it, aching for release.

I was lost in my own need, writhing on Sir's lap, when I felt Dexter's hands grip my hair. I spasmed, loud begging noises coming from my throat, until they were silenced by his cock, hard and thick and made of unforgiving silicone. Sir kept slamming the baton into me, and it drove my mouth onto Dexter's cock, his hands holding me there, taking my throat for his, claiming me.

"I know how much Christian likes the sounds you make. I want to feel you begging around my cock, girl," he said.

I worked to get louder, choking on his cock, my whimpers so loud in my own head, tears flowing. I could feel my need covering my skin, wrapping me up, my cunt grabbing air, aching to be full, too, my throat gaspingly crammed. It was so much, too much, building and building inside me with nowhere to go. I began to beg louder around his cock, desperate to come, and I could hear Sir chuckle.

"No, girl," Sir said. "You don't get to come until he does. So you better please him."

I began to sob, choking, helpless, my hands reaching for Dexter, grasping for his thighs, holding on as if I was going to wash away. I looked up at him, eyes begging, throat closing on his cock, needing him to come. I formed the words around him somehow, over and over. "Please, Sir. Please. Please. Please, Sir."

I didn't know if he could understand, but I said it again and again, taking him into me, aching for him, all my need concentrated on his release. His hands gripped my hair tighter, moving my mouth exactly how he wanted it. *Yes, I thought. Yes. Use me, take me, claim me. Sir offered me to you, and now I offer me, too. Take what you need from me. I want you to have it. Please take me. Please.*

There is no greater high than this, when I give myself over, my need wrapping around another's. I wanted him, wanted to please him, wanted him to use me, wanted to be given and taken, to be worthy for exchange. Sir began to beat my inner thighs, and I wanted to be sore and bruised for him, ached for it, wanted these men to take exactly what they needed from me.

Dexter shuddered in my mouth, growling, his hands holding me still as he thrust deep in my throat, coming. I closed my eyes and savored it, knowing I had pleased him.

"Come for me," Sir said.

I did, letting it out, moaning around Dexter's cock, writhing on Sir's lap as he continued to slam the baton into my thighs, holding on as hard as I could. It felt so good to come, so right.

I felt limp as they moved me around, got me situated, ready for the next thing they wanted to do to me. It wasn't until I felt myself being held down and spread wide that I fully opened my eyes. Sir was sitting up, and I was lying on my back between his legs, my head resting on his bare cock, his thighs draped over my arms, holding me down. My ass was propped up on a pillow, my skirt pulled up, and Sir's boots were spreading my legs, holding me open. I was cradled between his legs, held open for Dexter, who could see everything. My eyes met Dexter's, captivated, as Sir laid his gloved hand across my

throat. *Oh.*

Dexter pulled his belt from his jeans, the sound making my heart race.

"You need to be marked here, too," he said, running his hand along the front of my thigh above my stocking.

*Yes, I thought. Mark me.*

"Please," I said, my voice trembling.

Belts reached inside me. The pain invaded, ripped through me, wrapping around my throat and stopping my breath. He did not warm me up, and I wanted it that way. Wanted him brutal, wanted him to claim me without holding back. Wanted to show him how my Sir had taught me to take pain, savor its delights, and feed it back to him, tears streaming, moaning for more. I wanted his belt deep inside me as his cock had been and hopefully would be again.

"Take it for me," he said.

I took him in, tasting like liquid metal in my throat, trembling with the intensity of his belt, and let the pain pour out of my eyes, stream out of my mouth, let my cunt drip with it as my ass clenched around it. I begged him for more even as I screamed, my hands fisting the blanket, safely held down by my Sir, feeling him smile proudly at me.

My thighs were on fire, and the flames took me over until I could feel my cunt burning with it, my chest hot, and I was begging to come for him, could I please show him how much I appreciated his cruelty, please, Sir.

He laughed and refused me, continuing to lay pain onto me as I writhed, moaning, sobbing with it, blazing. I begged him not to stop, to please keep hurting me, claiming me with his belt. Saying that I needed it, needed his marks on me. He was ruthless, and I shuddered with it, a conflagration of need taking me over. I was in that place where I felt like I could take all the pain in the world, eat it all, and spit the flames of it right back, a burning circle between us, for as long as he wanted, perhaps longer.

He stopped. Let me writhe in hunger, aching for him, wanting more, begging him to hurt me. He just smiled his cruel smile and

watched me as Sir covered my mouth and nose with his hand, taking my breath and holding it. He ordered me to come as he held on to my breath, orgasm exploding in my head, sounds escaping my mouth around his hand. I started to move my head, fighting to breathe. Finally, he let me.

"Thank you, Sir," I said, my eyes locking on Christian's, thanking him for so much more than just the privilege of breathing.

Dexter got on the bed with us, reaching for me, and I could feel Sir relax a little. This was what he wanted. They smiled at each other, and there was such intimacy in it, a thousand scenes, hundreds of nights of shared enjoyment. They had missed each other. It was palpable in the room, this aching hurt in their throats. Together again, after seven years, able to reconnect. I was one of the conduits of that connection. I could feel it. I was being offered, and with me came new possibilities.

When Dexter's knees came to rest on my thighs, spreading them even wider, I gasped. Then I felt his mouth on my nipple, subtle, precise, a dozen points of pleasure concentrated together, and I began to writhe. His hand gripped the other nipple, thumbing it gently, and I could not be still, it was so much. My nipples are very sensitive. Gentle touch is intense and firm touch hurts. He was being gentle, and it made my cunt grab for something, aching to be filled. I was spread wide, writhing and empty, and it was overwhelming, this pleasure so close to my heart. I began to cry.

He moaned around my nipple, and Sir began to stroke my hair, forcing gentleness upon me, making me stay with it. My ass was so full and my cunt so greedy, my mouth formed this O of ache, tears streaming down my cheeks. Sir told me that I could come as many times as I wanted as long as either of them were touching my nipples, and I sobbed, looking up at him, devastated by this. Keeping his mouth on my nipple, Dexter's hand left the other, and instead I felt Sir's gloved hand on my chest, pressing into my breast, just holding it firmly. I came, moaning, begging them to stop. It was too much.

They knew better and made me take it, as Dexter's tongue wrote pleasure on my skin, and Sir's hand held me. Dexter's hand pressed

throat. *Oh.*

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They knew better and made me take it, as Dexter's tongue wrote pleasure on my skin, and Sir's hand held me. Dexter's hand pressed

down onto my cunt, cupping me, the heel of his palm pressing onto me, firmly, and I came again, shuddering, whimpering. He began to suck my nipple, and I begged him to stop making me come. I couldn't take it. It was too much. He didn't stop. I knew he wouldn't, and I couldn't stop sobbing.

As Sir began to stroke my throat, Dexter licked a line across my chest to the other nipple, and it undid me. I couldn't do it anymore. Anything but this. Give me pain. Force me to take it for your pleasure. Fuck me ruthlessly. Just don't give and give like this. I began to try to fight my way free, Sir's thigh holding me down, Dexter's weight sinking into me, not letting me go, as he tongued and sucked and tortured my nipple with gentleness, his finger reaching down to stroke along the side of my clit. I held on to the bed as tight as I could, coming, begging them to hurt me, to fuck me, to stop doing this to me, the pain in my thighs from Dexter's knees anchoring me.

"Please, Sir. Please hurt me. Please. I will do anything. Please. Please hurt me. I need it. Please. I can't stand it. Please hurt me."

Finally, he did. His teeth sunk in, and it was so good. He had me tight between his molars and ground my nipple between them. The pain was lightening intense and exactly what I needed.

"Please don't stop. Please, Sir. Please don't stop."

Sir's hand gripped my other nipple and twisted it between his thumb and finger, and I screamed, so grateful, begging them not to stop.

"Come for me," Sir said.

As I came, I felt the baton sliding between my thighs, entering my cunt. It was hard and cold and slippery, and I wanted it deep inside me. My cunt grabbed on to it, my ass contracted around the plug, and my breath caught in my throat as I realized how full I was going to be. I began to beg louder, for him to fuck me, now, hard. Fill me. Thrust it into me. I needed it. Dexter kept it right there at the entrance, teasing me with it, as he began to run his nails along my nipples, smiling down at me.

His nails felt good at first, sharp intense sweetness. But soon they began to hurt in a tormenting stomach-constricting way. They made

my ass grab on to the plug and my skin shiver, and I could not stop my toes from clenching over and over, my eyes locked to his, begging him to stop. The baton burrowed into me, and it was so hard. My cunt grabbed for it, spasming around it, and I started to cry. It was too much, too overwhelming, and I begged them to stop. The baton went still inside me, and it was too fucking much to have it there, insistent, the hardest thing imaginable. My ass was full, my cunt stuffed, my legs spread wide, my arms held down, and I could not take it and yet I had to. They were giving me exactly what I needed, what I had begged for, and I didn't want it anymore, but I still took it because, while I wasn't in the want of it, I knew how much I desperately needed these two men to take me there. Tears were sliding along my neck, and I couldn't even form words anymore, just whimpers.

Sir smiled down at me, put his hands around my throat, and ordered me to come for him. My body responded before I even thought about it and began to move, racked with pleasure so intense it hurt, my hands clasp onto the bed as hard as I could. As I came, Dexter held the baton there, not letting my spasms push it out. It was relentlessly awfully, wooden and stiff inside me. He pulled it back just a bit and pressed up into that perfect spot, twisting it inside me, and I sobbed and spurted all over that baton, my entire body shaking.

Dexter slid it out of me, smiling into my eyes, and stroked my skin, feeling me tremble. I whimpered for him, eyes begging, lost. Sir fed me water, smiling down at me. Dexter lifted his head to look at Christian, raising his brow and gesturing. Sir nodded, and Dexter gave him a wicked grin.

"That kind of girl, eh?"

"She's very good," Sir said, and the words sunk into my skin, calming me just a bit. "She will do it, for me."

Dexter pulled out his cock and told me he was going to fuck me now, that he hoped it would make me cry because he loved nothing better than to fuck girls as they were crying. Sir hooked his boots around my thighs, spreading me so wide I could feel the muscles pulled taut. He attached clover clamps to my nipples and gripped the chain tight, pulling on it so I could feel it tighten the clamps. I

stopped breathing, staring at Dexter's cock, not sure I could do it. He scared me, the way he wanted my tears.

Sir told me that I could come as much as I wanted with Dexter's cock inside me and that I had to take it for him, for as long as Dexter wanted. That I was his to offer and I needed to make him proud. He said he would help me, give me pain, hold me down, spread my legs, keep me in his arms. It was my job to take it.

I didn't think I could do it. The slightest touch felt so intense. After all that, with the steady pull of my thigh muscles and the twisting pain in my nipples, I could barely breathe. I could feel my eyes go wild, could sense the panic brewing.

He took me. He just rammed his way home, hilt deep, and it felt so right. My cunt needed him. His eyes grabbed mine, his weight pressing me into the bed, my head shifting until I felt Sir's cock curve around my neck.

I was surrounded by them, covered in them. It all blended together, swirling into a maelstrom of sex and need and pain and helplessness and pleasure as he pounded into me, his eyes holding mine captive, his lips kissingly close. All I could do was let go, give myself over to it. The lightening pain in my nipples from the way Sir kept tugging on the chain, the cock slamming into my cervix, the plug so insistently thick in my ass, the bruises on my thighs and ass aching, Sir's cock sliding along my neck as he began to pant just a bit.

A storm of sensation, and I finally found my calm in it, letting go of everything, my body limp, feeling myself filled again and again, the center of connection between them, feeling them squeezing into every crevice of me. Sir reached for Dexter, resting his hand in the center of Dexter's back, and the electricity shot through me, slamming into me as I screamed.

I writhed between them, caught, trapped, feeling them smash into me, both of them, as Dexter reached for Sir and they held each other, me between them. It built in my chest and cunt, this intense ache, and Dexter drove it out of me with his cock, Sir yanked it out of me with that chain, and I let it out, pouring from me, sobbing, coming, desperate, losing all sense of the ground.

Dexter roared in satisfaction, shoving his cock into me even harder, so fast I could tell he was coming, too, pushing another orgasm out of me before I finished that last one, and I was sure I was not going to make it, and started whimpering as I cried and shook my head. He began to growl as he fucked me, ramming into me, telling me that he was going to fuck me as much he needed to and I just had to take it. I was sobbing and shaking my head. I couldn't take it. It was too much, too hard, and I couldn't do it. I couldn't let go anymore. I had to hold on to something. He was merciless, grinning down at me as I cried, moaning and grinding his cock into my cunt in time with my sobs.

He shuddered inside me, his eyes feral and frightening. I didn't want him in me anymore. He was too scary, too much. I felt sure I couldn't do it. I didn't know how to please him, wasn't sure he really wanted me to let go. I wanted to please him so much, but I was shuddering from doubt. I needed help, needed purpose. I shook my head harder, crying, and looked up at Sir, desperate.

Sir told me to just let go and take it for him, that he needed me to please Dexter. Okay then. If Sir thought I could do this, I wanted to try. I let go of the safe word I'd been holding in my mouth and sunk into surrender. There was no escape from it. I was trapped between them, helpless. I took a slow breath and looked up at Dexter, begging him to tell me what he wanted from me.

"This is how I like it. I like fucking you as you cry. I like knowing that it's my cock that is making you cry. I like claiming your cunt with my cock as the tears slide down your cheeks, knowing you are helpless to stop me. That's my good girl. Cry for me."

I felt the tightness in my chest release. He did want me. He did want me to cry as he fucked me. I could really let go. I wailed and held his eyes as I did it, feeling his cock ramming into me, letting it all out, showing it to him, feeling how it made him come. It felt so good to let go. He was really going to catch me. I was safe. He leaned over and ran his finger along my cheek, then slid it into his mouth, grinding his cock into me as he tasted my tears. Then he lifted up and pulled Sir's mouth down to his.

"Taste her tears on my lips," he said reverently, going still inside

me, holding his breath as he waited for Sir to complete the motion and kiss him.

I held my breath, too, knowing how much they both needed this, how important it was. I trembled, waiting, trying desperately to be quiet for this moment. Hoping.

When they finally kissed, I was aching to breathe and couldn't. The kiss was like a prayer at first, and then filled with hunger, and sadness, and so much love it made my heart burst and my cunt explode, and I couldn't be quiet anymore.

They began to writhe with me as they kissed more fiercely, cocks shuddering as they came, growling into each other's mouths. And after we came, we broke into laughter, falling all over each other, sweaty and joyous, limbs all confused and tangled, eyes smiling.

My Sirs wrapped me up that night between them, holding me as we slept, hands gently stroking me, heads resting against mine, slow steady breath on my skin. They had found each other again, and we all knew that they would not let go this time. It was what we all wanted, needed. They were big enough, powerful enough, and cruel enough to hold all of my aching desperate need, wring every ounce of it out of me. And I was glad to be held by them, used by them, claimed by them both.

## Facing the Dark

HERE'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT firemen. They have plenty of muscle and they use it. It's not for show. They know about loyalty and hard work and earning your way. They don't just give respect—you have to earn it. They are tough and disciplined in both mind and body. They have faced darkness and go back to face it every time they are on the job. They know what darkness can do, are afraid of it, and know that courage is not about the absence of fear, but what you do in the face of fear. They know what it's like to be helpless against something more powerful, and they choose, again and again, to put themselves at risk.

It is an honor to have a fireman choose to submit to me. It means he sees discipline and strength he can trust in my dominance. That he wants the feral force of my sadism unleashed upon him and knows how dark a ride that can be. It means that he wants to be under my boots because he knows that I will not fail to exact from him exactly what he longs to offer: his precise control, his intense will, and his immense power. He knows that I'm capable of taking all of that, and, for right now, he desperately wants it off his shoulders, wants to face a different darkness and find his feet again so he knows they are there. He wants to know that he can do this, that he is indeed capable of such psychic and physical courage.

He sought me out. I had never seen Colin before, but he knew who I was and found me. It was late fall, and the air was crisp. I was

on the deck of the Eagle, watching the men smoke and drink and cruise. I felt so alive. I had shrugged off the lingering remnants of a service relationship gone bad and was happily single. No longer in mourning, I was open to possibilities.

"I want to test myself," he said. "I want to prove how strong I can be. I want to face my fear. I want to lose control. I hear you are the man who can do that for me."

"I might be. Who told you that?"

"One of the jakes I know. His name is Aidan Hughes."

Aidan was a sturdy fireman with a deep love for intense pain. He was prone to snarl in my face and urge me to keep beating him, since he wasn't bleeding yet. Play with him was a wild ride on a razor's edge. I had a sudden flash of memory: *Aidan, bent over the table, my dick pounding him as I twisted the needles embedded in his back, one in each hand, his roar filling the room. I paused, still inside his ass, removing a piercing to watch the blood slide down his back as we both shuddered.* There is something so intense about breaching the body envelope, thrusting my way inside the skin. It is beyond intimate; it's invasion at its most basic. It brings a rush like nothing else, one I was feeling the remnants of just remembering. I refocused on the man in front of me and looked him over. He had newly healing burn scars on his thick neck. His hands were large, the forearm muscles well-developed. His eyes were haunted. Yep. He was a fireman. Direct. Bold. Scarred. Strong. Just my type.

"What did Aidan say about me?"

"He said you like jakes. That you were tough enough. You wouldn't hesitate to hurt me or push me. That I could trust you."

"Are you willing to take his word for it?"

"I trust him with my life every day," he said simply.

"Follow me." We left the Eagle and walked to my apartment in Hell's Kitchen, several blocks away.

"Any limits I need to know about?"

"My left arm, here, it's still healing. It can't support weight yet or be pulled behind me. I don't do bondage, scat, or verbal abuse. And I only have sex with latex."

"All right. You want to stop, you say, 'Stop.'"

I opened the door of my apartment and took him inside.

"Strip down to nothing but your boots and stand in the center of this room."

I led him into my cave. As he readied himself, I went through my tools, pulling out items thoughtfully and laying them out on a table. When I was ready, I walked over to him, slowly. I stood silently, inspecting him, walking around him, my boots resounding on the floor. He stood, head up, arms neatly by his side, just waiting. The burn scars ran down his neck and left shoulder. I have never played with a fireman who didn't have scars or that haunted look in his eyes. His scars were pink and new. I touched them lightly.

"All right if I work on these?"

"Yes. They are healed enough."

"But still tender." I dug my thumb into a particularly intense pressure point on his shoulder.

"Yes, still tender," he said, his voice just a touch deeper, the pain showing under the surface of his eyes.

I dug in deeper, watching his face, waiting until the pain broke through. Then I grasped the back of his neck and led him over to the table where my tools were laid out. Now was the time to gather more information.

"Is there anything on that table you want to veto?"

He took his time.

"This. And these." He pointed to the gas mask and needles.

"Breath play is okay, just not the mask? Blood is all right, just not needles?"

"Yes," he said, his voice just a bit shaky.

"Anything on this table scare you?"

His eyes flicked quickly to the knife then jumped to the canes. But he named something else that he had been decidedly ignoring.

"If that's what I think it is, it scares me," he said, pointing to my torches and alcohol.

"That's for fire play. Does fire scare you?"

"I would be stupid if it didn't."



"But not enough to veto it."

"No," he said softly, raising his chin.

"All right then."

I grabbed him by the throat and shoved him with my body, directing him toward the wall. The second he reached it I grabbed his chin and told him he needed to keep his head straight and stay where he was. And then I slapped him across the face. Just held his gaze and took him, right there. Face slapping is very personal. We instinctively want to protect our faces. I wanted to watch him, to see if he could stop from flinching, stop from raising his hands. He could. I slapped him again, harder, holding on to his bold eyes. Again, deliberately, waiting for the flinch in his eyes. I kept at it, wanting that from him, going after it. It took exactly one dozen slaps to his cheek before his eyes shifted. Then I slapped him again, harder than I had, so he knew I could, and would, run right over him.

I stepped back and punched him in the pecs. He was a joy to punch there, the muscle well-developed. I began building him up, and then grabbed him by the throat.

"Your job is to stay there and protect your head. Got that?"

"Yes. I can do that."

I stepped back farther and slammed my weight into him, watching him to see if he was up to the task. He was. I rammed my weight into his, savoring his strength. I faced away from him and slammed my back into him, letting myself fall into him. He felt like a glorious muscled wall. I turned and body slammed him again from the front.

I stopped, just breathing him in. His dick was swelling against me. His skin smelled metallic and sweet. I lowered my head and licked along his scars until I got to his neck. I bit down, hard. Driving my teeth in, gripping a big chunk of his flesh. Grinding down so he could really feel the bite on that tender just-healed skin. He groaned, and that sweet metallic scent got stronger as I continued to bite down, savoring the taste of him under my teeth.

I lifted up and drew out my knife, playing the edge along the skin I had just marked. He went very still. Good. Now I had his attention. I slid the knife along his scar tissue, letting him feel the sharpness of

the blade, and rested the edge just by his carotid. I pressed down, slowly increasing pressure as I felt him inhale. The sweetness was overpowered by the scent of metal from his skin, and I glanced up and grabbed his eyes with mine. There it was: the dilated pupils, the widened gaze.

"You need to be completely still for me now. Here is not where I want to bleed you."

His gaze got wider. The pulse in his throat sped up. I pressed down even harder, waiting for his gasp, and then lifted the knife to bring it to his cheek.

Knives are a beautiful path to fear. They cut the space between you, slide deep inside without even breaking skin. Nothing invokes helplessness faster than being trapped between a wall and a knife. Fear and helplessness writhe on the floor together like cats in heat, yowling.

I played the blade along his cheek. Then I moved the tip of the blade along the ridge of his cheekbone, dangerously close to his eye, and he stopped breathing again. I slid the blade tip toward his eye, and his lids instinctively dropped. I gently thrust the tip in minutely, slightly moving his eyeball.

"Don't fucking move."

Playing it along the eye is probably the edgiest thing I do with a knife. Something about it feels so fucking wrong, as if the universe just turned on its head and you can't believe you are actually doing that. It's like nothing else for me, holding that trust in the palm of my hand, rolling it around, enjoying it. Knowing that if I can show him this part of my heart, the part that wants to dance along that dark edge, if I can trust him with that, then we can go deeper.

I fiddled the knife along the outside of his eye, thrusting it oh so gently into his skin, playing that edge. I pulled it away, sheathed it, and grabbed him by the face, thrusting my tongue down his throat. My hands gripped him, and I plundered his mouth. I slid one hand into his hair and gripped it at the roots, pulling it in time with my thrusting tongue. He tasted sensitive and surprised, his mouth almost innocent. My cock swelled as I twisted my hand in his hair, my tongue violating his mouth.

I slid out of him and took his breath, covering his mouth and nose with my hand so that all he could smell was leather. I watched his eyes widen, watched him clench a fist to prevent himself from struggling. I waited as long as I dared the first time and then gave him his breath back, my hand sliding to his chest to feel it rise and fall. Then I took it again, this time biting down on his shoulder as I did, feeling his body react to the pain. His hands reached for me slightly, but he stopped them. I ground down onto his scars, sending jolts of juicy pain right to his nerve endings, as he began to tremble just a bit. I lifted up, still blocking his air supply, meeting his eyes. I breathed in deeply, savoring the control.

"Your breath...is mine. Yes. I have it. You have given it to me. Let go."

His eyes shifted, even settled a bit. I could tell he had started to float. And then I let him breathe. I stepped back and grabbed my sap gloves. Now I could really get started. Punching on the pecs is one of my favorite things. With a guy like this who is so strong, to make the kind of impact I want, I needed to up the ante. My lead shot gloves do that nicely. I rammed my fist into him and felt the difference. Punches on the pecs are hardest on the mind. Blows are coming dangerously close to your face, but you are supposed to offer yourself to them. The deep impact jolts the wind out of you and makes you feel like you have no defenses, like your strength won't protect you. I could see it register with him now as I slammed force into him—that he was giving up his armor; that he had no control, had given it to me; that he was naked before me, and I was going to reach inside and take what I wanted from him.

My dick was throbbing as I watched him take it. He kept balanced, breathed with it, but his eyes looked so raw and young all of a sudden, like I had reached past his toughness, slid through whatever was haunting him and found the part that was vulnerable and hurting. I kept pounding him, knowing it was going to break through, watching for it, until it burst from his eyes. Tears slid down his face, and he kept standing there and taking it, letting it bubble out and through. It was gorgeous to watch. What courage that takes. I soaked it in, not

holding back, relentless as I slammed into him, letting the dam wash through him and out his eyes.

I slid off my gloves and rubbed my cheek against his chest, feeling the heat come off in waves. I reached my head up and tenderly licked up the fruit that had fallen from his eyes. I slid my tongue into his mouth deeply and fed him back all the pride I had for him, that he was so brave for me, just rushed all of that out of my mouth and into his. I closed off his nose and breathed it into his lungs, willing him to take in the vision of him in my eyes.

I stepped back and pulled out my favorite cane. It is thin and whippy and evil incarnate. I lifted it and brought it down swiftly on his chest, laying a clean line on top of the deep bruising. It whistled through the air, and I could see him react. So many people only lay canes on thighs and asses. That just makes it even more fun to hit a man's chest with one. It's such a lovely surprise. He was already tender, which means that this was likely to draw blood and dedicate the cane to him—a worthy risk on my part. I sliced through the air toward his chest, watching him flinch, unable to stop himself. He couldn't keep quiet at this point either. He was cursing fluently. Cursing himself for choosing to be there, cursing that fucking cane that was ripping him open, cursing Aidan for even mentioning me. The cane was relentless, slashing into him in clean precise swipes with very little pause. I wanted him off guard, not anticipating, just stuck under the onslaught of me. The cane shredded air as it drove down into his flesh, and I felt the air move on my skin. He started to sob, words lost, no more cursing, and his hands were gripping his thighs, desperate not to reach out to stop it.

"Six more on each side."

He nodded desperately, his eyes enormous, his body trembling openly. I breathed in, savoring this moment. It is so rare that I get to truly face my own darkness.

I carved the cane into his skin, watching as it drew blood in six clean stripes on each side, my head roaring in triumph, a joyous growl escaping my lips. It was so beautiful. He was openly shaking by the end, just able to stay standing by the skin of his teeth. I led him over

to the table and sat him down upon it, cleaned him up, and covered the wounds with Tegaderm. I gave him an athletic drink and stood there watching him, joy open on my face. When he was done, I asked, hoping, "Ready for the last test?"

"Yes," he said, his voice soft and small.

"Good. Lie down on the table on your back."

As he did so, I set up the candle, alcohol, and torch nearby. I lit my flame source and met his eyes.

"Make as much noise as you need to. This is about letting go. Breathe slow and even for me."

I wanted to give him the heat of my hand and my energy first, before the flame. I slid my hand along edges and then the center of his body, opening myself, just noticing. I matched my breathing to his and paused, my hand on the center of his upper stomach. I held it there for a moment, letting him feel the heat of my skin. I lifted up and pressed my hand down between his nipples in the center of his chest. I opened myself energetically, let heat slide into that heart spot. And lifted up, sliding my energy up out of him except for a small strand of it that would stay connected throughout the scene. Now I knew where the fire needed to go.

Fire is intent. Fire is purification. Fire demands truth. Fire opens what is stuck and moves it. Fire cleanses and leaves you naked and new. Fire might destroy, but it is very useful when controlled. I love controlling it. I shed most of myself in the process, just become intent. It is reverence at its most beautiful.

I dipped the torch in alcohol and lit it, bringing it close to his skin, not touching yet. I swirled it close to the center of his chest and that spot in the center of his upper stomach. Those were the spots I wanted to go after. They were aching for it. Tears were running down his face, and he was growling, struggling so hard to stay still. I dipped the torch again, lit it, and brought the flame closer to his skin in those two spots, one right after the other. His growls became throatier, deeper. His face was contorted, and he started breathing so fast.

I rested my hand on his chest, prepared and lit the torch again, and touched his stomach with fire, holding it there so briefly. He

roared, his head shaking back and forth. I did it again, making deeper contact, spending less time with the fire on his skin, but using the torch like a drumstick. His mouth and throat seemed to open as he screamed, his voice much higher, his breath coming very fast. We were really getting there, so I kept on, touching his chest with fire, several times, making firmer contact each time as he cried, "No!" and shook his head, his breath coming out in sobs.

I laid my hand on the spot and breathed slowly, pulsing my energy into him with each breath, helping his breathing align with mine. I lit the torch again and pressed fire into his chest in that same spot, watching him react. He screamed, his eyes huge, and kept on screaming as I touched him with fire in bursts, like he was a drum and I was going to beat this out of him. I drew deep roars out of him until he began to cough. I handed him a tissue and rubbed his back gently as he coughed up all that muck that had been stuck inside him.

I waited until he was breathing slow and even. I smiled into his eyes, my eyes tearing up a bit.

"You are amazing," I said. "I want to be inside you, right now. I want to feel you take me in."

I gently pushed him onto his back, put his legs around me, and slid a condom onto my cock, lubing it up. I groaned as I slid into him, watching his eyes. His ass was so warm and tight. He was fire sliding along my cock as I held myself there, deep inside him, just savoring the feel of him around my dick.

"You feel so hot and tight around my cock. You are pulsing around me. Take a deep breath for me. That's it. And another one. Yeah. Just one more and hold it. Clench down your pelvic muscles for me, just hold on tight. Hold that breath for me. Don't let go."

I began to pulse my cock into him, letting everything I was feeling drive its way into him through my cock. As if it were the pathway for all of me, and I was going to pour it into his ass, thrust my way into him and through him and up out his mouth.

"Yes, keep holding it for me. That's good."

His eyes were gigantic, and his ass felt so good clamped on my

dick. I drove my nails into his thighs, right at that lovely pressure point at the center of the thigh where it meets the torso.

"Let it out."

He exploded around my dick, cream pouring out of his cock, roars emerging from his mouth. That's when I began to fuck him. Hard and deep, thrusting into him with all my strength, as I continued to pulse pain into his thighs.

"I am going to fuck you until I'm sated. Right now, I'm way too hungry to stop."

I rammed into him, savoring the feel of his ass gripping me, the tremors rippling through his body. He felt so sweet, open for the taking. I slammed my cock into his ass and thought about how he was mine. That, in these moments, he was mine, and I was going to use every inch of him. I growled, reaching out for his mouth, thrusting my fingers into it, taking him. I wanted all his holes at once, wanted to be as deep inside him as I could be, claiming him. I fucked his mouth, ramming my dick into his ass, feeling so powerful. As if I could do anything.

I pulled out of his mouth, taking his breath again, and felt him pulse around my cock. I watched his eyes, watched the struggle in them, and watched it drift away as he gave himself over to me even more, sunk even deeper into it. I rammed his ass with my cock, feeling his life in my hand, his breath on my palm—mine to take, mine to give—and gave it back to him. I pulled out, flipped him over, and rammed into his ass again, my body pressing him down into the table, my weight on his. As I fucked him, I began to bite down on his back, laying marks on him, biting until I was tempted to draw blood, but holding back just that little bit, over and over, growling into his skin. I could smell the blood beneath the surface calling me, and I held back, wanting him in my mouth more, knowing I could not have both, not now, not with this man, not this soon. I roared and felt him shake, and drove my teeth into his flesh again, grinding down, as I finally spurted in long slow gusts, feeling him shudder with me. I slid out of him slowly and gathered him into my arms, stroking him. After he

had calmed some, I closed my eyes and asked, hoping, "Will you spend the night with me in my bed?"

"I would be honored," he said, as I smiled into his skin.

# Alley Obsession

For Val, my first Top

I TAKE YOU TO THE alley. I know exactly where I want to go. It is dark, but the streetlight isn't so far away that we wouldn't be able to see danger coming. The danger is part of the point. I've heard so many stories about fag public sex, and danger is one of the key elements that makes it hot for me. It's not just the public part. That could be at a bar or a dungeon, but fag + public sex = danger = desire for me. Because getting caught is at a whole other level. If a straight couple gets caught fucking in a public park, it's more likely to be by random passers by, and if it's cops, they may be lenient or look the other way. But fags could be in real danger. From cops, from bashers. It's that danger that kicks it up another notch for me, gets my cock hard.

That's why I chose this alley. Fag friends have cruised by with me, shown me where to go, described protocol. Told me story after story about being on their knees, or getting sucked off, or (if it's especially late and fairly empty) bending over against the dumpster and getting fucked until they are so weak they can barely make it home.

It's like you know the same stories. You're standing there against the wall, strategically placed to watch for danger. You're a cocksucker's dream, every inch the leather Daddy of my fantasies. At first you pretend you don't even see me, as my eyes devour you in your leathers, big butch bear, built just how I like my Daddies to be. You take up

space, owning it, top to the core as you survey the drooling cocksuckers before you. I am entranced by the sight of your cock in your pants, run my eyes along it hungrily. I am aching to be chosen to service you in any way that you please.

You look into my eyes, hand on belt, stroking your cock through your leathers. Your other hand slowly reaches over and your thumb brushes against my lower lip. You raise one eyebrow at me as your hand presses firmly on the top of my head. No words are needed. I am instantly on my knees looking up at you before I can even think about it. You lace your fingers together behind your head, bend your knees slightly, and settle in comfortably, waiting for me to service your cock.

I take it out. It is big and red, and my mouth is watering as I slip a condom on it, getting it ready. I take the head into my hole, tonguing it fiercely. Then I run my tongue slowly along the length of it, layering need and anticipation as I savor the feel of your cock against me. I place my hand at the base and start stroking there slowly, just enough to tease. Then I take the head into the shallow of my mouth, tuck in my teeth, and start coming down on your cock, just the head, testing to see how much pressure you want. I am looking up at you through my lashes, your cock in my mouth, as you look down at me and growl, "Yeah, boy, like that. Show me what a good cocksucker you are. I love the feel of your hot wet mouth on my dick. I love to see you down on your knees for me. That's where you belong. You were born for this. You crave this. You dream about taking a big dick down your throat. You were made to service my cock."

As your words enter me, my cock rises. I start taking your dick deeper. Slowly at first, gathering saliva, so I can start thrusting you down my throat. I'm stroking the base of your cock harder now, in time with my mouth's rhythm. I take you into my throat deeply, coming down harder on your cock.

"Yeah, boy. Take my dick down your throat. What a good little cocksucker you are. You can do it. Take it all. You know you want this. You live for my cock. It's just you and me, faggot. Just your throat and my cock. You love being a hole for me, you dirty faggot. That's all you are, a hole for my cock to thrust into. Nothing else matters. Just a hot

wet hole for my dick. Yeah, take me in. Come down hard on my cock. I want all of you focused on servicing my cock. Your whole being is centered in your mouth. You need to be the best cocksucker in the world. You know how many willing mouths I can find if I just walk a few steps? You need to be the best. Convince me you are the best. Yeah. Harder. Faster. Right there, just like that. If you do this right, I might just fuck you 'til you can't move. Show me how good you are. Take it all."

Your words transport me to the zone. I work my mouth on your cock like this was all I was built for, all I was born to do. I could go on forever sucking you. The world disappears, and it's just me and you, just my mouth servicing your cock for as long as you want. I start to move faster, finding the rhythm of thrusts that will get you off, working my hand at the base of your dick in just the right motion. Your hips are moving involuntarily, and a litany of dirty words leave your mouth, becoming growling groans. You are guiding me to come down harder, take you in deeper, work my mouth on your cock 'til you come. Your dick thrusts deeper in my throat than I thought any dick could. Deep inside me as you spurt in fast thrusts of your hips. You control the rhythm completely as your orgasm thrusts into me, faster, deeper. Your final thrust almost knocks me off balance—it is so powerful—as you pump your cream into my mouth.

I slowly take my mouth off your cock and lick my lips, looking up at you. Your hand snakes down to grab the hair at the back of my neck and pull me up to face you. You whisper words of praise as you stroke my cheek, then my forehead above my nose. You pull me in for a kiss, gently at first, and then fiercely, biting my lip. You work your mouth down my throat, tongue the base of it, feeling the fluttering heart beat. You drag your teeth along the vein, biting, then sucking, then biting even harder. Your cock is brushing my thigh as you pull away from my neck to tongue my ear, wrapping my hair around your hand and pulling my head where you want it. I feel your breath as you whisper gruffly, "Come on, boy. Daddy's got a lot more he wants to do to you tonight."

## Willing

I SLAM HIM AGAINST THE wall. Bring out my knife. Whisper words across his skin, the steel teasing, tempting. Kick his legs apart. The blade ripping through his shirt, tormenting, aching to slice him open. Up close, breathing on his neck, teeth almost breaking skin. I step back, slapping, leaving a handprint on his cheek. My knife at his throat. My hand covering his mouth. My eyes on his. Feeding on his helplessness. Feeding on his fear. A slow smile creeping across my face as I begin. My fist driving into his pecs. My gloved hand slapping his face. His nipple twisted between my fingers, hot under my teeth. Turned over, face against the exposed brick of the wall. My fist on his back, methodical. My boot ramming into his ass. My open hand menacing him with slaps. My cock throbbing hard as I press into him and bite down on his shoulder, holding back, yet feeding on his pain. I ride with him as I pull out my tools, laying into his back...until I am ready to thrust the pain home with my quirt. Driving welts into his back, we soar together, gliding on his pain, his helplessness, my power, our pleasure. And when we are done flying, he is on the floor at my feet, tongue wrapped around my boot.

It will do. The beast inside me calls for flesh, for pain. He is demanding and relentless, and I barely keep him in check. It's better if they choose it. Want it. It adds a certain something that is indescribable and yet has become necessary to the meal. So I keep him sated



with sadism, feeding on fear and pain and sex and helplessness. Once, I was waiting for the willing—that illusive willing boy I might call my own. I no longer hope for him. He does not exist.

Now, I find boys at the Lure. Boys like this one, who want to open themselves to my tools. But sometimes that is not enough to take the edge off. Sometimes it just stokes the hunger. When the urge for blood becomes uncontrollable, even after play at the Lure, I return to Gomorrah, looking for those hungry eyes, the pulse in a boy's throat that shows he wants it. That's where I had to go tonight. It's hard to keep a straight face here, amidst the pretenders, the elitist pseudo vampires, the Stand and Model version of SM, the Sanguinarium, the followers of the Black Veil. So, it's a last resort, this feast of image and fantasy. When the beast must feed and pain is not enough.

I stride to a shadowed corner at Gomorrah and watch for food. The rhythm of the music brings a booming to my brain as my eyes slide along the flesh exposed, watching for that look, that swiftly beating pulse in his throat.

Whispers begin as I am glimpsed by the regulars, and I know all it will take is a crook of my head and a smoldering gaze. It's too easy here. I am not seen. I am simply a fantasy come true, made all the more fantastic by my refusal to be showy in dress or demeanor. A growl of disgust rolls through me. I choose my meat, an Asian trans guy with just enough eyeliner, black hair that keeps falling in his face, and a carefully trimmed beard. I draw him to me and lead him out to the alley. He thinks this is a quick fuck and drops to his knees. My hand grips him by that delicious hair and yanks him up, tossing him against the wall. I want to savor this meal. He needs to last.

I pull out my blade and show it to him. His eyes widen and he whispers, "My safe word is chocolate." I am surprised. Most who frequent the vampire fetish scene know nothing about real BDSM. These first words out of his mouth show that there may be more to this boy than I thought. I stand still, watching him. He is older than I had first surmised—at least 24. It's always hard to clock the age of trans guys. The little leather he wears is well-kept, his belt clearly conditioned, and his boots cared for by a loving hand. He is motionless,

knees slightly bent, shoulders back, offering me his chest. His pulse is not rapid, but his eyes eat up the knife, and his lips are slightly parted, as if all he wanted was to take my blade down his throat.

His eyes stay fixed on the knife as I move toward him. I tease his lip with the tip of it and then speak softly. "How black do you flag?"

His eyes stay on the blade. He swallows. "Very black. On the right, Sir."

"Is there anything I need to know?"

"I am healthy and strong. I'm trans and prefer to keep my jock on during play. My limits are animals, children, suspension, and humiliation, Sir."

"And blood, hm?" I am teasing. I know the answer. It is why I found him at Gomorrah and not at the Lure.

"Oh, please, Sir. I would gladly offer my blood."

"Why?"

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes a moment, and then opens them. The pulse in his throat starts racing, but his voice is calm and matter of fact. I tease my blade against his neck.

"I have been watching you a long time, Sir. I have seen how you play. I see the beast inside you. I know what is missing. Those boys at the Lure don't know how to give you what you really need. They don't see that they are barely feeding your craving and not touching your hunger. The boys here at Gomorrah don't see you. They just see their own fantasy. They are simply food. I am strong, Sir. Strong enough for you. I can be yours. My blood, my flesh, my sex, my service. Yours to take however you choose, for as long as you want. To slake your hunger. I would be honored, Sir."

I take a deep breath, stunned, studying him. This boy offered what I never really thought was possible. He has surprised me again. That alone shows that this boy is more than a meal. He just might be able to be all that he has offered.

I almost leave him there. I am ready to walk away. Fear creeps along my spine. With the centuries I have lived and the things I have seen, this boy is what scares me. There is nothing more terrifying than hope. I rake my eyes over him. He is standing quietly. He looks like

he could stand in that position for hours. He has said his piece and is content to wait for my response. Oh, he is more than food, this one. What a gift to offer a vampire. Can I refuse this offering when it's laid out before me? I step back, looking him over, and decide.

I breathe in possibility, watching the pulse in his throat. My senses heighten further as I focus my hunger on him, noticing the minute changes in breath, scenting him. I want to see him tremble. I want to smell his fear. I want to devour his pain, without holding back. Forget this public arena. If there is even a possibility that I might truly let go and move with the beast inside my skin, his growl on my lips and his claws grasping prey, I know exactly where I need to take this boy.

I put the knife away, pull the black handkerchief from his back pocket, and wrap it around his head, covering his eyes. He cannot see the way to where we are going. He has not earned that much trust. I grip him by the back of the neck and lead him to my bike. When I start the engine, its growl answers me, echoing off the walls of the alley. I take the long way, through twists and turns of the back streets, enjoying the wind on my face and the purr of the bike.

We are here. I ease him off the bike and lead him by the neck down the stairs into the lower level of the brownstone. It is a large soundproof room. There are no windows. It is one big tomb. Every detail is designed for my pleasure, down to the exposed brick wall installed for the simple gratification of slamming meat against it. This room is where I sleep and where I take my prey when I want privacy. Private play means I let my hair down and roam free, claws unsheathed. I leave him in the doorway and ready myself, breathing deep and freeing my hair. I strip off my shirt so I can feel it brush my lower back. It is my vanity, and I have worn it long for centuries, no matter the current fashion.

I keep him blindfolded and throw him against the wall. There is a ritual about it, beginning with a wall and a knife. It communicates the road we are on. He is trapped, nowhere to run. He is pressed against the wall and going to take any impact twice. It goes into his body, through it to the wall, and then, through the beauty of physics, the wall bounces it back into him again, driven in a second

time. He is facing danger, sharp edges. He could be torn open. He is pressed against something rough and hard. He is still. I am moving. He cannot see what's coming. My knife breaks the unspoken rules of knife play, and goes to places that feel forbidden and fraught with more danger than expected. And my knife shows my need. You can hear it in my breathing, feel it surge through my body. It travels the air in electric bursts of energy.

I play with it, toying with him, ramping my need up through his fear. I slap his face with the large blade. I run it along the top of his eye, just under the blindfold, teasing it against his eyelid, so he knows just how easy it would be to burst the eyeball. I fuck him with it, thrusting the tip under his jaw, not breaking skin, just teasing my cock to hardness at the thought of thrusting it deep. His breath is catching as I draw his lower lip down and slide the blade along it. My mouth swoops in out of nowhere and bites down on that lip, just barely breaking skin. This is a test of my control as I slowly lick the fruit I have exposed and growl deep in my throat. He is hypnotically delicious, his blood electric in a way that is familiar and yet surprising. I grip his throat in my hand, constricting his breath, watching his face, his mouth. I release his throat and watch him breath deeply. I grip his hair and tilt his head back.

"Keep your mouth open and still."

I start to tease it in, watching the large black blade slide into his throat. I exhale loudly. He is motionless for me, breath held, taking my knife. My cock jumps at the sight as I start to fuck his throat. *Mine*. This incredible wave of possessiveness roars through me as I thrust into him. And I want to see his eyes. I tear through the blindfold with my teeth, the blade still lodged in his throat, and meet his gaze. His eyes are shimmering, large, and full...full of what? I thrust in deeper, watching his pupils dilate with...is that joy? I can feel his heart race, see him struggle as he realizes he needs to breathe. He must exercise perfect control and not move his mouth or throat as he exhales and takes his first breath. Fear fills him. Not because he is afraid of the knife. Because he knows that it would displease me to draw blood when I don't intend to, and his whole being is focused

on pleasing me. He works to do it perfectly, and contentment washes over his face as he succeeds. I thrust deeper in appreciation, picturing his throat muscles working to avoid contact with the blade. Oh, this will be fun. I slide out of his throat.

I want my claws on his chest, now. I want to rip him open, expose him to my gaze, my teeth, my hunger. I want his blood on every tool in my possession. Now. I want to feast on him. I can feel the beast roll through my body.

Not yet. I want more pain to draw it out. I want to see if it's true. I want to know he can take my worst and still want more. I want to see his strength. That is worth delaying my feed. And postponing it will only make it sweeter.

I breathe deeply, focusing my senses as I walk slowly in front of him, inspecting him from every angle. He straightens his posture, easing into a position he can hold. I move close and grip his shirt, tearing it swiftly from his chest and tossing it onto the floor. That's what I want first. I throw my shoulder into the body slam and feel the electricity of our skins' contact. I am so close that I cannot resist sinking my teeth in and teasing myself. I bite deeply, barely avoiding breaking skin. Building connection. Making my cock throb. Drawing out my beast. I lift up and bite down, feeling his body shift with the pain, laying my mark on him. I claim him like this first. Begin how you wish to proceed. With fear and pain and teeth and sex all rolled together. I can feel the blood pulsing just at the surface, calling me. I bite down hard and thrust my cock against him. My low growl mixes with the slow soft moan that escapes his lips. I lift my head to meet his eyes and see that he has begun to fly.

I step back and begin my dance around him. Heaving my fist into his chest. My boot into his thigh. My open hand slamming down onto his pecs. I move rapidly, layering and shifting, gliding around him. Thrusting pain into him in unpredictable gusts of movement. Upping the ante. Ramming my boot into his cock, grinding the heel in, and watching his eyes. He is twirling high in the air, lips parted, offering himself to me. His eyes entreat me to use him. And I do. Exercising minute control, I coil into him, watching as he floats.

This is just the beginning. I constrict his breath, cover his mouth and nose, and thrust my teeth into his shoulder, feeling his heart against my tongue.

I lead him to the table and tell him to remove what he must to give me access to his ass. He takes off his pants and socks, folding them neatly and stacking them on top of his boots in the corner. He is wearing a simple leather jock. I order him face down on the table. He is quivering. *Mine*, I think again. And catch myself. I watch him, building on his fear, and remove my touch. There is only the knife sliding along him, forcing him to remain still. There is only the knife as silence lays on him like a blanket. I step away, moving quietly, and leave him alone. We will see how much he needs connection, how much fear I can build. *We will see*, I think slowly to myself, *how much distance I can tolerate*.

My play is usually about connection. About driving myself inside. About opening someone up to my gaze. My tools are up close and personal. Play is my source of connection, and I usually hurl into it, deep and hard.

I don't want to show myself yet. This must be done slowly. I want to see what he can do. I want to wait before I commit myself to what I have already thought. I will come to that on my terms, in my time.

I collect my favorite canes, needing air between us. Needing the sound that whips through the air and blasts into flesh. Needing controlled, careful cruelty. Canes are a special love of mine. It takes a lot for me to risk thin sticks of wood, easily broken to form deadly weapons. Canes are about my risk, too. Their simple existence menaces. Their joy is unmatched.

I line up my weapons on a nearby table, carefully. Thinking ahead, I select another item and place it softly on the table. I am ready.

I step back, allowing the necessary distance, and begin from stillness. I place my stripes precisely, just slow enough for him to get the full ripping effect of the bite. I lay lines of piercing sting, not holding back my strokes, saturating him with an invasive assault. There is nothing like the sound of a cane mutilating air, and he shivers at it. I can feel the fear rising off him like steam and breathe it in as my due.

I am unforgiving. It will never end. I can loom over him, layering slashes on skin, for eternity.

I am breathing deeply. This is meditative. And I realize, though there is air and space between us, I am attuned to his breathing. My cock swells at the almost imperceptible sounds he makes. We are connected. There is no breaking that. I know that he could be halfway across the country and I would feel the pulse of his blood. I smile at the thought, accepting it. I am ready. Ready to rend his skin with my teeth and tools. To break him open and take a good long taste. To unleash the beast roaming in my skin.

I feel an incredible calm at the roaring in my blood. A new calm. I can fully be who I am in this room, with this man. He is strong enough. And I trust him enough to risk. I pick up my belt and begin.

There are few tools I have a deeper connection with. I have had this belt since the 19th century and cared for it well. It is a part of me. An extension of my cock and my will. Nothing brings out my beast like my belt. Which is why I keep it at home and only use it on prey I am going to devour. Until now.

I explain this to him, watching him tremble.

"Please use me, Sir," is all he says.

*Mine.* Possessiveness washes over me. I double the belt and start slamming him with it, the welts rising rapidly. Vision begins to blur. This is all about sound and movement. My body senses where to strike. My blows hammer him into the table. I can feel a growl building in my throat as his scent shifts. My cock swells as I hurl the belt into his back in rapid crashing surges.

"Mine," I growl. "Mine to hurt. Mine to use. Mine to feed on. Mine."

The possessiveness rises in me, a tsunami cresting and breaking over him as I blast the belt into his back, rending his skin. Welts form on top of welts and break the surface. He is moaning as I howl, the beast fully in my skin and oh so hungry. I lay the belt across the back of his neck and crouch on the table above him, eyes focused on the gashes opening his back to me. I drop on top of him, rubbing my chest into the blood on his back.

I breathe the scent of him in and growl happily, "Mine."

I free my cock, swollen to bursting, and shed my pants. I will savor the first real taste. Right now, it's enough to smell it and feel it against my skin, and I know there is more for the taking. I rub it onto my cock, stroking it in as I close my eyes. I want inside, now. Want to rend him open. Thrust myself into him, bloody and hard. I want to tear his back open with claws and teeth, and feast.

I describe this to him, and he moans his consent. "Please, Sir," he says softly. "Please."

He is all want and need and crave, and where his hunger meets mine, we will crest. *Mine.* The word fills me, taking me over.

I thrust into him, my cock smeared in his blood, ramming into his ass for my pleasure. He is so open for me, so willing. His groans are loud and true as I fuck him, rubbing my face in the blood on his back. I grip his hips and stop, embedded in him. I can feel my claws extend right before I slash into his back, ripping him open. The blood flows freely, and I bathe my chest in it, bellowing as I hurl my cock into him. I wrap the belt around his neck, constricting his breath, my cock pounding him into the table, and I bite. Mulled wine. Spicy. Sweet. Tangy. I drink him down, savoring each gulp, thrusting steadily. I release his neck, hear his gasping breaths, and bite harder, feeding.

"Please, Sir," he manages in a throaty whisper.

I lift my head. "Please what, boy?"

This is the first time I have called him boy, and he whimpers at the sound of it.

"Please, Sir. Please may I come, Sir?"

I thrust into him hard and feel his ass grab me. "Mine. You are my boy. Mine to fuck. Mine to slash open. Mine to devour. Mine to mark. Mine to command. You may come when I sink my teeth into you again, boy. I want to hear it. Tell me you are mine, and then you may come."

I drive my cock into him, reaming him deeply, and rub my chest against his bloody back. I reach around to grab his cock, gripping it tightly and stroking it in quick bursts. I plunge my teeth into his shoulder. Gnawing him open. Snarling as I drink. My dick pumping into him.

"I am yours, Sir. I offer myself freely for your use. I am so glad to be yours, Sir."

I explode into him, storms crashing in huge tidal waves. Drinking and coming. Releasing myself and drawing him in. His ass clenches around me in spasms as he bursts, his body bucking and shuddering. I continue to feed. When his body calms, I am sated and ease myself out of him slowly. I take my time licking his wounds closed, savoring the taste of him. I pull him up into my arms, smiling.

"You are my boy. And I am proud to claim you as mine."

I gather him to me, holding him tight, and start imagining possibilities

## Ready

DADDY SAID I WAS READY for this. I trusted him, and yet...I didn't feel ready. I wasn't sure I'd ever feel ready. But I showed up anyway, knowing that part of what would get me through it was obedience, choosing to give myself to his will.

Some scenes change you. Sometimes you don't know they will until they have. Sometimes you can tell beforehand. I knew I would walk out changed that night. If I could just get through it. I could taste self-doubt in the back of my throat as I approached the garage. Could I do this, for real? Was I up for touching my fear of falling and all that was behind it? Could I really let go the way he thought I had it in me to do?

I was dressed as he told me to be, in my father's old clothes: a worn pair of boots that used to be his, which I had painstakingly restored; his old jeans; the belt that he had left hanging on the wall; and his old Harley T-shirt, faded and worn until it was a soft whisper of comfort on my skin. When my father left us, I pulled his belt off the wall, grabbed the old boots that he'd left in the back of the closet, and went searching through the laundry for his clothes. I can still hear the sound of his Harley driving away, can still see his long hair streaming behind him. I slept holding his clothes for six months. When I turned thirteen, I hid them away until I was old enough to wear them.

I wore only my father's clothes that night because that was what Daddy asked me to do, because it was part of letting go. I tried to stand tall and stop trembling as I stood in front of him in them. Daddy walked slowly around me, and the sound of his uneven gait on the concrete calmed me in its familiarity. His hand snaked out and unbuckled my belt, whipping it from my jeans, and he wrapped it around my wrists and forearms, securing me. I began to breathe, slow and even, my father's belt wrapped around me. Daddy knew exactly how to calm me and how to scare me. He made a delicious dance of it, and that dance was just beginning.

Daddy shoved me onto a chair and attached the belt to it. There is nothing that feels safer to me than bondage. Even if the rest is scary, if I concentrate on the sensation of being bound, I can make my way through it.

Daddy was looming over me, his large belly brushing against my head. He smelled so good, a musky sweaty scent mixed with oil and metal. That smell alone gets my dick hard—the smell that tells me a man has been working hard on a bike. It was clear he had. He was dirty as only a mechanic can get dirty, and I ached to suck the grease off his thick fingers.

Sometimes I think about Daddy and get so giddy knowing that I get to be his boy, that a scrawny faggot like me is lucky enough to be claimed by this big tough bear of a man. This was one of those times, as he rested a paw on my head and pressed my mouth against his stomach. Daddy was big enough to keep me safe, strong enough to hold all of me, cruel enough to give me exactly what I needed, and scary enough to keep me coming back for more.

At the moment when I relaxed into feeling safe, I heard it. That unmistakable buzzing noise that only clippers produce. I swallowed, lifted my eyes to his, and began begging. "Please, Daddy. No, please, don't do this. I can't take it, Daddy." I began to shake my head, frantic, until his grip tightened in my hair. I stared up at him, whimpering softly.

"You have to let go, boy. It's time. You are carrying so much in your hair, boy. I know it's hard. You've been growing it since your

father left. But it's time to let go of it. Ten years is long enough."

"I don't think I can do it, Daddy."

"You are ready, boy. And I'm right here with you. Daddy's right here. He's not going anywhere. You can do this."

I took a deep breath, staring into his eyes. They were resolute. He was not going to let me get out of this without safe-wording.

"Yes, Sir," I whispered.

The buzzing against my head was all I could hear as my hair began to fall. His hand was gripped in my hair tightly, holding me still, the clippers moving firmly across my scalp, as tears rolled down my face. I could feel his dick pressed against my neck, and then he moved around me, resting his knee on my cock as he pressed into me, shaving the front of my head. I sobbed into his belly, hands clenching, overwhelmed. It seemed like it was excruciatingly slow, and I closed my eyes tight, willing myself to breathe through it, trembling. Finally it stopped. Daddy ran his hand along my head and groaned. "You feel so good, boy."

He pulled out his dick and began rubbing it all over my head, growling.

"Damn, boy, you sure do get me hard. Just feeling that stubble against my dick makes me want to shoot."

Then Daddy rubbed his cock against my cheeks, soaking in my tears.

"That's my good boy. Get my dick wet with your tears."

He moved behind me and forced my head down, covering my mouth and nose with his greasy hand, taking my breath, as he thrust his dick along my head, groaning. My heart started racing. My head was filled with the scent of motor oil. I was trembling, desperate to please Daddy, struggling to breathe. He growled as he came, his spunk drooling onto my face, covering my head, and then he released my breath.

"Thank you, Daddy," escaped my lips within seconds. It felt so right to say it.

There was a click by my ear, and I went still. I knew that noise. It was Daddy's knife. It touched my lips, and they pursed to kiss the blade. Then I felt cold steel against my throat. My eyes were blurry,

my head full of fog, and I was frozen.

"Time to let go, boy."

That only meant one thing. He was going to cut off my clothes. All of me shouted no at once. He wasn't really going to do that for real, was he? But he did, even as I said no, over and over. He growled, "Yes," slicing the shirt off me. When it was done, he moved to the front to go after the jeans.

I yelled in his face, "How can you do this, Daddy? How can you be so mean to me?"

He pulled the shirt from my skin and stuffed it into my mouth.

"Scream all you want, boy. Scream as loud and as much as you want. Call me every name you can. I'm still going to be here."

I did, at the top of my lungs, screaming around the shirt, my mouth working to expel it, until I spit it in his face, cursing and yelling that he was a Bad Daddy, that I hated him, how could he do this to me. It eventually devolved into screaming repeatedly, "Why are you doing this to me, Daddy?" until I began to sob, my lungs struggling, my legs bare, the jeans gone into pieces, left naked except for the boots. He gathered me into him, unbinding me from the chair, holding me against his chest, letting me sob it out.

"Such a brave good boy," he whispered, then murmured repeatedly, "Daddy's here," until the mantra finally registered, and I attuned to it, my breathing following its rhythm. Daddy is home, and safety, and love. He is cruel and scary, and demanding, too, but that feels just like home, and somehow it's part of how I know he loves me. In some corner of my mind, I hold on to the fact that I asked him to do this to me, but part of his magic is that I do truly feel helpless to stop him, certain that he runs this small bit of universe that is ours, free to hate him and to please him because I know that he is in it for the long haul. He makes sure to remind me when we go deep, like we did that night, but I know it's true. I belong to Daddy, and he is here to stay.

He pulled me to my feet, pulled a lever, and I watched it lower from the ceiling, amazed. I knew just what it was. You see, Daddy doesn't ride anymore, not since his leg got fucked up in that last crash. He still works on bikes, builds them, repairs them. His last bike, a

sweet 40s style Harley he built himself, was never the same after that crash. Neither was Daddy. So he worked the bike into something else entirely, which he kept chained to the ceiling in his shop.

He had taken that bike he built and turned it into a sling. But not just any sling—one you lie in face down. It spreads your legs, gives you a seat to support yourself, and is built for four-point bondage. It has a chrome face piece that gives a perfect view of the shop below. I had never been in it, but I knew it was there, had watched him build it. It was his fantasy to imagine me riding it, floating above him, watching him work on bikes. He promised me that I would be the first to ride it, and had been waiting for me to be ready. He thought it was time.

Time to face the risk of remembering. Time to let myself reach for wholeness after that violent night. Time to ride my fear toward self-acceptance.

At fifteen, my queerness seemed branded on my skin for them to see, and that was how it had started, with taunts and accusations. Roger had been the one to start it, scared someone would find out that he let me suck his cock in the bathroom after the game the night before. I was used to the bullying, used to the isolation. But the first time I thought that I might not make it out alive was the night those queer-bashing assholes held me over the edge of that roof.

I stared at the bike sling. How the hell could I even consider doing this? Who would face his fear of falling this way? What was I thinking? My heart started racing. I could feel tension in my feet and calves, as running seemed like the perfect choice, the only choice. Who cares if I was naked, my arms tied behind my back with my father's belt? I had boots on. I could run fast in those. I tasted fear like metal in my mouth. How could he ask this of me? He knew why I didn't do this kind of stuff, knew what it meant that I had even considered it. He loved me. How could he ask me to do this for him? Did he actually believe I could do it?

Daddy stood behind me, his arms wrapped around me, hands clasped in the center of my chest, feeling the energy surge and build. I could hear his calm breathing, feel his breath on my neck, his chest



rise and fall against my back.

"I know you are afraid, boy. This is what courage is about. You can do this. Let me show you what it is to ride your fear. That's what it's like to be on a bike, feeling it move with you, part of you. No barriers between you and danger. All that power and courage under you, in you. Do this for me, boy. Let me teach you why I love this bike, even with all it took from me. Please, boy. Let me share this with you."

I couldn't breathe. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I leaned back into him. He rarely talked about the accident and had never said please to me before. He wanted me to give him everything, and in that moment, I was so full of love for him, so sure he saw me, so secure in his arms that I thought I might actually be able to do it, for real.

"Yes, Daddy," I said, my voice hoarse.

He let go of me, untied my arms, and attached cuffs to my wrists and ankles. It felt so good to feel the leather holding me, so safe. Then he moved toward the bike sling, holding it at waist level. I just had to get on. Okay, I could do that. Maybe. I tried some slow breathing, but my heart would not stop racing. I walked up to it and scrambled onto it, wiggled forward until my arms were in the right spot, my face settled. It was cold, chrome against my cheeks and chest, my cock pressed into the leather seat. He attached the cuffs and then let it go. All I could see was the floor, as the bike sling began to sway.

"No," I shrieked.

"You can do this, boy. I know you can. Breathe. And concentrate on the pain. It will help."

Then he hit me with something that felt like fire. I knew that sensation. Daddy had made this flail. The handle was the brake rod from that very same motorcycle. The tails were made from rim strips, rubber and evil. Daddy had made this tool as a way to honor his last ride, and the flail knew it, held all of that rage and pain and mourning in it. It was a path from him to me that fed me all of that, so that I could transmute it. That was my gift to Daddy, to take his pain and rage and sorrow, and transform it. He was right. It did help. All I could think about was taking it. Not the way the blows rocked the sling. Not the fact that I could fall. Just the fire eating into my

skin, opening me, moving through me. I was nothing but a receptacle for Daddy, taking everything he needed to give me, flying on that, knowing I was useful to him, that I belonged to him. I knew how to do this. I had a lot of practice, and that familiarity was what kept me from fighting to get free. When it stopped, I held my breath, smelling alcohol, feeling it cool on my skin. I was bleeding, and it felt right that I would be. I could feel the blood seeping down, and it was perfect.

"Now you can ride, boy."

I was rising higher, blinking my eyes open and watching Daddy get further away. He moved out of my line of vision, and I screamed, suddenly very aware of exactly where I was. Way too high up.

"I'm going to work on this engine, boy. When you hear it purr, that's when you get to come down."

He began to work then, as if I had nothing to say about this. He was right. I didn't. I was stuck up there without him. Alone with my fear. Fuck. Was I ready for this? I began to breathe faster until the movement of my body awoke the pain and it centered me again. Okay. I could do this for Daddy. Or at least I could try.

I was so high up. It was hard to look. I could feel myself swinging with the bike sling and gripped hard with my thighs, my heart in my throat. Then I was back there.

*Taunts ringing in my head, a litany of "sissey" and "faggot" in fearful laughing tones, twisted around the pleading coming from my own mouth, begging them to let me down. My body a bruise from what they had already done to it. The concrete edge of the roof was cold, and my head was swimming, dizzy with the possibility of falling, unbalanced, sure that if they let me go, I would fall and die. Faggot ringing in my ears as they hurt me and rammed themselves into me, and I begged them to let me live. Lying alone on that roof, naked and bleeding, with a tribute of spit and spunk on my skin.*

I lay there, trapped, facing the same sensation coupled with memory, nakedness, legs spread, fearing I would fall, spunk and blood on my skin, just like it had been. The memory circled around and around until I started noticing what was different now. I felt the smooth chrome against my face, looked down to find Daddy working

on that engine, felt the leather against my wrists holding me safe. The sounds were different. Their hands were not on me. I was alone. The words reached through that dark tunnel and found me, wrapped around me like bandages. *I choose this.*

I choose this man for my Daddy. I choose to face my fear. I choose to live. I choose to be a faggot. *I choose this.* Those boys may have tried to shame me for who I am, but Daddy loves me for it, wants me because of it. Daddy sees strength and courage in me for all I have survived and all I can do, where they only saw weakness. I choose this life, this fear, this rage. I make it mine. I may feel like my stomach is in my throat, but I'm still here, still facing it. I am no longer in high school, no longer hiding from my desire, no longer ashamed of who I am. I live my life every day as an out queer, and I'm not alone in that like I used to be. I would choose this any day over the closeted misery that queer-bashing asshole Roger is probably living. I choose to be a faggot.

I looked down at Daddy and felt so close to him. He trusted me enough to show me his need, saw into me, found courage I didn't think I had, and brought it out to show it to me. He asked me to ride the motorcycle that transformed his life and created a way for it to transform mine, too.

Daddy revved that engine down below, and I could feel my dick begin to swell. Then he looked up at me and held my eyes with his as he revved the engine again. I squirmed. Daddy put the engine aside and picked up the belt, my father's belt. He folded it over and snapped it. I could feel my eyes widen as my dick jumped at the sound. Daddy began to lower me toward him, the promise of pain in his eyes.

I came to rest level with his cock. The leather drove into me and I screamed. It was such an intense way to break that isolation. Daddy moved around to slide between my legs, his cock pressing against me, and began to beat me for real. He beat me with that belt as if he were possessed, ravenous, wanting my blood to splatter, aching to rip me open. There was intense violence in the air. It crackled with feral energy. I wanted this so bad. Wanted to bleed all over that belt tonight, mark it with my pride and transformation, claim it as mine.

"Tell me," he said.

The words caught in my throat.

He snarled, the belt slicing into my back.

"I'm your faggot, Daddy," I said hoarsely.

"Keep saying it, boy. After every stroke."

It was so hard to get the words out. So hard to breathe. Daddy growled as he beat me, and I said it, louder as I went on, until it started feeling right in my mouth. I was his faggot, and proud to be, and saying it repeatedly had reminded me of that, made it solid. I could feel the energy building as I said it, as if my words were filling the room, ready to explode at any second. He lay the belt along my back, pulled out his cock, slid on a condom, and lubed it up.

"Tell me that you want it, boy."

"Please fuck me, Daddy. I want you inside me, want your cock so bad. Please fuck your faggot, Daddy."

"Lick that chrome for me, boy."

I began to lick it. It was cold and tangy. Tears rolled down my face until I was tasting them along with the chrome, the salty metal taste of fear and desire rolled together. Would he leave me aching like this forever? He began to beat me again, and I shuddered, licking chrome for all I was worth, whimpering.

"That's my good boy. I know it tastes so good. Lick Daddy's bike right."

He lay the belt down on my back again and slid into me, all slow like he wanted to savor it. Then he picked up the belt, his cock deep in my ass still, claiming me. The belt drove into me again, pain making me contract around his cock.

"I'm your faggot, Daddy," I said into the chrome, then kept on licking as he pulled back and began to ram me with his cock.

"That's my good boy. Keep telling me. Don't stop saying it."

It was hard to focus—his cock felt so good—but I needed to do what Daddy said, so I tried to concentrate on saying the words for him, a muttered harmony to his own words that just kept dancing around my own.

"Such a good hole for Daddy. Such a good faggot hole. That's

what you are. Daddy's hole to fuck. You love getting your ass fucked, don't you faggot? It's exactly what the boy needs, so he can't forget who he is. My faggot. My hole. That's it, boy. Grab onto my cock. Work it, faggot."

I kept saying it over and over for Daddy, wanting to be good, losing track of everything, except for the words in my mouth and the words in my ears and his dick in my ass. He began to rock the bike sling, slamming me onto his cock.

I screamed the words for him: "I'm your faggot, Daddy!"

"Yes you are, boy. That's it. Ride Daddy's cock. Such a good faggot. I need you, boy. Need to fuck you, and scare you, and claim you. Need to eat your fear, savor your rage, drink your tears. Give it to me."

I screamed the words at him, heart racing as I felt like I was falling onto his cock, so angry that he would do this, screamed my rage through those words, my cock aching.

"Daddy!" I sobbed. "I'm your faggot, Daddy. I'm your faggot."

He jacked me onto him, growling. "Yes, boy. You are my faggot hole to fuck, and you feel so damn good. Come for me, boy. Let me feel you come around my cock. Don't forget to say the words as you do it."

"I am your faggot, Daddy," I groaned, my cock bursting, sobbing.

I kept murmuring the words as he rammed my hole onto his dick. I was floating, flying, just his faggot hole, and so glad to belong to him, to be used by him. Wanting to help him come, aching to feel him spurting into me, wishing he wasn't wearing a condom, wishing I could feel his come deep inside me, ingest it, take it into me.

"Please, Daddy. Please come in my ass. I'm your faggot hole, Daddy. Please fill your faggot hole."

Daddy growled, grabbing the sling and moving it quickly, slamming me onto his cock. I screamed, sobbing, begging him to come, wanting his come so bad, fear tasting like chrome in my mouth. He snarled as he rammed his faggot hole onto his dick. I shuddered, so glad to feel his cream spurting, taking it in.

"That's my good faggot," he said.

He released the bondage and brought me down slowly, holding me, rubbing my freshly shaven head, licking the tears from my cheeks. I felt lighter, like I was filled with bubbles, and yet more solid, taller. I met his eyes.

"Thank you, Daddy."

"You are most welcome, boy. I'm glad we waited until you were ready. It was worth it, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy."

I fell asleep that night in his arms, his naked chest against my back, cuddling his T-shirt.

## What I Need

I NEED TO BE INSIDE you. This minute. No waiting. No preparation. Fuck taking off any clothes. Fuck finding an appropriate place. Fuck finishing this conversation. I need to pull my dick out of my pants and be inside you immediately. I am ravenous for you, need to have you, selfishly, focused on my urgency, aching to take exactly what I need from you right this second. I need to stake my claim in you, on you, grab what's mine. Possess you thoroughly, ruthlessly, immediately. And I can, because you are mine. You chose this two years ago, and keep choosing it every day.

I push you to your knees, take out my cock, and ram it down your throat. Fuck the niceties. I need to be deep inside you right away, and I am there, feeling your throat convulse around me, growling, telling you to choke on my cock, to take it for me. I have my hands wrapped in your hair and I fuck your face, watching you work to take my dick, reveling in the sight of tears in your eyes. I take your breath with my cock—your nose stuck in my belly, my dick down your throat—and watch you struggle, your eyes huge, tears rolling down your cheeks. I pull back just a bit to free your breath and yank up my shirt as I take your breath again, my cock blocking your throat. I don't pull up my shirt often. I'm the kind of trans stone butch that usually fucks with all my clothes on, but I want to feel your tears on my skin. My hunger for that is stronger than my need to be completely covered, at least

right in this moment, and I know how you see me.

My stomach is jammed against your nose, allowing you no air. I savor it, the control I have over you in this moment, and wrap my hands into your hair, pulling it as I feel you gasp around my cock. Then I let you breathe again, pulling out for a moment to slap you across the face with my dick, watching your mouth form the words, "Thank you, Sir."

I slap you in earnest, hard on the face, with my cock, then the back of my hand, repeatedly, each time upping the intensity. I thrust into your throat, feeling you choke on my cock, telling you to take it for me, be good for me. I groan and grip your hair tightly, ramming your mouth onto me, closing my eyes, savoring the feel of being deep inside you. I work my boot between your legs and grind it into you, meeting your eyes and watching them fill with pain, my dick muffling any noise you might make. I ride your throat hard, my boot grinding in time with my strokes, fresh tears falling on my fat belly and making my cock even harder.

It's not enough. I pull out of your throat and push you onto your back with my boot, moving around you, kicking your arms, your thighs, your crotch. I circle you, thudding into you with my boots, feeling the energy rise, riding it. I want you breathless and aching, deep in your helplessness, desperately wanting to please. You thank me repeatedly, your voice intensifying as I build into harder blows. You are breathing rapidly, and your eyes are wild. You can sense how feral I am in this moment, and I can smell the delicious bursts of fear in you. I stop abruptly and place my boot on your face. Your entire body freezes. This is exactly what we both need, and I am intensely aware of how perfect it feels. I breathe into the moment and hold it. This is sacred and right, and there is no rushing. Everything stills.

"Mine," I say quietly.

"Yours, Sir," you reply.

I can feel the smile slide across my face. What a joy it is to be here with you, to take you in this way. I am so full of love for you that I can feel it bursting from my skin, my chest opening and pouring it onto you, soaking you in it. I want to roll around in it with you, my

skin slick against yours. As I think of this, I can feel the hunger build again, the urgency surge, and I am out of patience.

I pull you to your hands and knees, yank down your pants, lube up my cock, and work it into you, feeling your body resist, pushing my way inside, opening you for my pleasure. I growl, holding myself deep inside you, and bite down hard on your back, working your flesh between my teeth. I strip you of your shirt, keeping my cock exactly where I need it to be, and then yank mine over my head. Then my skin is on yours, and it feels so fucking good that I howl in exultation. It feels exactly perfect to be inside you, my big belly against your back, my nipples rubbing against your skin, my bare arms wrapped around your chest. I can be bare-chested in this moment, trust that it won't change my gender in your eyes, that you won't expect this to happen again. So much of my skin never feels the air, much less the feel of skin against it. It is so intense it hurts, just to feel you with my whole chest.

I am surrounding you and inside you, and I want to stay like this forever, to never let you go, to hold you close for eternity, my teeth embedded in your skin, my dick buried in you, reveling in the feel of you, knowing that you are mine.

My selfish cock begins to throb. It does not want to be still. It wants to ram into you, make its mark inside you, and it is insistent. I lift my teeth off of your back and grip your shoulders, fucking you with all of my strength, reaching as deep as I can go with my cock, wanting you to taste it.

"That's it. Take it for me."

I reach around to touch you in exactly the way I know gets you off, wanting to feel you gripping my cock as you come.

"Oh, thank you, Sir," you say repeatedly, your voice desperate. I pull out of you, flip you onto your back, and ram into you, needing to see your face as I make you come, my hand insistent. I fuck you as hard as I can, watching your eyes as I stroke you, telling you I need you to come for me.

Your mouth purses around your gratitude. It is delicious to watch, as your eyes can no longer hold mine, and I feel you grip my cock as

you come. I begin to rub my chest against yours, reveling in the feel of it, rolling around in your desire and obedience. I lean in and take your nipple in my mouth, feeling you shudder around my cock, your desire spiking again, before you were ready for it, and you cry out, "Please, Sir," and begin to whimper. I build you up again, taking your nipple between my teeth, teasing it with my tongue, and begin to jack my cock into you minutely, staying as deep as I can, just a slight movement in time with my mouth as I suck you off. I want to feel you come again, and I tell you so, my mouth never leaving your nipple. I tell you to come for me and that I need to hear it.

Your sounds are desperate and mixed with sobbing, and I reach up to soak your tears into my hand and rub them on my chest. You feel amazing around my cock, and I am shuddering inside you, savoring it. I am suddenly aware of the bareness of my chest—that you can see me. My vulnerability swells up into my throat. I fill with the need to show you I'm in control. You are mine to take as I choose. I feel myself hardening all over, my jaw clenching. I can tell the beast of my sadism is showing in my eyes because your breath catches and I can scent your fear.

I begin to ram into you, slamming you into the floor, my hands holding you down, my eyes fierce against yours. I growl as I fuck you, my hips moving quickly. It is not about you, and you can feel that. This is about me, my pleasure, my need. I fuck you into the floor, my eyes hungry as I hold your gaze, my hands gripping your wrists tightly. I take exactly what I need from you, urgency filling me, growling constantly, my nails digging into your flesh, twisting it, taking you, my cock relentless inside you.

"Mine," I snarl. "Mine to fuck as I choose. Mine to feed on." This is your moment to refuse, the ritual words giving you an out if you want one. It helps assure me that you want this, too. Sharing blood is such an intense claiming. We affirm this every time.

"I'm yours, Sir. Please feed on me, Sir."

My hand grips your hair, holding you still, watching the fear in your eyes spike. I clean a patch of skin on your chest and cut you open for me, watching the blood spill onto your skin and mine, coming

at the sight of it. Before you can even breathe in against the pain, the blade is gone and my mouth is on the wound, licking it rapidly, my cock ramming you, coming inside you, still so hard all the way through and beyond my orgasm. I am feeding on you, claiming you, twisted around you with all my might, holding you in me and into me, as I pound as far into you as I can go, filling you up.

"Mine," I growl against your skin as I feed on your blood. "Mine."

My nails grip your shoulders tightly, driving into your skin, my cock fucking deeper, ruthless, my teeth grazing the wound, savoring the coppery taste of you. I can feel your blood getting all over my face, still seeping between us, making us slick and messy. I am exactly where I need to be, hitting so many of my hungers all at once, and I am shuddering, my hands convulsing on your skin, my entire body overcome with how amazing it is to be inside you, to feel your skin wet against mine, to be feeding on your blood, to be so deeply connected to you.

I lift my face from the wound to meet your gaze, and your eyes widen at the sight of your blood all over my face, the word "please" escaping your lips. I nod and lean down to rub as much of my skin against yours as I can get, rolling around in your blood and sweat, soaking in your orgasm as it racks your body. I drop my weight onto you and roll around in us, laughing with you as we savor the feel of skin against skin, slicked by blood and sweat. We are tied so tightly together, and it feels good and right, and it's exactly what I need. I thrust my tongue into your mouth as I rub against you, my nipples catching yours. I order you to come for me and watch the tears start, your sobs ramping me up, knowing you are overwhelmed with the intensity and so grateful for me forcing you to do this one more time. The pain slides across your face and I revel in it, leaning my face against yours to catch your tears on my cheek. Your hips thrust as you come, and it sets me off in a long mind-wracking orgasm, my entire body shuddering, the energy built so high it explodes out of the top of my head.

"Thank you, Sir. I love you," you whisper against my shoulder, your arms wrapped around me, holding me as I come. We float

together for a good long time, holding each other, our bodies stuck together, wrapped up in each other. I savor the feel of you next to me, your skin against mine. When we are back on earth together, I meet your eyes and hold them, smiling.

"You are so good for me. You feed me in exactly the ways I need. I am proud to claim you as mine."

You nestle close to me, place your hand on the center of my bare chest, my hand holding you in the center of your back. We hold each other, content to be connected, safe and close, intertwined.

## Dancing for Daddy

LYING ON THE BED, FURTIVE glances at the door, the room dark and warm. Flushed, embarrassed, secret. Nervous, fumbling, even a little scared, my hand reaches down to stroke. Senses heightened. Breath quickening. Staying quiet. Finding a good spot, my eyes widen with the discovery. They drift closed, my vigilance lessens, and my breath becomes audible.

I have been ordered to do this. I consented to this. I know what is coming. And yet I am able to find headspace and actually do forget to fearfully watch the door. I become nine years old, discovering my own body. My adult body forgotten, I actually feel nine, my breasts budding, growing pains in my calves. I feel small, secretive, like my body is not quite my own. The helplessness and vulnerability are delicious, and I thank the universe again for introducing me to age play.

It took a long time for me to reach this point. Being genderfluid, I explored age play as a boy first. It didn't have the same risks, didn't feel as close. A sexual abuse survivor, it is a very loaded thing for me to play as a girl because I was abused as a girl. There is always the possibility of memory, of real-life trauma intruding. I must have intense trust in the person I am playing with.

I trust my Daddy, trust that she will push me, will be good to me, will stop if I need it, will care for me if I fall apart. I trust that she is not like the ones who abused me, that she's not out to destroy



me, but in this for our mutual pleasure. I trust that she will create a safe space for me to be a little girl, just as she trusts me to create a safe space for her to be a Daddy. Part of why we do this is about gender, about that special magic where we each are seen and desired in our complex genders.

It is a strange thing to deliberately choose this. But then so much of sexuality, and especially BDSM, is strange. We are truly perverse, those that choose this. And we fly so high. The danger, the triggers, give this sort of play a charge. It's electric and exciting and scary as hell. And I love it.

My nine-year-old hand explores and strokes. Eyes closed, I am focused on the sensation. It is so sweet. Heart racing. Skin flushed. I have forgotten everything but this moment of discovery that I get to replay in a safe space. It is beautiful. I miss the sound of the door creaking, the boots on the floor. I am lost in myself until I hear her voice and feel the light against my eyelids. I go completely still and look at her fearfully.

"What are you doing, princess? No, don't stop. Show Daddy what you're doing. Yes. That's it. Let me see."

My face flushed, I start stroking again. The tendrils of shame twirl around the pleasure, teasing into it. My eyes are locked open, watching her closely.

"Yes, princess. That feels good, doesn't it?" Her velvet voice strokes me softly. "Yes. You like that, don't you, princess? Show Daddy how much you like that. No, don't stop. Be a good girl for me."

The shame intensifies with my stroking. Her eyes shift, and fear teases at the edges as her hands move.

"You're making me so hard, princess. See what you are doing to Daddy?"

I nod slightly, the fear starting to take root, my breath quickening.

"You're going to be good for me, aren't you, baby girl? You're going to be a good little slut for Daddy. I know you like this. You want Daddy to fuck you, don't you, princess? You made Daddy so hard just watching you play with yourself. Only sluts do that. Only sluts feel what you are feeling right now. You want to be so good for me, don't

you? Are you going to be a good little slut for me?"

I am confused, frightened, exhilarated. I don't want to stop. It feels so good. Her naming of me starts to reach into me and feel right. My voice caught in my throat, I nod helplessly. *I am a slut. I am your slut. I want to be good for you, Daddy.*

"My private slut. That's what you are. Isn't that right? Oh, princess, I'm going to make you feel so good. You're going to love it when Daddy fucks you."

The light is extinguished. I can hear her breathing, her boots approaching. My hand is still stroking. Her hand clamps down on my mouth. Her breath hot in my ear. Her body pressed onto mine.

"Remember to be quiet, princess. You don't want to wake up Mommy. This is our special time."

The words are classic, basic. They should not work as well as they do. But they reach into my throat and twist fear into my being. Afraid. Excited. Shamed. Special.

The words are charged for me. Daddy knows just what to say. They are charged for her, too. She watches my eyes after she calls me princess, sees the struggle and intensity, and feeds on it. She knows which words will reach in and hold me.

She plays me beautifully. Her private show. My psyche a toy for her pleasure. Her eyes take it all in. Her cock so hard. Watching helplessness drift into my eyes. Watching fear tighten my mouth. Watching vulnerability intensify the pulse in my throat. She draws out a symphony of soft gasps and whimpers with her words and hands. I am her toy, and I offer myself willingly. I am here to please her.

Her weight is a piano on my chest. She looms over me, presses into me. Her large hands spreading me open. Her hot mouth on my flesh. The short nightie that my Daddy laid out for me to sleep in is lifted up over my head, left tangling my arms. I flush, trying to hide, a wave of shame washing over my exposed body. My eyes dart back and forth, looking for exit. My head fills with the word "NO," and I hear it drop from my lips.

Her eyes grab mine fiercely. "Shut the fuck up."

Breath quickening, I know I can say word. I am so glad to be able

to freely say no and have it ignored. I don't want her to stop. I shut the fuck up.

Her voice softly coaxes as her hand plays with my clit. "You don't want me to stop, do you, princess? It feels so good. You love being good for me, don't you? I'm going to make you feel so good. Be good for me, baby girl. Be Daddy's little slut. Yes. That's it. Breathe for Daddy. Such a good little girl you are. Be good for Daddy. You make me feel so good, princess. Daddy's going to fuck you now. Daddy's going to reach inside that tight little pussy of yours. You're going to love being Daddy's private whore." Her voice turns colder with the last few words, and fear leaps at my throat. She revels in the sight of it in my eyes, and a slow smile creeps across her face as she slides her cock into me.

Some piece of me notices it is lubed and condomed, and marvels at her skill in doing so without me knowing. She knows that Daddy wants her little girl too much to be bothered with lube and condoms. She also knows that my adult self would never consent to sex without them. This notice is momentary. My headspace is strong, and her cock is large for me even when I am feeling adult. In a child's headspace, it is gigantic, and I am so afraid she is ripping me open.

"Please, Daddy. It's so big. It hurts, Daddy. Oh, my god. It's too big, Daddy."

"Take it."

Those two words, the evil smile, and her deeper thrust send me over the edge. Helpless. Scared. Vulnerable. Ashamed. The tears start flowing, and she soaks them in as her due.

"Yes, princess. That's it. Cry for Daddy. Yes. It feels so good to be inside you, princess. Yes. Be a good girl for Daddy. Give me all your tears, princess. Daddy's going to fuck all your tears out."

Her words free me to cry. The release is so huge. I am still sobbing as she starts moving in me.

"You going to dance for Daddy, princess? You're going to dance on my cock, aren't you? Yes, baby girl. Be a good slut for Daddy. You love it when Daddy fucks you, don't you, slut? You love Daddy's dick inside you. Yes, princess. Be Daddy's private

whore. This is what you need. Daddy's dick deep inside you."

Her cock huge inside me. I feel so small. Nothing makes me feel as small as Daddy fucking me as I cry. I am shaking and sobbing as she rams into me, taking me. I am her little girl. Her toy to fuck. Her little slut. Her private whore. The words are a litany in my head: *Daddy's private whore. I am Daddy's private whore. Nothing but a whore for Daddy. Daddy's hole to fuck.*

The idea is freeing as much as it is frightening. I am sinking deep into subspace, truly becoming hers. A calm washes over me. This is who I am. Daddy's little slut.

"Such a good slut you are. You love Daddy's cock, don't you, princess. You love being a slut for me. Don't you. *Don't you?*"

Her voice insisting I answer. Insisting I name the most shameful part of all: that I love it when Daddy fucks me, when Daddy hurts me. I love being a slut for her. Tears freshen as the hated words emerge.

"Yes, Daddy, I love your cock."

"You are my whore, aren't you?"

"Yes, Daddy. I am your whore."

"Only mine. My private whore. Right, princess?"

"Yes, Daddy, only yours. I am your private whore."

"There's my good girl. Dance for me. Dance for Daddy. Yes. Dance on my cock. That's right. Touch yourself for me, princess. Play with yourself as I fuck you. Doesn't it feel so good?"

Daddy watches my eyes as pleasure washes over me. It's building so intense that it scares me. The intensity of Daddy/girl play is so high for me. I know I can't come without Daddy's permission. I start whimpering. I am so close. My eyes beg Daddy's permission. She watches my helpless whimper with a smile as she jams her cock into me rhythmically.

"Yes, my sweet baby girl...that feels so good. I love fucking my baby girl. Driving my dick into your tight pussy. You love it, don't you, darlin'. Yes. You're going to be a good little princess and take all of Daddy's come, aren't you?"

She stops moving, looks into my eyes. Waits. Eyes pleading, I desperately hope she won't push it. And hope even more that she will. It's one thing for her to call me princess. That resonates deep. But for

me to name myself as Daddy's little princess...that's edge for me. I look into Daddy's eyes...hoping. I stay completely still, except for my hand stroking my clit. Her cock throbs so deep inside me. My orgasm builds. My eyes plead. My hips start moving on their own. Her words resonate in my head: "You're going to dance for me, aren't you? You're going to be Daddy's good little princess and dance on my cock." My whimpers grow louder.

"Yes, sweetness. Dance for Daddy. Be my good little princess. Dance on my cock. Such a good girl you are. You're Daddy's good little princess, aren't you?" Her eyes grab hold of mine and demand everything from me. "Aren't you?"

My sobs grow loud. I am helpless with my desire to come. I am helpless against Daddy's cock. Helpless as she is relentless. I dance for her. I can't help it. The words escape my lips before I truly decide to give her everything. I just suddenly do. "Yes, Daddy. I am Daddy's good little princess." I am sobbing, desperate to come.

"Come for me, baby girl. Come for me as I fill your tight little pussy with my come. And you're going to take it all and not stop coming until I tell you to. Yes. That's it. Come for me."

I can't stop. I am shaking uncontrollably. I dance on Daddy's cock as she pumps her cream into me. I sob and whimper and moan as quietly as I can, coming and coming and coming for Daddy, just as she told me to. There is nothing that brings me deeper into helplessness than orgasm control. I love it. My body is truly hers. I spurt all over Daddy's cock and come for her joyously.

"That's it, princess. Yes. Such a good girl you are. It feels so good, doesn't it, darlin'. Dance for me. Dance on my cock. Okay, princess. You get one more orgasm, and that's it for now." She presses down hard on my clit. "Come." And I do. I am trembling and tiny and curl up into Daddy as she strokes and soothes me with hands and words.

"Such a good girl you are. You pleased Daddy very much. I am so proud of you, baby girl. You were so good for me."

I love being Daddy's girl. I love dancing for my Daddy. I smile contentedly as she strokes my hair and murmurs in my ear. I dance off into dreams with Daddy's arms wrapped around me, keeping me safe.

## A Large Full Meal

For B.

KNIVES GET TO ME LIKE nothing else. I'm one of those tops that likes to start with a knife and a wall and go from there. To trap my prey, cornering him with my body and my blade, until the wall is at his back and he is stuck facing my bulk and my knife. Because knives get me hard, instantly. There is this electric metal taste that seeps into my mouth as adrenaline starts pumping in tune to the movements of the knife in my hand. We play that adrenaline together, and I find myself soaking up the steely scent of it, sliding my tongue along skin to taste it, licking up metallic sweat.

So, it is not surprising that he got to me, and I came face to face with the fiercest animal need I have ever experienced. But, damn, did it catch me by surprise.

A few months earlier, I had caught his eye at a sex club, but we both were busy at the time. I grinned when I saw him in the hallway at the queer conference that morning, telling him that I hoped I would see him at my workshop. I saw him there later in the day, sitting up front, holding my gaze as I spoke, a wicked smile on his face. That evening, I was roaming the halls when I spotted him again. He was giving an impromptu lesson on cruising gay men to a couple of eager young trans fags.

"It's all about the body language," he explained. "See, in gay men's

community, touch is a primary mode of communication. Say I think that guy is cute."

He raised his brows at me as I was walking slowly past him. I turned slightly to catch his eye and cocked my head, pausing, eyeing his ass.

"So, I'd body up to him from behind, see?"

And he did, slowly. I could feel his breath on my skin.

"And then I'd wait," he said.

I moved back slightly, completing the contact. He wrapped his arms around my waist, settling in behind me, resting his chin on my shoulder. Even from behind, I could tell his bulk was mostly muscle.

"See how I waited for him to complete the contact before I wrapped my arms around him? It's all about the subtle signals. Now I bet if I trailed my hand along his arm and tilted my head he'd follow me. We wouldn't need to say a word."

He was right. I followed him. Into the single-stall, all-gender bathroom and locked the door.

I play hard. It is the only way to play. And I had a live one that night. A fellow top who, by the grace of the gods, had decided I was worthy. His strength was glorious, his power immense, and I was playing with someone who absolutely could take me physically if he chose. Our play was premised on his continual consent. There is nothing hotter than a faggot who owns his desires, especially desires that rarely get fulfilled.

It began with touch. His large body against mine. My hands reaching around him and gripping the back of his neck. I was reading his response, his eyes. That's when I knew he wanted to be under me.

I pinned him to the wall and focused on pounding, on reaching into his skin to find the man underneath. This man with a wicked sense of humor, a twisted intelligent brain, and an incredible level of psychic and physical strength. I kept driving my body into his, grabbing him. I was determined to find him. With firm hands, with pounding fists, with skin grasping his. I wanted to learn him, know his body, devour him. He was no snack. He was a large full meal. All that strength and power, all that delicious desire. And the most jolting

green eyes that just opened to me as if it were effortless.

When I play, it can be about fear. Or about helplessness, or exposure, or shame. This was none of that. This was about hunger and faggotry. About wrapping my big body around him, slamming it into him, grabbing for him under his skin. It was raw and hard, this incredible gift that still awes me.

I was ravenous for him. I could feel the hunger building. It kept driving me forward, crashing into him, with thighs and fists and gut. As we played and more skin got exposed, my hunger deepened. And then, as I was sitting on him and punching his thighs, he bit himself to hold back a scream, driving his body up until he was sitting, his eyes holding mine. Those stabbing green eyes. Eager and hungry. Opening. Full of pain. Offering. I could smell the blood in his mouth. I could almost taste copper in the back of my throat. My hunger leapt to a new level.

I needed to slow things down a notch, to ease off, or I would gorge myself, out of control. Sadism sometimes works like that for me. It is a beast inside me, usually caged, and this was tempting food in front of me. I was holding the leash on my beast tightly, but it was a battle.

This was an entirely different sort of meal in front of me, and it roused a different sort of hunger. So. It was time to back off just a bit. My hands were searching his body for something to hold on to. And then they found his knife.

If he was anything like me, he was rarely found without his boots or his knife. That's what it is to move around the world as a visibly queer person, especially for us visible non-gender-normative queer folks. You carry your power in your stance, your walk, the way you hold your head. You wear your tools, prepared to fight for your life if you need to. And to fuck exactly how you love to. Life is too short for us. We seize opportunities as they come.

If I wanted to use his knife on him, I needed to pay it the respect it deserved. I touched it gently and asked permission. And received it. This was a very nice knife. Sharp. Large for a carrying knife, just this side of legal size. Well made. With that delicious snapping sound

upon opening. I let him know I found it so. Another way to show respect, to honor the man I was playing with.

A knife would help me slow down. A knife would require precision and very minute movement. A knife would demand the kind of deliberate intent that would gear up my higher brain and give me what I needed to rein in this feral appetite.

I began exploring his skin with it. Savoring the stillness it brought. Sliding it along his flesh, I held my face close so I could watch for minuscule shifts and smell his skin. I concentrated all of my attention on the flesh under the knife, learning him in this new way. I moved it up to his throat, his cheek, his lips.

That's when he did it. I had paused with the knife barely touching his lip, still. First, he opened his mouth and tongued his way up the blade. Then he lifted his head slightly, opened further, and gradually sucked it in, leaving his mouth open so I could see it inch its way into him, sinking slowly until he had taken it all. I groaned and had to concentrate all my focus on keeping the knife still.

If I close my eyes, I can still see it. That wide soft tongue stroking the blade. That mouth reaching for it, opening to it, taking it in eagerly, making every centimeter count. I could almost come right now just from thinking about him devouring his own knife.

At the time, it short-circuited my brain. All I could think about was slamming my cock into his mouth. Everything that had been focused on sadism was suddenly focused on sex. It was like a switch had been flipped in my head. I growled in his ear, and that delectable dirty mouth growled back, telling me how much he wanted me to use him, to take what I needed from him. I was consumed by impatience. And he could see it in my eyes. It made him smile in a completely new way.

I know I did other things to him before I fucked him. I have a memory of holding the knife against his eyeball, which is one of my favorite things to do with a knife. I have a memory of bending him over the sink and driving my upper thigh and knee into his ass and crotch in a way that was really just about a pounding hard fuck. I remember my hand in his mouth, his tongue driving me up the wall with need.

I started coming back when he was massaging my hand and wrist. They don't have much stamina anymore, and massages help extend that. His strong hands were gripping me, stroking my skin, pulsating along my muscles. It felt like this exquisite handjob. His mouth lit up with a wicked grin when I told him so, and he exaggerated the movements as he held my eyes. I was jolted to clarity for just a second in that moment: My hand was my cock. My cock was in charge. And all it wanted was to be inside him. Then I disappeared into need again.

It is mostly a blur. Because my head did not clear until I was driving into him, giving him the hardest most relentless fuck I could. Opening him up for my pleasure. Taking everything he offered.

I can feel his thighs gripping me. I can see his face as I slam into him with my hand. I can smell sex on his skin, even now.

I was devoured by my own need. So filled with impatience that the idea of waiting five minutes while I strapped on my cock just did not make any sense at all. I wanted inside him, instantly. Once I was there, it was like riding a bronco, my muscles spasming, his thighs holding on to me, standing up to get more leverage so that I could pound him deeper.

I was reaching into him with all my might, and all the while his mouth was spewing some of the hottest smut I have ever heard. Every word made my cock pulse until it felt like I was slamming my hand and my cock into him all at once. As if I had found him with all of my need. And that thought was what made me come as he growled and his thighs locked on to me with all their incredible strength. He milked me that way, groaning as he came, holding me in exactly the spot that we both needed me to be.

Afterward, I continued to reach for him, to hold him to me. And we stayed wrapped around each other for a long time, neither wanting to move.

It sounds like an old queer joke. What happens when you get two transmasculine faggot tops alone in a bathroom? A very wild ride. One I will never forget.

## Compersion

IT'S CALLED "COMPERSON." A DYKE friend who teaches classes on open relationships taught me the word for it. *Compersion*. It even sounds dirty. She said that the kind I do is called erotic compersion: when you get off on watching your partner fuck someone else. I'm not just a voyeur—I don't get off nearly the same way watching strangers go at it—but when I watch Abe bottom, I get this intense charge. It's one of the quickest ways to get me hard, and he knows it.

He calls it "showing off for Daddy." He likes to show off for me. It gives him the opportunity to make me proud and get me off all at once. He picks tops that are wired like me, ones who get off on tears, fear, control, and pain. Because he loves to play that way, but also because he knows that it will give me a good show. He knows that watching him cry as he gets fucked is sure to make me come.

He had a special treat for me that night, had been putting it together for weeks. He set up my favorite chair, my Daddy chair, so that I could see everything. He had even thoughtfully provided a footstool, toilet, and come rag in the form of Sam, a boy who I had been hot for ever since I met her three years ago. She breathed in gay leather culture like she needed it more than air and was so fucking eager to prove her faggotry. She was just my type of fag: tough and hungry, with meat on her bones, a stubborn chin, and fire in her eyes. I was going to savor this scene with her, wring every drop I could from it.

Sam was a dyke boy in service to a trans fag couple, Marcus and Franklin, who always topped together. Abe had been lusting after them for as long as I had been eyeing Sam. He could not hide his cat-got-the-cream grin as he showed them around. He wore his eagerness openly, and I wondered if they were thinking what I would be thinking—about slapping it off his face. I settled into my chair, ordered Sam into position, and put my boots up, resting them on her bare back. It was going to be a good night. I could feel it.

Marcus and Franklin cornered him against the wall, knives in hand, speaking softly to him. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but his eyes got wider, and he had stopped breathing. He was scared—I could tell from across the room—and just watching the fear on his face made my dick hard. Marcus had a gloved hand on Abe's throat, a knife against his cheek, holding him still against the wall, as Franklin swiftly shredded the clothes from his body.

He was trying so hard to be perfectly still, but I could see him trembling slightly. Franklin's knife toyed with his cock as Marcus murmured something that made him wince and close his eyes. The moment seemed to last a very long time, that thick, long, shiny blade caressing his dick. He began to breathe rapidly, his fists clenching as he fought to stay still. It was delicious.

They yanked him away from the wall and stood him between them. He was staring into Franklin's eyes when Marcus punched him on his back. Franklin responded by punching his pecs, and they worked a call-and-response rhythm together on his body, building it until it was so fast that he had no time to process it. He was struggling, shaking his head and stomping. I knew it was too much too fast and he didn't know how to take it. That was the point—to throw him off, not let him find his footing—and I could see it getting to him.

Franklin spun him around and began pounding into his back with his fists as Marcus removed his gloves to put others on. I knew what these must be—sap gloves. So did Abe because he growled as Marcus began to punch his chest. I could see him struggle with it, watched it blossom on his face. He couldn't stop them, was overwhelmed and off kilter, and he always cries when you punch his chest.

It's like a release valve, and this time I got to watch it happen and to savor each moment.

It was glorious to sit back and watch him struggle against tears until he released them. It made my cock throb. When I saw Marcus continue to pound his chest with punches while he cried, grinning all the while, and when I saw Abe register that it wasn't going to stop and that he really could let go, my heart filled up with love for him. My boy was beautiful when he cried.

Marcus began to ram his fists into Abe's thighs, and his knees began to buckle. I knew what they were doing. Franklin kept hitting him in the back of the thighs, while Marcus slammed him from the front, and then they took him down to the floor, graceful, quick, in this gorgeously coordinated move that ended with Franklin's boot on his throat and Marcus' knee on his cock. They paused and smiled at each other as Abe whimpered. My entire focus was on that boot trapping his throat, and I groaned, digging my bootheel into Sam's back.

Franklin held him in place by the throat as Marcus stood and began to stomp on his thighs, grinding his boot in, grinning as Abe moaned, then placing his boot on Abe's cock and twisting it in. It was brutal and perfect, and I mimicked his movements on Sam's ass. Then Marcus was holding him in place by the boot on his cock as Franklin began to kick his arms. I could see Abe start to panic, breathing hard, as he realized how ruthless they really were, how helpless he was. The fear filled the air, and I soaked it in, grinding my boot into the bruises I had already put on Sam's ass, savoring it.

They worked so well together. It was as if it were choreographed, the way they moved and connected through him. He was a conduit for their energy. Marcus would thrust his sadism into Abe, and Franklin would drink it down and meet it with his own.

The more they played, the more intense it got for Abe, and it was amazing to watch him struggle with himself to take it, to stay there, to surrender to it. Marcus sat in a chair and pulled Abe onto his lap, holding his thighs apart. Franklin stood over Abe, attached clover clamps to his nipples, and pulled the chain taut, stretching it into Abe's mouth. Then he pulled out a cane and made it whistle



through the air, watching Abe flinch. He hates canes and loves them all at once. Canes don't let him float. He has to push himself to take them every time. That's always been part of the fun for me, playing with pain that creates such struggle, such strong reactions. This was going to be good.

Everyone knew that Franklin didn't believe in warm-up. If you were going to play with him, you just had to accept that. So, it was no surprise that he didn't start light. The rattan drove into Abe's inner thighs, as Marcus held them in place and groaned, feeling Abe wriggle on his cock. Abe growled around the chain clamped in his teeth and kept on growling as Franklin tore into him with the cane, laying lines of brutality into his inner thighs, moving closer and closer to his cock, relentless, determined. I could see the feral desire in his eyes as he sliced into him, and I knew he was not holding back. One of my favorite things to do with Abe is sit him on my lap and hurt him. He wriggles and squirms deliciously, and it feels just perfect to hold him to me and savor what pain does to him. Marcus was having a good time with it, grinning, gripping my boy, opening his thighs for Franklin, groaning as Abe's ass responded to the cane strokes. My boy's dick jumped with every cane stroke, like it wanted attention, and I could not take my eyes off it.

Franklin noticed it, too. He murmured to Marcus and pulled Abe up off of his lap. Marcus had a wicked smile on his face as he bent over the bed, his ass framed by the chaps, glancing over his shoulder at Abe, whose eyes widened. They were going to use his cock. Franklin slid a rubber onto it and stroked it with lube, watching it dance in his hand before putting on the cock ring.

Abe's cock is one of his best features: thick and curved in just the right way, and, oh, does he know how to use it. Franklin slid three fingers into Marcus, widening him, and then gestured to Abe. He told him that he better stay hard for as long as Marcus wanted to get fucked. That he should settle in for a good long ride, because Marcus was going to need to get fucked for a very long time.

My boy did me proud, sliding in, taking his time, twisting his hips just right as Marcus groaned. He pumped him real slow, groaning

around the chain between his teeth. I could see his sore thighs rubbing against Marcus, watched him wince as he hit the welts, but it did not stop him from focusing on the fuck. He is so hot when his cock is being used. It brings him into himself, straightens his shoulders, stirs his pride. He knows he is skilled at this.

My boy is focused. It's not about his pleasure—it's about you—and he is so focused on you that you feel larger, immense, like you fill the entire room. Abe only wants to give you what you need, to create the kinds of sensations you most enjoy, and he pays such close attention. His gaze and focus are mighty things, and as I watched him turn them to Marcus, watched him serve in this particular way, I filled with pride that he was mine. It made my dick throb. Watching him steadily piston Marcus was intensely hot, but it also lit me up to watch him take such pride in his service. *That's my boy*, I kept thinking. *That's my boy*.

Marcus was telling him how to do it, to stay deeper in, to ram his cock into him in short spurts, never pulling it all the way out. It felt so good that he didn't want it gone for even a second. Groaning, Abe did as ordered—of course—and then he jumped a little as he heard Franklin yank out his belt and snap it.

I could almost feel the belt in my hands as I watched him. Belts are my favorite thing to use on Abe. I am a Daddy, after all. There is nothing like ramming into him with my belt. It's the closest thing to fucking him. Hell, I often end up fucking him as I beat him with it. I love hitting his back with it especially, laying deep bruises into him, but Franklin wasn't hitting him there. He was going after his ass, and I applauded his choice in this case. What could be better than beating his ass as he fucked Marcus? He was using those muscles, which only meant it was going to hurt more, and his ass would look amazing as it purpled with bruises. Abe was screaming, and his screams wrapped around my cock. My dick was throbbing so much that I had to stroke it. I pulled it out, grinding my boots into Sam as I stroked until her groans mixed with Abe's screams and Marcus' moaning and—was that Franklin growling or was it me?

The energy just kept building as I watched Abe sobbing and

screaming, pounding into Marcus, his head shaking no. Franklin just kept beating him with the belt, telling him to take it, to prove himself, that he knew Abe could do it, and not to forget to fuck Marcus with all his might.

Sam was whimpering under my boots, and my cock was so fucking hard it hurt. Franklin paused, bent over, put his bag on the bed, yanked his cock out, and covered it, sliding a thin layer of lube onto it before ramming it into Abe's ass in one stroke. Abe began to sob, dropping the chain as Franklin fucked him into Marcus, slamming them both into the bed. Franklin reached around to remove the clamps, and Abe yowled as they were twisted off, writhing and gripping the bed with his fists until his voice broke and he began to sob harder. My cock felt like it was going to burst at the sound of it.

I love it when he cries. There is nothing that makes my cock throb more than hearing him sob. And to get to watch it, to hear it, gave me more time to savor the sounds, more freedom to sink into my skin and enjoy it. I didn't have to control myself with him and make sure his sobs didn't ramp me up too high. I could trust that Marcus and Franklin were going to keep up their cruelty, that he would be free to sob as he fucked Marcus, and that Franklin would continue to fuck the tears out of him.

This is what I love about watching him—the freedom to let go and really enjoy the impact his tears have on me. That is the show Daddy really wants and he knows it. This time, it was almost too much. The intensity was so high. Abe let out a long choking sob that made me spurt all over Sam. I rubbed myself into her skin and hair, groaning as Sam began to cry softly. Her tears made me spurt more, and I told her so, insisting that she was my come rag for the night and that I may need to use her again, so she better get used to the feel of my come on her skin. I pulled her up to face me and told her to open her mouth. I always have to piss after I come, and there she was, a toilet for me to use. I told her so, insisted she take my piss and swallow it down, that was what she was here for—to be my footrest, my come rag, and my toilet. She sobbed around my cock as she took my piss, and I groaned, opening my eyes and focusing on the scene before me.

Franklin was speaking just loudly enough for me to hear as he rustled around in his bag. Then there was the smell of alcohol being rubbed on Abe's back, and he went still and quiet. Oh. They were going to push him further. Abe was afraid of needles and had not played with them before. He had picked two men who loved piercing, and he knew it could happen—he had agreed. His head began to shake as he listened to Franklin, his hands gripping the bed tightly. Franklin was describing that needles were like sex, as he thrust his cock into Abe's ass, slowly, in cadence with his speech. He explained that the reason he loved them so much was that he could create holes in your body and fuck them. That needle play was about fucking skin, and that Abe was so hot that he wanted to fuck him in all the ways he could at the same time. In his ass, his mind, and his skin.

Abe began to say, "No. Please, no," as he started breathing more rapidly, then to cry while he pleaded, as Franklin laid out the needles so Abe could see them, explaining that the smallest numbers were the thickest and that he wanted a properly thick one to fuck Abe with. I could smell his fear from here. It was palpable and made me growl. I pushed Sam onto her back and dug my boots into her cock, twisting them, tasting the fear in the air and the sound of Sam's tears. It was a glorious sound, perfect, the pleading refusal wrapping into the soft tears, and my cock began to stir again.

Abe clamped his mouth shut, and I knew he was on the edge of safe-wording. His eyes were screwed shut, and he went completely still as Franklin ground his dick into his ass, paused, then thrust a needle into his flesh—into and through, the point gleaming as it emerged out the other side. My boy trembled, his teeth clenched, fear rising in his chest. Franklin thrust five more needles into him, making a quick job of it, tucking the points into his skin. Abe was trembling the whole time, barely holding his mouth closed.

I was so proud of him, proud and ravenous for him all at once. Such beautiful fear. It soaked my cock—teasing it—to watch him take those needles. Franklin began to fuck him then, hard, relentless, slamming him into Marcus, talking all the while about how good it felt to fuck his skin, tapping the needles as he spoke, enjoying the

way Abe would jump and whimper when he did, never letting him stop thinking about the piercings in his back. Abe began to cry, to say he couldn't take it anymore, please get them out, he just couldn't do it. Franklin insisted that he better fucking take it until he made Marcus come.

My boy wailed no at that, a long helpless sound that hardened my cock 'til it almost hurt, it ached so much. Abe was sobbing and shaking his head as he began to focus on fucking Marcus, staying with Franklin as he fucked him, matching his rhythm. He rammed him in circular motions, and I could hear Marcus' moans increase until they were louder than Abe's sobbing. Abe began a litany of begging, pleading with Marcus to come, saying how much he wanted to please him. Please use his cock, he said. He was so grateful to be used, he said. It's exactly what he needed, to be used up until there was nothing left. He had surrendered it all into their hands—please take everything. Marcus began to growl and thrust his ass toward Abe, and Franklin started twisting his needles, fucking them in and out, telling him he was such a good hole. It was building, and Abe's desperate begging tugged at my balls and stroked my cock. I began rubbing it into Sam's bristly hair, groaning at the feel of her buzz cut on my dick. I could smell the blood and the fear, and even taste the metal in the back of my throat. I held Sam's head exactly where I wanted it, stroking myself with her hair precisely as I needed, and telling her she was there for me to use, and she had to take it.

Abe was sobbing now, begging through tears, and Marcus was moaning louder, ramming down into the bed, coming. Franklin was as good as his word and began taking the needles out, groaning as blood rippled down Abe's back and slid down his sides onto Marcus. The sight of the blood made me come again, and it almost hurt it was so good, watching that blood slide along his skin, hearing Abe sob intensely, begging Franklin to fuck his ass, to take his hole, to use him as he saw fit. Franklin growled and began to ram him so fucking fast that I was amazed he had that kind of stamina this late in the scene. He snarled at Abe while he fucked him, telling him to be a good hole for him, to give it all to him, ramming him so hard that the bed began

to really shake, until he released a long moan and stopped, embedded in him, still.

Abe was crying and thanking him, trembling as Franklin cleaned up his back and bandaged it. He looked spent, like he had nothing left, had given it all, as they pulled him into their arms, holding him close. Sam glanced up at me, and I told her to stay there and take it as I pissed on her chest and face. Her eyes were serene as she swallowed the piss that made it into her mouth. I told her to sit up and look at them, and rested my boots on her thighs. She sighed softly when she saw them and settled into this new position, my come caked on her skin and soaked in her hair.

Abe glanced up and saw me looking at him. His face glowed, and he lit up with pride when I smiled. He knew he had put on a good show for Daddy, exactly the kind of show I might want to enter in the second act. After all, Abe's cock was still hard and ready to be used again. Daddy wouldn't want to let that go to waste, would he?

# The Tale of Jan and Tam

(A kinky retelling of the Janet and Tam Lin fairytale)

For Jen

CARTER HALL WAS KNOWN IN certain circles. When the only three dykes from Albuquerque who were into blood sports made a pact to get over the break-up drama by going to IMsL together, Carter Hall was top on their list of places to go while they were in San Francisco. When the genderfluid fat activist from Santa Cruz stayed in Oakland for the summer, ze went to Carter Hall to cruise for the collective who made that now defunct, fat dyke sex zine ze used to drool over in the 90s. And when that butch boy/femme Daddy trans fag leatherati couple moved back to the Bay Area after all those years, Carter Hall was the first place they went the night they arrived in town.

Jan first heard whispers about Carter Hall at butch/femme happy hour the week they moved to town. They followed the whispers to the bathroom, but soon discovered it was a lead-in for the scene that followed, inspiring bathroom-wait foreplay for the couple in front of Jan in line, and leaving Jan frustrated and aching. Jan didn't pick anyone up at happy hour. Even though they were fresh meat, their brand of genderqueer and, in particular, their gender-neutral pronoun was incomprehensible to the butches Jan drooled over, and their persistent refusal to drink didn't help matters. Not to mention that most

people preferred white folks, even the queers of color.

When Jan went to the Exiles orientation the following month, they asked around and were told that Carter Hall was serious business—no tourists allowed—and to watch out for Tam, a sadist who ate queers like Jan for breakfast. Jan kept asking, and the more warnings they got, the more they were sure they had to go to Carter Hall.

It's true that Jan didn't have a lot of experience bottoming. In the small town they migrated from, they had defaulted to top, partly out of scarcity, partly because it came with a little less racist shit, and partly because everyone assumed a masculinely gendered person their size couldn't possibly be a bottom, but must be the Daddy of their dreams. Jan hoped to meet an experienced top in the Bay who could actually hurt them like they wanted; hurting themselves while jacking off just wasn't cutting it anymore.

So, when Jan met Lu, and a quick blowjob turned into more, Jan ignored the fact that Lu didn't really get their gender to finally get hurt the way they yearned for. It didn't last more than a month, thanks to a number of factors—particularly, Lu's frequent double and sometimes triple booking dates, forgetting Jan's access needs, and a safe word that was ignored for seventeen of the longest minutes Jan had ever endured.

While Lu had little to recommend her in the end, she did help Jan be more certain that pain wasn't just a fantasy, but a need. Jan was done topping for convenience or safety. They craved a Dominant that would respect them and not think Jan had nothing to offer just because they were on the other side of the whip. When Jan heard that Tam himself was going to teach about transformative play on Halloween, there was no question Jan's ass would be there. At Carter Hall, Jan had a better chance of meeting the kind of top they were looking for. Maybe even Tam, who Jan had drooled over when Lu pointed him out with yet another mythical story about stolen innocence and not brooking fools. After Lu, Jan was done with fools and could respect someone who felt the same. Besides, all these rumors had a racist feel to them. Jan knew from bitter experience the kind of shit that came with being a top of color, the way folks built you up

to be the scariest queer around. The idea that white folks kept talking about an Asian genderqueer top as if ze was dangerous, well, that was to be expected, and was probably based in racist fantasy as much as anything else.

Tam noticed Jan the second they sat down. In the front row, with their scooter parked next to them. Something about the slow deliberate movements, their thick arms, and those alert eyes. Ze watched as the pack eyed the newcomer, Jo approaching first as she always did, towering over Jan, the gleam in her eye just a bit brighter than the gleam on her boots, with cleavage to die for in that corset. Then Morgan, of course, trying his cute little boy eyes out to see if that was more to Jan's taste. Tam noticed that, while the new blood was polite and smiled, there was no interest for the little boy or the high femme top. Jan was looking for something else. Tam wondered what.

Val wheeled over to sit next to Jan, chatting with them quietly about the space, the upcoming class, and mutual acquaintances in the scene. Getting a read on the new blood upfront, even as she also made welcome. Nothing got past her, and no one could be at Carter Hall long without Val making sure she knew who they were. Tam knew that Val read people in two minutes and trusted that impression. Her gut had not steered her wrong in years. She gave Jan her real smile, her honest-to-goddess sunshine of an amazing smile, and Tam knew that she approved of this one.

Now that the class was about to start, Tam kicked himself for getting talked into it. It never failed. Whatever subject ze was going to teach kicked up shit for him during preparation, and ze went into class a bit raw. This was no exception. Just when ze felt the ache for an ordeal scene himself, with no bottom in sight who could bring what ze needed, ze had to teach about transformative play. With Morgan in the room, rubbing salt in the wounds. *That's the way things work*, ze thought. *Kinky queers always demand your blood*. Especially at Carter Hall, the space Tam and his pack had created for edgeplayers to have a safe, clean, accessible place.

So be it. Tam was willing to go there. Ze knew that if ze had access to these kinds of classes when ze was a young queer, ze wouldn't have

bought all that stupid shit about how tops need to be strong all the time, know everything, and never need aftercare. At least ze could do hir part to help other tops question those fucking myths. Especially since ze knew that hir pack wasn't alone in getting more disabled as they got older.

Teaching was like a scene, really, except ze was topping the whole room and could only hope ze might be able to release some of the energy later on, if ze could find someone worth playing with. So many bottoms were like Morgan, wanting a Daddy to take care of everything and do all the work. It had been seven months. Now that the wounds weren't fresh, Tam had a thick layer of bitterness to overlay the ache ze still felt. Ze didn't want Morgan back, but it felt like the boy was still inside hir head. Ze wanted to be free. Tam wanted an ordeal that would free hir sadist, with someone who would show up and not leave hir twisting alone. It would be perfect for tonight, with the whole pack here to witness, even Morgan. That felt right because Morgan was still family, despite how it had ended.

The group was lively, lots of jokes. Tam's style was interactive. Hir pack would never stand for the sage-on-the-stage bit. Tam knew that it was important to create space where folks could learn from each other's experience. There were so few kink spaces where queers of color could connect with each other. Tam felt high on the groove of it. Folks were going deep places tonight, taking risks. So ze decided ze was up for taking risks, too, and could go ahead with the activity.

Tam wanted to give them a concrete example of the negotiation and decision-making ze was teaching about. Ze asked for volunteers willing to negotiate a transformative scene with hir and told each to select a rose from the bucket. Wouldn't you know it—Jan was the one who picked the double rose, the only one with two blooms on the same stem. Now Tam would get a chance to find out what Jan was looking for, why they had come to Carter Hall.

"You came to my Carter Hall and picked my double rose."

"Is it *your* Carter Hall? I thought it was for all of us," Jan said cheekily.

"Carter Hall is for all queers who wish to risk themselves. And

what do you wish to risk?"

"That is the question, isn't it." Jan wasn't sure how to describe what they wanted.

"Yes. What kind of transformation are you seeking?"

"I know I need pain."

Tam was glad to hear that. "What else do you know?"

"That this is about more than just what I need. It's for you, too."

The room went silent at that. Tam didn't even notice that ze was holding hir breath.

Jan continued, "I don't want the transformative part to be about me and what I need. What I need is pain. If that can be a path to your transformative experience, that would be my choice."

Tam was silent for a few minutes. Who was this person? How could they have arrived offering exactly what ze had just realized ze needed? Ze couldn't even really believe it.

"You're talking about me being the focus of the transformative play?"

Jan was glad ze finally spoke. It had been so hard for them to get out. But they had come to Carter Hall hoping for more. The only way to get what they wanted was to name it.

"Yes," Jan said quietly. "What kind of transformation do *you* seek?"

Tam blinked at Jan. Ze took a slow breath, trying to gather hir thoughts. The room burst into chuckles, seeing hir flummoxed, tables turned. "Well, aren't you something," Tam said, catching Jan's gaze.

"If I wasn't, I wouldn't be worth your time."

"Okay, then. Well, as it turns out, I have been thinking of just that kind of scene. It would require a lot from you," ze warned.

"What would it require?"

"You couldn't float away on the pain. You would have to stay in it with me, stay focused on me, so you could track safety with me." (Tam had explained two-footing earlier, highlighting the importance of a bottom who could keep one foot in reality and one in play, and assist the top in staying grounded and managing risks.)

"Oh, I can do that. I've done it enough as a top." Two-footing was a skill often expected of tops, but not of bottoms, and Tam was intrigued by the idea of doing this sort of scene with a switch who

already had lots of practice at it as a top.

"We don't know each other, so I'd want my pack there with me, watching."

Tam looked around and hir pack nodded at hir. They would look out for hir.

"I'm fine with that. Whatever helps you feel safe enough to risk." Jan knew that the safety pieces had to be established first before Tam would say more about what ze wanted from the scene. This was starting to feel real, not like a demo in a class. Was that even possible?

Tam took stock. Hir intuition said that Jan was solid, trustworthy. It seemed like they might actually want to hold the scene with hir. That ze might not need to do all the work and be left holding it alone. It was at least worth naming what ze wanted. Hir pack was formed around the idea that naming your desire is the only way to really be alive and free. Especially if it scares the shit out of you. Jan had named their desire. How could Tam be a coward now?

"I want to unleash my sadism, go deeper than I have in a long time." Tam swallowed. "What I need is for you to hold on to me as I do that. To be the anchor to this world. To accept what I show you, however scary, and keep holding on."

"That's a big job."

"Yes. And. I need you to really be able to hold space, during and after."

Jan nodded. Was this something they could do? They knew they wanted it. But it was important not to make false promises. Tam would be counting on them. Jan swallowed. Time to take the risk.

"Yes. I can do that. I want to do that, for you."

The negotiation demo was done there. Tam led the class through a discussion of what they saw, all the while avoiding Jo's knowing eyes, and trying not to hope that this negotiation would lead to something real. Was Jan actually serious? Would Tam get what ze needed tonight?

Jan sat quietly as the discussion milled around them. Now was the time to check in with their body, ground in certainty, figure out what other information to share. It circled back to that same knowledge: this was their chance to really go for what they wanted, and with

someone who was actually worth it. And Jan couldn't feel more ready to risk.

The class wrapped up. Tam's pack closed in on hir for a combination of kudos and good-natured ribbing. Jackie and Moses stayed close and gathered the chairs up, while Jo, Val, and Leroy tried to goad Tam into nailing down plans with Jan for tonight. They all promised to be front and center for the action. Only Morgan held back, busying himself by refurbishing the refreshments in the other room. This would be the first time, since Tam and Morgan had split, that ze would play outside the pack with someone new, and it felt different. Important. Hir pack finally stepped back to give hir some space, and Tam took a few slow breaths, sinking into hir boots. It was time to see if Jan was for real.

Jan slipped away to the bathroom to gather their thoughts and be sure, away from the pull of this place and the crowd and the mesmerizing presence of Tam. Even the bathroom lived up to their hopes. Large, single stall, no gender markers, wide, with handrails and an automatic door opener. Cold water on their face helped confirm the truth: they wanted this. What better night than Halloween for transformative play, for going after what they wanted, for engaging in the kind of scene that bridged the skills they knew from topping with a claiming of their desire for pain. It seemed that Tam could bring that, could top from a place that saw them as capable and strong and skilled. Jan needed that.

Tam had the fleeting fear that Jan had left, before ze saw them return from the bathroom to sit on the couch. Before ze could lose hir nerve, ze approached Jan and sat next to them, relaxing when Jan smiled.

"So, that was a demo, and there's no pressure, but I was wondering...if you wanted to explore doing that scene we negotiated." Tam hoped that ze had framed it so Jan could freely choose. Ze wanted Jan to choose, to be sure.

"I would like that. I am planning to stay for the party...."

"Oh?"

"Mm hm."

"I see. Tonight might be perfect for a scene like that. Shall we discuss it over dinner?"

As Jan was trying to figure out whether they were up to navigating the line on their scooter, that forty-something, black, tomboyish dyke who had been gathering the chairs approached with two plates of food. Tam thanked her and introduced Jackie to Jan. Jackie's smile lit up her entire face. She politely asked what Jan and Tam would like to drink and brought it over, pride in her movements. *If this is how bottoms feel in Tam's pack, how other black folks feel when they are doing service with this group*, Jan thought, *then there might be a place for me*. This shit was so fucking loaded, but damn—you are who you are, and hiding from it because too many people can't come to it from respect meant you never fucking got your needs met. The possibility that Tam's pack might be a safe place to submit, a place where queers didn't just play out fucked-up racist shit on black folks, was too exciting to let fear get in their way.

Jan relaxed as they ate. Tam drew them out a bit about their kink history, spending time to talk about racist shit in the scene and the way hir pack of kinky queers of color engaged around race. They talked physical capacity, for both of them, and then finished negotiating, establishing limits, shared language ("mercy" for slow down, "please" for hit me harder), and honorifics (Tam said using "Sir" would keep hir anchored). It felt important to name these things, given how deep they were going to go and how little they knew about each other, really. The ritualized conversation over a meal settled them both.

No one had started playing yet. Everyone was still socializing, but they were ready. Tam set up at hir favorite room in the dungeon: a large circular padded bench, big enough that ze didn't have to worry during rough body play. It was a luxurious piece of equipment and familiar enough that just being in this room was grounding. There was enough light, and the music wasn't too loud in this room. No driving beats or flickering lights to trigger hir migraines. Tam left Jan to get acclimated to the space and went to the bathroom to strap on hir cock, giving Moses the signal to gather the pack.

The pack arrived in all their glory. Jo was in the lead, her corset

gleaming with silver thread on the silk, her head high, showing tremendous cleavage and a mile of leg, wild curls cascading over her shoulders, her cane decorated in red and silver to match her corset. Leroy followed her, dressed simply in understated black leather from head to toe, walking the line between submissive and dominant in the most graceful way. When Val wheeled in, it was clear who Leroy was in service to, just in the way he looked at Val. A fag in service to a dyke! Damn, Jan was glad to be in the Bay.

Val was the essence of dyke momma, with shoulder-length dreads, bare-chested under her leather vest. They all looked to her—that was clear. Even Morgan, who danced in like some kind of a faerie, with glitter covering every inch of light brown skin the femme boy revealed. And ze revealed quite a bit in those tiny little black shorts and tank. Jackie came quietly, whispering in Val's ear and nodding, gathering the chairs for them to sit in. She was soon joined by Moses, a Latino trans guy who reveled in the fact that every single one of them grabbed his ass as he passed.

Morgan danced over to Jan and did a bow that was almost a curtsy before moving to stand behind hir. What was that about? There were currents here Jan didn't understand yet. Fuck. Could they really do this? Just strip down in front of this circle of queers they'd barely just met?

It was Val who helped. She wheeled over next to Jan. Looked into their eyes and smiled, introducing them to the pack, one by one. Told them how glad she was that Tam had found someone ze trusted to do this scene with.

"You look at me if you need help, all right? We're all here to hold space for this, to help make it happen. If you need strength or to know that you don't have to hold it alone, you just look into my eyes. I've got your back."

Val wheeled to stop across from Jan. She was so clearly the momma of the whole pack, the one that really ran the show, even if outsiders looked for a masculine top like Tam to assign leadership to. Val was the backbone, and they all were her family. And she had Jan's back. Now Jan felt ready. They removed their clothes quietly and waited until Tam returned.



When Tam got back, Jan was naked and sitting on the bench. Hir pack was gathered, their chairs in a circle surrounding Jan, with Moses at Val's feet, Leroy at her side. Tam had a flash of memory: being in Moses' place at Val's feet, Leroy steady next to her. It was good to have family here for this. Jo was smiling wickedly at Tam. Jackie was nearby with two bottles of water. Morgan sat behind Jan, doing hir best to be still and just witness.

Tam's eyes darted to Jan's nipples. Hir plan changed. Ze usually started with a knife, but watching the pulse race in Jan's throat as ze approached, and with those nipples hardening, Tam wanted to start with something else.

Jan couldn't keep their eyes off Tam's dick. It was as if ze walked with it in the lead, demanding attention. Until that moment—mouth watering, heart racing—it had been theoretical and not exactly about sex. Now Jan was all fuzzy with wanting and very aware that they were naked.

Jan was so mesmerized by Tam's cock that they were surprised by the first touch, their head yanked backward by the hair, face tilted up to meet Tam's eyes. Jan took a slow shaky breath. This was real. The sensation was cold and quick. It went so fast that it was hard to hold on to. What was that? It darted over Jan's skin, their eyes steady on Tam's, no idea what was happening to their chest. Jan gasped when the sensation moved through their nipple, like a tongue flickering. They reached for the sensation, trying to catch it as it moved, lizard-like, along their nipples, gone before they could grasp it. Frightening and exciting all at once, it made Jan throb, breath in their throat, just trying to hold on to Tam. It didn't matter what it was. It was Jan's job to stay with it, stay connected.

Tam liked the way Jan's eyes got wide and pulse sped when ze ran the Wartenberg wheel across their nipples. Ze wanted Jan breathless and hot before ze brought out hir knife. This was a good way to get to know a bottom. Tam wondered why ze had never thought of starting a scene like this before. Jan's chest and cheeks were getting nice and flushed. They trembled every time the wheel went across their nipples. Tam kept the wheel moving, knowing the delayed nature of it meant

that Jan would never know exactly where it was. Tam wanted their nipples to ache for it. Jan was trying hard to be still. Their heart kept racing, hands clenched against their thighs. It was time. Tam brought out the knife and showed it to them.

"Please," Jan whispered at the sight of it and offered their throat.

Morgan caught hir eye behind Jan, and Tam went still, stuck in the memory:

*Morgan against the wall, Tam's knife pressing into hir throat. Tam pushing hir own edges for the last time with Morgan, going into hir sadism, filled with desire to slice Morgan's throat. Morgan begging hir to do it, pressing into the knife. Tam so alone, knowing Morgan wouldn't help, would just egg hir on to do it. Knowing that ze couldn't trust the boy to help hir corral hir sadism, that ze was all alone, the only one watching out for their safety. Realizing that Morgan wanted to give it all up, was never going to choose a full partnership in this danger zone. That Tam would always have to do all the work, alone. There was nothing lonelier than knowing you had to be in charge of everything, when you thought someone was by your side, sharing the responsibility.*

Jan could see that Tam had shifted somehow, was not there in the same way. *Now to get to work*, they thought. Jan glanced at Val, who nodded encouragingly. Okay.

"Sir, I am here. Right here with you, Sir. Ready for your blade. Ready for the pain you want to give me. I am here, Sir."

Tam came back slowly from the memory, drawn back by Jan's voice holding on to hir. Ze met Jan's eyes, grief open on hir face.

"I am here for what you need, Sir. We are in this together."

Tam put the knife down and gripped Jan's face, sinking into their gaze. Ze pulled Jan into a hug, tightening until Jan was breathless, then releasing, pulling back to watch Jan's eyes get huge. Yes. Fuck this distance—ze wanted to be up close, grip tight, use hir bulk. That would get hir anchored again. Tam helped Jan get settled onto their back, careful of their ankles. Ze collapsed hir weight onto Jan, driving the breath out of them, watching their eyes get even bigger. Oh, yes. Ze pressed hir cock into Jan, grinning.

"Hello there," ze said.

"Hello, Sir," Jan said pertly. "Nice to have you back."

"This is the place to be."

"Yes, Sir."

Tam eyed Jan's face to see if ze had knocked against their ankles by mistake. No bad pain was showing. Okay. Tam slammed hir body into Jan again. There was nothing more grounding than this. Ze wrapped them into a hug so tight that Jan's flush got deeper. Oh, yes. That was it.

Jan focused on holding Tam's gaze as ze gripped them in a bear hug. *Just hold on. It's okay to lose your breath. It doesn't mean you are going to die. It's okay, it's okay, it's okay,* they chanted inside their head, as Tam's paw covered their nose and mouth, taking their breath. *It's okay, it's okay, it's okay. Just look into hir eyes.*

Tam pressed hir cock into Jan, watching as they struggled for breath. There was nothing like this. Ze released Jan's breath, watching the pulse beat in their throat like prey. Ze dug hir knees in, resting most of hir weight on Jan's thighs, grinning down at Jan, hands on Jan's shoulders. Jan trembled, pupils so wide.

Tam felt hirself tap into that primal place ze rarely touched. Jan smelled so good, all metallic and sweet. Tam leaned in and nuzzled Jan's neck. A growl escaped hir. Was this a good idea? Could ze do this? Ze lifted hir head and met Leroy's steady gaze, remembering what he had said about his own beast and how precious it was to find someone who could welcome it, could let it roam without getting too free. Ze turned to look at Jan. Was Jan someone who could do that for hir?

Jan met Tam's gaze head on. You don't take your eyes off a predator. Jan could feel Tam considering them and nodded.

"Please, Sir," Jan said firmly. "I want this so bad. Please hurt me. Please scare me. I am going to stay right here, Sir. I want this."

Tam relaxed. That's right. Jan wanted to hold the space with hir. Ze wasn't with Morgan now. Ze could stretch the leash. That was the point of this scene. Tam growled and gripped Jan's face in hir hand, holding their eyes. Tam slapped Jan across the face, watching their eyes get all buzzy. Ze slapped them again, growling. Jan said, "Please,"

so Tam trusted them and slapped Jan a few more times. It felt good to play with hir food. Ze leaned in and licked Jan's neck, tasting salt and metal, and growled, digging hir nails into Jan's shoulders, hir mane rubbing Jan's cheek.

Jan tried to stay with Tam. Everything felt different, like they weren't surrounded by people anymore. It was just them, and Jan needed to stay anchored even as their fear rose. Tam snarled in their face and they jumped, eyes huge, like a deer cornered by a mountain lion. *Just stay here,* they told themselves. *Just stay here. You can do it.* Tam had on metal claws now and was scratching their chest with them. Damn. Claws on Jan's nipples felt hot and scary at the same time, and they shivered. Tam gripped their throat with hir claws and growled, and Jan went still, telling themselves not to move. Tam pressed even deeper with the claws, and Jan's heart shot into their throat.

"Mercy," they whispered. Tam grinned and eased up just a bit on the claws, still holding their throat, just not quite so hard. Jan's hands started fluttering, and they rode the fear, not able to stop flinching when Tam growled. The claws released them, and they started shuddering, just trying to stay with it.

Tam could smell the fear grow. It brought out more of hir beast. Ze growled into Jan's throat and gripped them tightly in hir claws, pressing hir cock into Jan when their breath sped up. Then ze let hirself do it. Ze bit Jan, grabbing the meat of their shoulder between hir teeth. Jan screamed, and it sounded just right, so Tam bit down harder. Jan felt so good in hir mouth, and the screaming just made it hotter. Oh, yes, this was exactly what Tam needed.

Ze lifted hir head and bit down again, taking Jan by surprise and wrenching out another scream. They were writhing under Tam, and ze dug hir knees harder into Jan's thighs, spreading them, and kneaded Jan's arms with hir claws. Ze bit down on Jan's inner arm. Jan went still and stiff, and said, "Mercy."

Tam took a breath. Okay. Ze could do this. Ze eased hir teeth off of Jan and took a breath, coming back to hirself. Ze looked into Jan's eyes, thanked them, and pulled them to sit up, offering them some water. Tam needed to shift gears here, to a type of play that would

push hir to precision and control. Canes would be perfect.

Water had never tasted so good. When Tam handed them the cane case and told them to lay out the canes on the bench and sit next to them, it took Jan a minute to process the demand before their hands started moving. Tam sat there in a chair, eating an energy bar, massaging hir wrist, as Jan tried to get the canes lined up with fingers that seemed like they weren't really attached. The more they handled the canes, the more they came back into their body, the bites throbbing. They were lined up pretty neatly, they thought, and then it registered that Tam was going to *use* the canes. Oh, fuck. Jan had never been caned before. What would it feel like?

Burning lines on their chest, that's what it felt like. Like the brand they got when they became a Delta, with a similar intensity and weight that came with that ritual. Precise, intense, hottest on the strike, with a cooler burning wave to follow. Jan struggled to hold on to Tam. This was a sensation that could take them flying. It had so much in it, all loaded with history and full of memory and cutting through everything to the bone. They were on the edge of flying now. But now was not the time for that. Now was the time to stay with Tam, to help hold the space. Jan begged for more, holding Tam's gaze, wanting to bathe in the heat of the canes, using the rhythm to stay anchored.

Tam had an evil grin on hir face, and Jan reveled in that, begging, so glad to be giving Tam the space to go there, into this twisted hot sadism so different from the predatory play just moments before. Jan dug their hands into their thighs to not float away and grinned up at Tam. This was how they could use their strength of will. This would take all the skill they had. What a wonderful challenge. Tam was laughing as ze continued to lay stripes onto Jan's chest and arms, lines of heat scoring their flesh so perfectly. It was a glorious dance, the kind of pain that Jan had only dreamed of, exactly what they needed, and in abundance.

Tam saw the purple bloom on Jan's arms and could tell their chest was getting closer. Ze could end here, but ze wanted one more burst of pleasure, one more way in deep. So ze laid down the last cane and pulled on hir gloves. This was the way to get inside.

Tam began to punch Jan in the pecs. Slowly. In the same spot, repeatedly. A steadily increasing pounding, building heat in Jan's chest from within, like a red-hot coal, slowly building, rough and demanding. Jan could feel it growing in their chest and was helpless to stop it, just held Tam's determined eyes as tears started falling. Tam kept ramming hir fists into Jan, smiling so sweetly at the tears, wanting them to come. This was exactly what Tam needed, they realized, and they let go and sobbed. Tam just kept driving the tears out of them, telling them to just keep crying, their tears were gorgeous and hot and making Tam so hard. That if they kept crying like that, Tam was not going to be able to resist fucking them. Jan gripped Tam's waist and bawled, tears washing over them both.

Then Tam yanked hir cock out, and it was deep inside Jan, exactly where they both needed it to be, as Tam's teeth drove into Jan's chest. Jan kept on sobbing, and it egged Tam on, fucking them harder, grinding hir teeth into Jan's flesh as ze came. It was sublime, and Jan held on tight. They were never going to let go now. Tam shuddered as ze fucked the tears out of them, growling. Jan was begging through their sobs, crying as they came, holding on as tight as they possibly could.

Tam eased hir teeth off of Jan, smiling into their eyes. "Well, hello there," ze said, gathering Jan into hir arms. "You are really something."

Jan smiled happily up at Tam. "Yes, I am," they said. "Thank you for trusting me."

"Thank you for being trustworthy," Tam said seriously.

Tam held on to Jan, knowing that ze was trembling. Jan nestled closer to Tam, grabbing their favorite green aftercare blanket and wrapping them both up in it. Tam kissed the top of Jan's head and looked up. Hir whole pack was there. Ze felt surrounded by love. Even Morgan was smiling through hir tears at Tam, doing hir part to let Tam go. Tam motioned for Jackie to grab them some food. Ze wanted to keep this one around, so it made sense to feed them.

## Baxter's Boy

HE WAS A LEGEND. BAXTER. The first to transition in my college town. (At least, the first anyone knew about.) In 1994. Before the generation of trans guys that started T the instant they finished their degrees in women's studies. Before the genderqueers and the transgressively gendered. Before bois spelled it with an "i" and anyone talked about cisgender. Before the trans revolution hit my dykey college town, there was Baxter. Anti-social. Determined to enjoy his faggotry, in a time when it was frowned upon for trans men to name their desire for cis men...or each other.

Baxter had been a softball butch, dated high femmes, fucked other butches in secret. Then he left town. When he came back, he was a fag. He brought out trans men and butch boys, teaching them to celebrate their faggotry, to own their desire for pain. He was so good with a cane that he had experienced cis leathermen begging to submit to him.

Robert had been his boy for over two years now. They were a happy pair, rarely going out, except to cruise fresh meat. Boys that were full of need and bravado, that needed to be shown their place. These boys would emerge from that house with their heads high, their leather immaculate, and a pride of fresh marks on their backs.

He mesmerized me. I ached to be boy enough for him. Except I wasn't a boy. I wasn't even butch. This high femme dyke ached to

play with queer boys. I jacked off to gay porn. I knelt to suck butch cock, dreaming of alleys and piers, glory holes and bathrooms. I had fantasies about Baxter, because he was a fag...and had dated femmes. Might there still be desire in there for a femme in seamed stockings, her deep red lips on his cock?

I cruised Baxter and his boy at leather events long before we were introduced. Then one night, after we had been introduced and exchanged pleasantries at the New Year's Eve play party, his boy busy blacking boots, Baxter's eyes traversed my body. His lips parted slightly as he took me in.

When it hit midnight, I found myself next to Baxter somehow. He reached toward me and gently touched my neck, watching my eyes as I trembled. Seconds later, his hand was fisted in my hair, his tongue thrusting into my mouth, the other hand cupping my ass as he dipped me low. I opened to him, putting everything into that moment, all my submission, all my desire.

He gently placed me back on my feet and smiled into my eyes, lightly chuckling. "I like to keep them guessing," he said, indicating the crowd of shocked spectators. I smiled, heart pounding, and watched him walk back to his boy, his strut clearly showing he had done what he had come to do and was proud of himself. He backed Robert into the wall and began to devour him.

I hadn't seen him since. I spotted Robert watching me bottom a couple weeks later as I fell in love with the rawhide cane. I'm not a masochist, but there are some toys that reach into me. That kind of pain is a joy to submit to in its relentless invasion. I loved that cane so much I ached to kiss it afterward. When I opened my eyes to beg for that privilege, Robert was gone.

I went home that night with Robert and Baxter in my head, a fresh set of cane marks on my thighs. I lay in bed playing with the marks, taking off my combat boots and grinding the soles into them. I imagined Robert's eyes watching me, Baxter's boots on my sore thighs. I wanted them both so much. Wanted them inside my head, filling up all my holes, giving me pain. Wanted to be between them, a conduit for their pleasure in each other. I got so turned on thinking about it

my whole body felt electric.

I pulled out what I needed to sink deeper into it, let myself feel it. First, the plug. I lubed it up and slowly sank onto it. I arched my head back as I imagined Robert under me, the familiar ache as it entered my ass, the twisting feel of it reaching up into my stomach. It belonged there. I belonged on his cock, his hands gripping my sore thighs. I trembled. It felt so good to hold myself right there, aching, full of Baxter's boy.

I pulled out my clovers, imagining Baxter placing the clamps on my nipples, holding me with his gaze. I gasped as he put them on, trembling more intensely. I wanted to cry in that way that makes me come. *No, wait. Not yet,* I told myself. *He said you couldn't come until he was inside you. You need to wait so he can feel you come around his cock.*

My hands trembled so much that I fumbled with his cock as I tried to slide it in. I needed them to both be inside me, to be the holes that they fucked each other through. Finally I got his cock all the way in. I clamped down on it, staring into his eyes as he told me to wait. I had to beg for it. Tears began as I begged him to let me come. I had been waiting so long to be used by them. It was exactly what I needed and I was so grateful, but could he please, please, please, let me come. He listened to me beg with a small smile. Then he picked up the chain, placed it in my mouth, ordered me to bite down onto it as I came.

The orgasm moved through me in bursts of electricity, jolting as I sobbed, trying to hold on to it, never wanting to let it go. I clamped down onto their cocks, so full, so precisely used, as I saw them lock gazes over my shoulder and lean in to a kiss. I kept coming, imagining their beards rubbing against my shoulder as they devoured each other.

Baxter reached down and took off one of the clamps. I screamed as the burning began, cutting into my nipple, wrapping around my throat. Tears mixed with the orgasm in this deliciously painful ache in my chest. I held on tight, throbbing around their cocks, their arms wrapped around me. The sobbing subsided. They were still so hard.

Baxter grinned wickedly at me and pulled off the other clamp,

ordering me to come. I responded without thinking, slid right into a heart-wrenching orgasm so quickly that I stopped breathing. My chest felt like it was going to burst open, and my head went all dark and sparkly. I felt my eyes go wide as it hit me. Finally I let the air out, and a new wave of tears hit. I rolled onto my side and wrapped my arms around myself, his cock slipping out of me, my ass still stuffed so full. I cried for a good long time. It was exactly the orgasm I really needed, one that was washed away with tears.

## Strong

For A., who said it deserved its own tale,  
and for E., who helped make it better

FOR BOTH OF US, GENDER is complex identity and elaborate sex toy. But not just that. It is not easy to grow up breaking the gender rules, to live lives visibly nonconforming. Gender is a dangerous and delicious edge in which we play, knowing that we may inadvertently step on the minefields of our gendered histories and present struggles. Part of the thrill is that danger. We push gender to its own edges, play its sharpness against our throats, fear in our mouths, ache in our guts, building armor against becoming what we fear.

Gender is the core. It drives our relationship. As a transgender butch, playing with gender is an edgy and necessary thing. For my genderqueer submissive, whose gender ebbs and flows in life and in play, the conscious choice to play with gender confirms self, breaks boundaries, allows catharsis. My submissive is both my girl and my boy. Tonight she was going to be one and then the other.

When she is my girl, I always start by fucking her throat. It is the most personal hole, and I claim her there first, make sure she knows she is helpless to stop me. Her job is to open to me, give to me, feed me with her eyes. I begin by placing the cuffs on her wrists, lock them together, and force her to her knees. My hands grip her hair, and I force her mouth onto my cock. This is how we start, every time.

Beginning this way gives us both a way to go deeper into ourselves, to sink into what we are doing, find ground for the genders we are playing in. My cock in her throat honors how she wants to do girliness, how much we both want her to be open and vulnerable and raw. Her eyes looking up at me and her mouth wrapped around my dick reflect back the masculinity I want to do with her, how much we want me to be cruel and invasive and dominant. I need to see that she wants this, all the way through, and she knows how much I run on adrenaline when we play this way, how it reaches into my core and twists.

I need to start fast and hard, almost dare myself into it, because this scares the shit out of me, and that's the only way to get over the mountain of fear that builds in me, as I know we are going there. The more fear there is, the rougher and faster I need it. I was especially rough that night, ignoring the gagging, groaning as I forced tears from her eyes.

"That's right. Choke on my cock," I said gruffly.

There was rushing in my ears as I watched her choke, tears streaming down her cheeks, her eyes locked on mine, soft, reassuring. I rammed myself into her, cracking her open, thrusting my way inside. I got taller as I fucked her face, wrenching her hair, relentless. I could tell when she started to float, weightless, rapt. I pulled out of her mouth, looking coldly down at her as she took ragged sobbing breaths and offered herself to me.

I lifted her up from her knees, unlocked her cuffs, and seated her in the bondage chair, clipping the cuffs to it and attaching her ankles. I put her in this chair when she's a girl. It reminds her to keep her legs spread for me.

It's a rule of mine. When she's my girl, she is required to keep her thighs apart. They never touch in my presence. It makes her constantly aware of her body, the position she's in. She is always conscious of her cunt. I want it to feel exposed, even behind layers of clothing. Exposed by her own awareness. With this one simple rule, I claim ownership of her body, her cunt, her focus. From across the room, I am inside her, spreading her thighs, exposing her cunt, deep inside her head.

The chair is an intensification of the rule. More than that, it takes a private thing and makes it public. I always choose to put her in the chair that faces the crowd, the chair that is the most public. I display her body, spread her thighs for all to see.

It was crowded that night. By the time I had her bound to the chair, there was a circle of voyeurs behind us, devouring her exposure. Dozens of eyes were on her skin. She was trembling. I wanted to intensify the exposure, use their gaze to push her further, to ride the wave of that. I pulled out my knife and slid it along her cheek, her throat. I began to cut off her clothes. The knife bared her flesh to the room, ripping through fabric, revealing her as she struggled to remain utterly still, biting her lip, eyes closed. I teased the knife along her thighs, taking advantage of her closed eyes to pull something out of my bag and get it ready. The knife edged its way closer to her cunt. I spread her to it, teasing it against her, and then rammed my baton into her cunt in one stroke, pulling the knife away. She trembled openly, stuffed full, her eyes begging.

"Come for me," I said, pulling her hair.

She did, her body contracting, trying to push the baton out, even as I held it there, forcing her to take it. Her eyes were wide and dark. I released her hair and removed the baton, wanting her to be aware she was empty and aching. More than anything, when she is my girl, she needs to be exposed and penetrated, made aware of her cunt and the eyes of others.

"The whole room just saw you come, girl. They know your cunt is dripping, aching to be stuffed full. Their eyes are on you, watching. You can't hide now, girl. We can see you. You are naked to us."

She is so strong. I can't imagine seeking this level of exposure, this level of vulnerability. She awes me.

I pulled out my clover clamps and attached them to her nipples. She hissed when I put them on. I let the chain fall and tugged on it, watching her squirm for me. I wanted her aware of her skin, feeling me penetrate it with pinches and bites. I leaned in to bite her shoulder, tugging the chain, and felt her writhe, her pulse beating under my tongue, my teeth grinding into her.

I lifted my head and placed the chain between her teeth. She would feel a steady relentless pull on her nipples and have something to bite down on. She was going to need it.

I pulled out my favorite cane. It is rattan, thin and whippy. Her thighs were exposed perfectly for it. This was no slow, even build-up. It was about opening her up, ripping her open, and that was clear from the start. I drove the cane into her, relishing the sounds it forced from her, slicing into her thighs. The more I drove it into her flesh, the larger I grew.

This was more than just dominance. When I take my masculinity and rub it against her girlness, I feel gigantic, and she is so fragile in comparison. This is one of the lines we ride with this kind of play, and one of the many risks inherent in it is that it might actually reduce her in her own eyes or in mine—that I, or she, might actually be unable to see how strong she is. Part of the intensity comes with the risk. At that moment, I stepped outside the scene just a bit, to check in with myself, to read her a bit closer before sinking back into it.

I began to breathe with her, building, ramping the pain up, barely pausing between strokes. I rained fire onto her, purple welts forming. Her eyes were closed tight, her teeth gripping the chain, her face contorted in pain, and she finally began to try to get away. Of course she couldn't. That was the point. She was trapped, her legs spread wide, attached to the chair by ankles and wrists, her cunt exposed to all, and those naked vulnerable sensitive thighs sliced into, relentlessly, no matter what she did. She began to shake her head no, not caring about the pain it caused in her nipples. But she did not say her safe word, did not do the one thing in her power that might free her. Then it happened. The invasive pain spilled through her and out her eyes, tears streaming down her face.

"That's right. Cry for me. It will only make me want to beat you and fuck you harder, girl."

I struck harder, repeatedly, watching it sink in. That she was helpless, exposed, vulnerable. That I would take it all from her. That she was free to move all the way through it and out the other side. It took me a long time to get her to a place where she was willing to

cry. Before me, she had not met a top that didn't stop the second the tears started flowing. She still didn't quite trust it, needed me to show her again and again that I would keep going, that she could be that strong, give that much, let me see her tears.

The pain moved through her in waves, pouring out of her eyes, and I could see the joy spread over her face. She was beautiful in that moment, and I savored it, pouring pain into her and watching it flow through her, riding that. It was time. I set down the cane and took my cock out of my jeans, pulling on a condom. I slid in slowly, luxuriating in every inch of penetration, watching her eyes. I leaned in and licked the tears from her cheeks as I felt her let go. I began to fuck her, my hips ramming into her sore thighs, making her scream, as the chain fell from her mouth.

I growled, "Mine," in her ear as I slammed into her, feeling her body begin to shake as the sensations overwhelmed her. I removed a clamp, ordering her to come for me. She began to sob as she came, my cock driving into her, pain racking her body, her senses on overload. It felt like perfection to claim her.

"Mine," I snarled as I removed the other clamp, watching her body move, struggling against her bonds, tears streaming down her face. I leaned in and bit her as I fucked her, pounding into her with my cock, driving into her with my teeth, opening her up for my pleasure. I growled into her skin as I bit, my hips slamming into her rapidly, my hands fisted in her hair.

She was sobbing loudly, and it felt so damn good to hear it, the sound reaching right down and stroking my cock in a long velvet caress. I lifted my head and grabbed her eyes with mine. "You are mine. My girl. Come for me—loud."

She began to shudder and moan, her cunt contracting so hard on my cock, tears pouring out of her eyes.

"My girl," I growled as I came, my hands gripping her hair as I spurted inside her cunt. I closed my eyes and held her, just held her for a long time, savoring the feel of being inside her to the hilt. I carefully pulled out and discarded the condom, cleaned her off gently, and gave her some water. I got her down from the chair and brought her



over to the couch, seating her at my feet, and stroking her hair.

She laid her head on my thigh, holding tightly onto my boot, and trembled for a good long time. Then she was quiet and still, her hands on my boot slowly easing. She lifted her head to look up at me.

"Sir?" she said.

"Yes?"

"May I please clean up the space and go change?"

"You may," I said, smiling, stroking her cheek, and then watching her as she cleaned the chair and then walked away. She once told me, "Being a girl is like being without armor. Sometimes like being without skin even. Your power is in your vulnerability and openness. Most of the time, girl is not a safe thing to be. That's why I treasure being your girl. It's a safe place to touch that danger and roll around with it. But sometimes, when I'm putting myself together after you rip me open and poke my soft spots, what I really need is armor. That's one of the best times to be your boy." That's what we had planned tonight. He asked specifically for that, said he wanted to walk out tough and strong and wearing his armor.

He moved differently when he was my boy. His center of gravity was lower, and he swaggered. He strutted over to me that night, grinning, stopping to stand crisply before me, hands locked on wrists behind him. I eyed him slowly. He was looking sharp in black jeans tight enough to show the dick he was packing; black ribbed undershirts three layers deep; and shiny black Corcs, his hair slicked back. I love a boy in an A-line shirt.

"Grab my bag, boy," I said and stalked off to claim a semi-private space. I found a perfect corner where the light was dim and there was no equipment. When he's my boy, I want him standing. He's tough. He can hold himself up. I pulled on my leather gloves and backed him into the wall.

"That's it, boy. Just you and me and a wall. Show me how strong you are, boy."

I started steady, pounding him with my fists, going after his muscles. We breathed together, slow and easy. Ramming into his pecs, his biceps. Going after his quads. Rhythmic even pounding setting

the stage. This was about strength, endurance. Mine and his.

"Show me what you can take, boy. What you're made of."

I slammed him into the wall with my bulk, reminded him that I have 100 pounds on him. He stuck out his chin, just a bit. I slammed into him again, propelling my weight into him. Again, taking his breath with my girth. Again. His eyes started to get glossy. I stepped back and began to kick. I drove my boots into his thigh muscles, delighting in the sound of him grunting with each blow. I used my knee to strike his thigh, watching his eyes get darker.

Playing with thud roots me, pulls me deep into myself. Using my whole body helps me re-establish, find my footing. He's not the only one that needs to put himself back together and he knows it. Knows that this is for both of us, that I need this as much as he does, and his job is to feed the energy back to me, to help keep it cycling between us.

I moved up closer to him, pulled on my sap gloves, and began to pound his pecs. Steady. Repeated. Relentless. Lead shot hammering his chest. Holding his gaze.

"Take it for me, boy."

It was intense for him. I knew it. His breath became more ragged, his jaw clenched. I could see the determination in his eyes. I kept ramming my fist into him, watching him closely.

He is so strong. I know what it is to endure this, to stay standing through it, to face my own limits and keep pushing them. He awes me.

"That's my boy," I said as I hit him. "Show me how tough you are. Take it for me."

He did. Not a sound. He stood still and took it for me, his jaw clenched down on it, his hands fisted, frustration clear in his eyes as tears slid down his cheeks. We both ignored them. They were meaningless, as unimportant as the people quietly watching us. What was important was that he stood still and took it for me. He made me proud, and I let it show in my face.

I pulled out my knife and stroked his throat with it, teased it against his lips and grinned at the sight of his tongue snaking out to lick the blade, his lips opening to it, his hand slipping up to hold my hand steady, begging in his eyes. I nodded and allowed his hand to

clasp over mine, holding the knife, watching his mouth engulf it, his eyes wicked and triumphant. Sucking off a knife takes talent, practice, love, and deep respect for a sharp blade. My boy was very good. It was a delicious sight, and I savored it, groaning, my dick throbbing.

"That's my good boy," I whispered roughly.

I put my hand on his chin and held him, easing the blade out of his mouth, wiping it on his shirt, and putting it away. I pulled out my baton and flipped him over, slamming him into the wall with my weight. I kicked his feet apart and slid the baton between his thighs, teasing it against his asshole until he moaned. I pressed him up against the wall and growled in his ear, "Mine."

I stepped back and began to pound into his ass with the baton. There is something about that deep thud, right there, that feels like you are getting fucked. He groaned, leaning against the wall, offering his ass to me, luscious sounds leaving his lips with each strike of the baton. I stepped toward him and ground my cock into his ass, pulling him away from the wall.

"Stand up for me, boy. Take it."

I began to pound his biceps with the baton, watching the bruises blossom. He growled and stomped his feet as the blows continued, struggling to take it. As it went on—first one bicep, then the other—he began to shake his head and clench his hands, eventually pounding his fists into his own sore thighs. I did not stop until his arms began to tremble.

When he's my boy, he doesn't want me to fuck around. He wants to be pushed to his physical limits, again and again. To constantly prove to himself (and to me) that he is tough enough, strong enough. That he can stand up and take anything I dish out.

I set the baton down and pulled my belt from my jeans, snapping it.

"How many months have you been mine, boy?"

"Forty-two, Sir."

"That's right. Forty-two strokes it is. Count 'em for me."

"Yes, Sir."

My belt is serious business. It is always the last toy I pick up because it inspires my most intense sadism. The counting is as much

for me as it is for him. This tool, more than any other, finds me wanting never to stop.

I grinned as the leather bit into his back and went after his traps first. He was counting steadily as I hurled the belt at him, with a red haze around me and a metallic scent on his skin. I growled, driving the belt into his back, my cock throbbing, his voice grounding me. I stepped forward to rest my cheek against his skin, heat rushing off him in waves, his adrenaline-soaked sweat setting off a sharp tang in the back of my throat. I snarled and rained fire onto his back with my belt, in roaring relentless flames, no time between strokes, just one long maelstrom of energy building between us.

Some small part of my brain registered that we were at number thirty-seven. I stopped, wanting to savor the last five strokes. His breath was ragged, and he was shaking. I breathed in slowly, tasting the pain steaming off of him, and sliced into him with all of my strength. Thirty-eight. Drove my hunger into him, raw and ravenous. Thirty-nine. Forty made him scream, sound pouring from him, rendering him unable to count.

"Take it for me, boy. Show me your strength. I know you can do it."

"40, Sir," he said shakily.

I growled the word "mine" as I ripped into him with my belt. Forty-one. I carved into his back, the full force of my weight behind the last blow. Forty-two. I wrapped the belt around the back of his neck, lifting it to his lips to kiss, as I pressed him into the wall, breathing him in.

"That's my boy. I am so proud you are mine," I whispered.

I unbuckled his belt and slid down his pants, letting him step out of them and lean against the wall in his jock.

"Stay right there, boy."

I pulled a chair over and sat in it, turning him to face me. I pulled out my cock, suited it up, and stroked on the lube. I placed his hands on the back of the chair and pulled his hips toward me, easing into his ass, his boots firmly planted on the floor. Damn, did he feel so fucking good.

"Stand up and ride my dick," I growled. He did, growling right

back, jamming his ass onto me, riding my cock. He is a delicious fuck, and I told him so, a stream of obscenity pouring from my mouth, egging him on. He rammed his ass onto my cock so hard that I began to close my eyes, my cheek resting on his shoulder, my nails gripping him, delighting in the feel of him riding me.

"That's it, boy. Fuck yourself on my cock. Show me how strong you are. Give me the ride of my life."

He was magic, my boy. Pulsing with intensity, his eyes locked on to mine, his jaw clenched, as he worked his ass onto my cock, taking it into him, growling groans getting louder and louder.

"Mine," I snarled. "Mine. My boy. Hold your breath, clench down onto my cock, and come for me, boy."

I grabbed his hips and jammed him onto me as I came, feeling him shudder, pouring into him, feeling it build and build as he clamped down on my cock, clamped down on his breath. I held my own breath as long as I could, until I released us both, holding his eyes and watching him explode when I ordered him to let it all go. He began to tremble from head to toe. His eyes held fireworks, feeding me, his hips riding me like there was no way to stop. It went on forever.

We slowly floated back into ourselves. I began to stroke his skin. It felt so amazing. I grinned into his eyes, hugging him close to me.

"You sure are strong, boy," I said, laughing delightedly. He grinned back at me. We breathed together, settling back into our own skin. I whispered praise in his ear as I stroked him, easing him off my cock gently and standing up to gather him close into a deep wide-set hug that lasted a good long time.

## About the Author



Xan West is the nom de plume of Corey Alexander, a recent transplant to Oakland from Brooklyn, who has been doing community kink education for over ten years. Xan has been published in over 35 erotica anthologies, including the *Best S/M Erotica* series, the *Best Gay Erotica* series, and the *Best Lesbian Erotica* series. Xan's story "First Time Since," won honorable mention for the 2008 National Leather Association John Preston Short Fiction Award. Xan's work has been described by reviewers as "offering the erotica equivalent of happy ever after" and as "some of the best transgressive erotic fiction to come along in recent years."

Xan refuses pronouns, twists barbed wire together with yearning, and tilts pain in many directions to catch the light. Xan adores vulnerable tops; strong, supportive bottoms; red meat; long winding conversations about power, privilege, and community; showtunes; and cool, dark, quiet rooms with comfortable beds. Find Xan's thoughts about the praxis of sex, kink, queerness, power, and writing at [xanwest.wordpress.com](http://xanwest.wordpress.com).

Stories included in *Show Yourself to Me* have first appeared in other publications: "Dancing for Daddy" in *Best SM Erotica Volume 2: More Extreme Stories About Extreme Sex*, edited by M. Christian (Running Press, 2006); "The Test" and "Alley Obsession" in *Got a Minute?: Sixty Second Erotica*, edited by Alison Tyler (Cleis Press, 2007); "Nervous Boy" in *Love at First Sting: Sexy Tales of Erotic Restraint*, edited by Alison Tyler (Cleis Press, 2007); "Please" in *Best Women's Erotica 2008*, edited by Violet Blue (Cleis Press, 2007); "Willing" in *Leathermen: Gay Erotic Stories*, edited by Simon Sheppard (Cleis Press, 2008); "Facing the Dark" in *Backdraft: Firemen Erotica*, edited by Shane Allison (Cleis Press, 2008); "First Time Since" in *Hurts So Good: Unrestrained Erotica*, edited by Alison Tyler (Cleis Press, 2011); "This Boy" in *Frenzy: 60 Stories of Sudden Sex*, edited by Alison Tyler (Cleis Press, 2008); "Missing Daddy" in *Daddies: Gay Erotic Stories*, edited by Richard Labonté (Cleis Press, 2009); "A Large Full Meal" in *Cruising for Bad Boys*, edited by Mickey Erlach (STARbooks Press, 2009); "My Will" in *SexTime: Erotic Stories of Time Travel*, edited by Christopher Pierce (STARbooks Press, 2009); "Ready" in *Biker Boys*, edited by Christopher Pierce (Cleis Press, 2010); "My Precious Whore" in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2011*, edited by Kathleen Warnock (Cleis Press, 2010); "Compersion" in *I Like to Watch: Gay Erotic Stories*, edited by Christopher Pierce (Cleis Press, 2011); "It's My Job" in *Hot Daddies: Gay Erotic Fiction*, edited by Richard Labonté (Cleis Press, 2011); "How He Likes It" in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2012*, edited by Kathleen Warnock (Cleis Press, 2011); "Strong" in *Say Please: Lesbian BDSM Erotica*, edited by Sinclair Sexsmith (Cleis Press, 2012); "Baxter's Boy" in *The Big Book of Orgasms: 69 Sexy Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel (Cleis Press, 2013); "What I Need" in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2014*, edited by Kathleen Warnock (Cleis Press, 2013).

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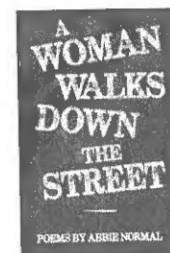
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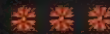
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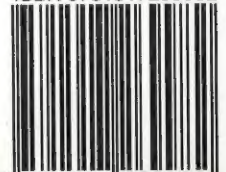


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